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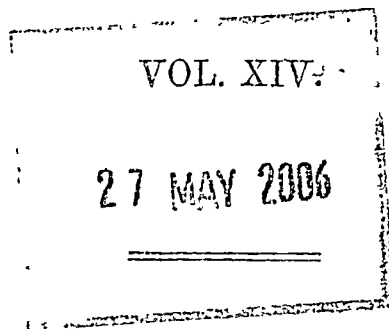
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THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLENER.

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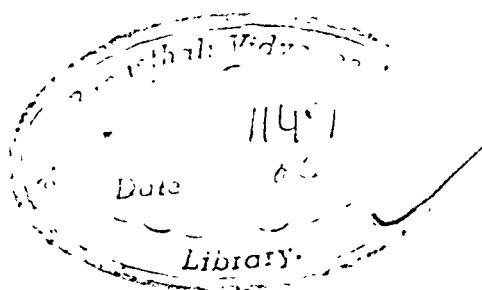
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AT OUR GATES ARE ALL MANNER OF PLEASANT FRUITS,  
NEW AND OLD.—*SONG OF SOLOMON*, VII. 13.  
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LONDON:
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET;
CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE

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# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

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## THE FALASHAS.

THIS is the name given to the Jews of Abyssinia. They have been settled there from a very early period, some even suppose from the days of Solomon. Situated in the midst of heathen, they hedged themselves around with that unscriptural exclusiveness, which characterized the Jews, and which is brought out so vividly in the pages of the New Testament. Separate, indeed, they were intended to be from the surrounding natives, and that in order to the conservation of their own pure religion, but not so separate as not to seek their good. That was a strictness which Solomon did not recognise, as appears from one portion of his prayer at the consecration of the temple—"Moreover, concerning a stranger, that is not of thy people Israel, but cometh out of a far country for thy name's sake; for they shall hear of thy great name, and of thy strong hand, and of thy stretched-out arm; when he shall come and pray toward this house, hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for; that all the people of the earth may know thy name to fear thee, as do thy people Israel," &c. To such a height do the Jews of Abyssinia carry this rigid feeling, that "to visit an unbeliever's house is a sin, and subjects the transgressor to the penance of a thorough lustration and a complete change of dress, before he can reach home."

Christianity was introduced into Abyssinia in the beginning of the fourth century, we fear at that time much adulterated with the base alloy of human inventions. Such as it was, the Jews rejected it. The heathen Abyssinians became nominally Christian, the Jews gathered together from the western plains where they had been dispersed abroad, and retired into mountain fastnesses, where, under their own kings and queens, they maintained a distinct national existence until somewhat more than 200 years back. Their strongholds were then captured, and, "driven forth from their rocky homes, they were forced to seek a refuge in the midst of their enemies, the detested Amharas."

They are said to be free from the pharisaical pride of other Jews. They have no broad phylacteries or fringes on their garments, nor do they wash the cup or practice any of the rabbinical decrees. But, like all other people who are not set free by the power of the Gospel, they have their own superstitious and severe enactments. This is especially felt in the hour of sickness, when our poor humanity requires to have around it those who, from love, will care for and tend us. The dying falasha is shut out from all this. On the outskirts of every falasha community there is a lonely hut to which the unclean and impure are consigned. To this place the dying man is sent, and, like the Hindu on the banks of the Ganges, is left to meet death alone.

They are ready to admit that Deut. xviii. 15 was fulfilled in Jesus, the greatest of all prophets, but refrain from all acknowledgment of Him, throwing the blame, the people on the priests, and the priests on the customs handed down by their fathers. But there is none of the anti-Christian bitterness which unhappily is so prevalent among the Jewish people generally.

Their hope of Jerusalem's being rebuilt is vivid, and, when questioned as to the future of their nation, this is always their reply.

They are industrious in their occupations, which are those of husbandry and a few simple trades, such as smiths, potters, and weavers; but commerce they eschew as inconsistent with the religion of Moses.

The Rev. H. A. Stern, to whose very interesting book, "Wanderings among the Falashas of Abyssinia," we desire to refer such of our readers as desire full information on this subject, says that their Jewish features cannot be mistaken by any one who has "ever seen the descendants of Abraham either in London or Berlin. Their complexion is a shade paler than that of the Abyssinians, and their eyes, although black and sparkling, are not so disproportionately large as those which characteristic mark the other occupants of the land."

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#### PRAYER OF AKIBODE, A YORUBA CHIEF,

IN THE ANNUAL PRAYER-MEETING AT BADAGRY, JAN. 1863, DELIVERED IN THE YORUBA TONGUE, AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY HIS SON.

O LORD God Almighty, the Maker of every thing; we sinners—I will first acknowledge myself, I, the worst of all sinners—do humbly bow before Thee, trusting that Thou wouldst save me, as Thou hast promised in Thy holy word, that Thou delightest Thyself in the prayer of a sinner, and art ready to give to him more than he desires or deserve. I heartily beseech Thee, O Lord, to send forth Thy Holy Spirit in my heart, that it may take away all worldly things, and set it fast to spiritual things. All Thy commandments have I transgressed from my youth up. Try thy strength, O Lord, in me, that I may be free in all. Oh do not let me die in my sins. Mine are quite a wonder: it is just as when a strong man comes to another strong man's house, and fights with him so much, that the former prevails over the latter, so that he takes him away and ties him well with his chain, digs a pit, and throws him in, and then takes the children and ties them separately, but not so much as the father; so the father tries chance, and looses the children one by one, telling them to run away home, till the children are all gone, and only the father remains in the pit. When the strong man came and peeped into the pit, and found that the children are got out by the father, he tied him more and more, so that the father could not move. So it is with me, O Lord, so it is with me. I found that Thy word is true, and send all my children to Thee from the devil, but I alone remain there. Save me, O Lord, from the hand of the devil, for I tried my chance; and could not get out: he chained me so fast, O Lord, that I could not move. When Thou wast in the world, Thou opened the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf, and the feet of the lame hast Thou made straight. The sickness of my heart, O Lord, is worse than these: from the sole of my

foot to the crown of my head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. A pole, O Lord, could not touch me where I am. Tie more pole to pole that it may reach me in the depth I am. Thou hast saved and art still saving me from all dangers of land and water, but I have been giving the glory to another god: now I know that all glory is Thine. It is true, O Lord, that the devil has power; for when we say any thing, it must come to pass; but Thy word says, "It is the power of darkness," and that way is the way to destruction. Be with the ministers of Thy word who are guiding us in Thy way, with all those who are now kneeling before Thee. Do Thou open Thy merciful ears to my unworthy prayers, for Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

[In Yoruba, but translated into English by his son, Sunien Kester.]

#### THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT YEDDO IN 1855.

THE following narrative of this dread catastrophe was taken down from the lips of a Japanese by an American Missionary, the Rev.

R. Brown. The name of the native is Oôta Ejiro. He had been the Missionary's teacher for three years.

In the year 1855 there was a great earthquake at Yeddo, on the night the third day of the tenth moon. The day had been fine until P.M., when a slight rain fell, lasting till a little past eight o'clock. half-past eight in the evening the sky became clear, and there was nothing unusual in the weather, except that it was uncommonly warm for the season. In the course of two or three days previous the water wells, forty feet or so in depth, had risen about four feet above the ordinary level.

I had been abroad in the early part of the evening, and returned to my house at about nine o'clock. I was sitting by a brazier (the usual Japanese heating apparatus), the other five occupants of the house being either asleep, or having lain down for the night. Scarcely had I seated myself by the brazier, when suddenly I heard a loud roaring noise, like that of a very strong wind, striking the house. It seemed to shake the house with great violence perpendicularly, and first one way and then the other in rapid succession, and so violently, that it seemed like the work of an angry demon. The sides of the house were pelted with sand from every direction. I cried out, "Earthquake! Earthquake!" to arouse the sleepers. At the same instant I pushed the man lying nearest to me with my foot, and hurriedly aroused the others. I seized the brazier and threw it out of doors. All the occupants of the house rushed out with me into the open air. I had scarcely cleared the threshold, when a large mass of heavy plaster fell upon the roof, from an adjoining fire-proof godown, with a tremendous crash, breaking down the whole roof, and entirely demolishing the house.

An aunt of mine was sleeping in the godown. She was awakened by the fall of the house, and was crying out, "Help me! Help me!" I rushed over the fragments of the falling building, and tried to open the godown door. Finding it impossible, on account of the wrenching which that building had suffered, I passed through the opening in its wall made by the falling plaster, and dragged my aunt

out into the open air. The high board fence around our yard was all levelled with the ground. Over this we all passed into the street adjoining, on the opposite side of which ran a small stream. All this while the rocking and heaving of the earth continued, and we found it impossible to stand or walk; so we crawled along upon our hands and feet. Even the water-tubs standing before the houses in the street as a provision against fire were upset and emptied of their contents. As I looked up I could see nothing, for the cloud of sand and dust from fallen walls and demolished buildings overhanging our heads. The roar of the earthquake, and the crash of falling buildings, completely drowned the cries of men that would otherwise have been heard from all quarters. In the street some thirteen or fourteen men and women laid hold of me by my girdle and garments, begging me to help them. The roar and crash of falling houses lasted about an hour, and then the violence of the earthquake abated. I then released myself from the grasp of those who clung to me, and started for my mother's house, which was at the distance of eight streets from my own. But I found the streets covered with the fragments of buildings and fallen verandahs, all which last were thrown down, whether the buildings to which they were attached were still standing or not. As I clambered over these obstructions, I heard from beneath the cries and groans of many, who, on rushing out of their houses, had been crushed by the falling tiles and timbers. At length I reached my mother's, and found the house standing, though it had been twisted out of shape, as if some giant had endeavoured to wrench it from its foundation. My mother was unharmed in the house; but, lest another shock should prostrate it, I took her out. I took some doors and laid them upon the ground, and erected a temporary shelter over her head with scantling and mats. All the people of Yeddo, princes and common people alike, forsook their houses for the open air, unless they were killed before they could get from under their falling roofs. The open air was of course safer than the strongest palace or commoner's dwelling.

As I looked abroad from my mother's place of residence, I beheld a conflagration on all sides at the distance of about a mile and a quarter. A space of about the diameter of two miles and a half was not on fire, but beyond that there seemed to be a circle of fire. My mother's house stood about three streets from the Nihon Bashi. The conflagration was caused by the fires in the houses that were thrown down, and it continued to rage some two and a half days.

Having gone about and called all my relatives who lived in the vicinity, at my mother's, I started and went across the great river (Oökawa) by the Rioongoku bridge, and on entering the gateway of the temple called Ekoöin, which is situated about one street's length from the eastern extremity of the bridge, I saw a shocking sight. The temple was unharmed, but the tombstones had been hurled from their base, and broken asunder, and on either side of the great flagged walk leading from the gateway to the temple front, were great piles of the dead, some crushed to death, and others half burnt, who had been brought there and thrown into heaps, one upon another, to be buried or burnt in funeral piles.

You must know that it is thought a disgrace to be burned up in a house, though it is an honourable mode of disposing of a dead body to have the priests burn it, accompanying the ceremony with their chants and prayers; and after the body is consumed, the bones are collected and pulverized in an iron pot, which is then deposited, with further ceremonies, beneath the grave-stone. The chief occupation of the priests, at least that which is at present their principal source of revenue, is burying or burning the dead. Hence all graveyards are connected with temples, and these bodies had been accumulating here, for the purpose above stated, through the hours of the night.

From Ekoïin I went down the left bank of the river to a friend's house, but, alas! he was dead. When the earthquake commenced, and he saw his house tottering, he rushed to the door to escape, but a heavy beam fell upon his head, and he was instantly killed. I now saw only the mangled corpse covered up with a mat.

Thence I proceeded to the house of another friend, whose family consisted of a wife and three children. His house likewise had been thrown down, and his youngest child crushed to death by a falling timber. My friend and his wife had escaped with many wounds and bruises, and were covered with blood. I found them sitting on the ground with their two surviving children, and their cries of anguish and lamentation seem to be sounding in my ears to this day.

As the day began to break, I met many carts drawn by men, laden to their utmost capacity with dead bodies, over which mats had been thrown, but from beneath them mangled and blackened limbs protruded. They were carrying these bodies to be buried or burned. So many lives had been lost, and so many coffin warehouses destroyed by the earthquake and fire, that it was impossible to find coffins for great numbers of the dead. Many were thrust into oil and saki tubs, their heads projecting in ghastliness above the top. Others were merely wrapped in straw mats, and thus borne away to burial.

The next morning, on returning to my house, I heard the following tale of suffering. Across the stream before mentioned as running along by the street next to my door, there was a daimio's (prince's) palace. His chief retainer's son, a lad of some fifteen years, was crushed beneath a heavy timber that fell from his house across his back and hips. There was not help enough at hand to lift off the superincumbent timber. The lad was not killed at once, but lay there possessed of his senses, and calling out for help. At length the fire, which had caught in the debris of the building, had come so near as to begin to scorch him, and he begged some one to kill him. The father, agonized by the sight, drew his sword, and at one blow severed his head from his body.

The house of a tobacconist was demolished by the earthquake, and his wife caught under a pile of falling timbers by one arm, which held her so firmly that she could not be extricated. She saw the fire approaching her, and, despairing of her own life, begged her distracted husband to escape. He went away. But somehow the fire did what her husband could not do, and as the ends of some timbers burned off, the rest, being relieved from the leverage that pressed upon her arm, suddenly flew up, and she was released. She ran to the house of a

friend where she expected to find her husband, and when he saw her come in, he thought she had risen from the dead.

The water in the great river rose about a foot above high-water mark during the catastrophe. The earth was rent in many places, leaving seams from four inches to a foot in width. Around the paddy-fields there were high banks, and these were crowded with people who had fled to them for safety.

It is believed that more than 200,000 persons lost their lives\* by this earthquake and the consequent fires. The Taikun's castle (O Shiro) was little injured beyond the falling of plaster from walls. One great gate, viz. that leading to Asak'sa, was very much dilapidated. The huge stones were either thrown down or twisted out of their places.

Some of the people regarded the earthquake as an omen of great changes in Japan, of war or some other public calamity. Most of them looked on the desolation it made in stupid and stolid amazement. The desolated portions of the city, which were in all parts of it, on all sides of the citadels from Shinagawa to Ooji, and from the eastern to the western suburbs, were, however, repaired in a very short time. By the third month of the following year every thing had resumed its usual appearance in Yeddo. But to this day the losses of gold and silver, and other valuables, by the fire, have not been repaired.

May the little small voice of Gospel truth be soon heard where the earthquake and the fire have gone before !

---

#### CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

World'st thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?  
 Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold ?  
 Balm would'st thou gather for corroding grief ?  
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.  
 'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold  
 Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
 It's life and beauty ; not when all unrolled,  
 Leaf after leaf, it's bosom rich and fair,  
 Breathes freely its perfume throughout the ambient air.  
  
 Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,  
 Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night  
 When Death is waiting for thy numbered hours,  
 To take their swift and everlasting flight ;  
 Wake, ere the earthborn charm unnerve thee quite,  
 And be thy thoughts to work divine address'd.  
 Do something—do it soon—with all thy might ;  
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
 And God Himself, inactive, were no longer blest.  
  
 Some high or humble enterprise of good  
 Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
 Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food ;  
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.  
 Pray heaven for firmness, thy whole soul to bind,

\* See "Bishop of Victoria's Ten Weeks in Japan," p. 285.

To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,  
 With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;  
 Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
 And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;  
 Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above  
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow;  
 The seed that in these few and fleeting hours  
 Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
 And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

~~~~~  
 OUR TAMIL MISSION IN CEYLON—ORDINATION OF A NATIVE.

FOR several years this Mission has presented a discouraging aspect. Much and precious seed has been sown, but the results gathered in have been of scanty measure. There is a remarkable difference in this respect among Mission fields. Some respond quickly; in others the encouragements we look for are retarded. But in the case of the former we should not be too elated, nor in the latter discouraged; and that because the one must have its trials, and the latter its success. The seed of the kingdom is tenacious of vitality: it often lies long in the ground, and then springs up with a sudden resurrection.

There are hopeful symptoms in the Ceylon Tamil Mission which lead us to hope that the heavy listless time is about to give way to a stirring and invigorating period. We will ask our readers to peruse the following fragment of a letter from our Missionary, the Rev. R. Pargiter, October 8, 1862—

A visit of the Bishop to this remote part of the island is an event of such seldom occurrence that it seems to demand particular notice from us, and especially now, as the first visit of the present Bishop to Jaffna. The conference, therefore, has requested me to draw up a short statement of this event, for the information of the Committee. Having received previous intimation, I proceeded to Point Pedro, twenty miles from this, a station belonging to the Wesleyans, and had the pleasure of welcoming his Lordship and Mrs. Claughton on Saturday morning, the 20th of September. They came round in the island steamer. After some refreshment kindly afforded by the Wesleyan Missionary, we proceeded to Jaffna, halting for a few minutes at Copay, and also at Nellore. At Copay our native catechist for orders, Mr. Hensman, was presented to the Bishop, who was so much pleased with him, that, after conferring with the Missionaries on the subject, he came to the conclusion, that, if his examination proved satisfactory, he would admit him to Deacon's orders. On the afternoon of the day of his arrival at Jaffna he had Mr. Hensman in for examination. He expressed himself so thoroughly satisfied with him, and his fitness for the ministry, that he fixed for his ordination the next morning, at Chundicully.

The ordination took place at Chundicully, in the new church, on Sunday morning, the 20th, at the English service, the chaplain having the use of the church during the repairs of his own church. All the Missionaries and the chaplain took part in the service, which was a very solemn and interesting one. The Bishop preached the sermon, which was characterized by beautiful simplicity, much earnestness of manner, and pure evangelical doctrine. It was, in every sense of the word, a Missionary sermon, calculated to do much good. The text was John i. 41, 42. Being the first native ordination held in Jaffna, there was a large assembly of people, the church completely full.

We have now a native pastor, the first-fruits of our own Mission; and the facts that Mr. Hensman is the pastor of the latest-formed station church, the members of which have been principally the fruit of his own labours, and that he is a native of that parish, are not the least pleasing and encouraging features of the case.

On Sunday evening the Bishop preached, to a still larger congregation, on behalf of the local funds of the Mission. The Wesleyans closed their chapel, and united with us in listening to a sermon on Christian love and unity, as the grand mark of the church, and as the most powerful means of spreading the Gospel amongst the heathen. All were delighted with the services of the day, and there was, I think, a good influence resting upon the congregation, the fruits of which will yet, I trust, be visible.

HENRY.

BY THE REV. J. M. BROWN, OF UMRITSUR.

It is now nearly two years since I became acquainted with the subject of the following remarks. I had only just arrived in the Punjab, and he was nearly the head boy in the Mission school—perhaps the best English scholar there: of Urdu he knew little or nothing. I came to know him by being asked to take a class in the school twice a week, and afterwards a Sunday Bible class begun by a brother Missionary who had newly come, and was shortly summoned to a better land. It was as an attendant at this Bible class that we became more intimate. I well recollect how he used to be foremost in leading on questions and arguments which were to quench for ever the bright burning light of our holy religion. One such Sunday meeting impressed itself most strongly on my mind; and it still seems but last Sunday when we all sat round the table reading about the Comforter in St. John's Gospel. Our arguments would take various forms, for I wished them to speak their minds freely. Looking back on that time he might well remark, "Whereas I was blind, but now I see," and, blessed be God, "face to face." On that occasion he most stoutly maintained, that however he might receive the Saviour, it was impossible to believe that there was any Holy Ghost. I reminded him of two facts connected with nature which many people did not believe or understand, and therefore denied their truth—that the earth went round the sun, and not the sun round the earth; and, secondly, that the earth was round, not square. Poor fellow! after all his learning in the school he maintained that the earth was flat; and why? because, from his own

city to another, some thirty miles, the road was straight; and as for the first, he said it was simply preposterous. I went on to tell him of the all-prevailing power of the Holy Ghost, without whose enlightening grace none can ever understand the sacred things which belong unto God. If, therefore, he really desired light and life, he must pray for the Holy Spirit, and he would be heard. In reply, he said, "Have you got the Holy Ghost?" I answered, "I trust so." "But you have not," he said, "and there is no Holy Ghost; and you are a liar." (Doubtless he used the term without meaning any offence. I mention it that it may be remembered hereafter in comparison with his changed state.) At that time he was rather conceited, and, when a native is so, he generally exhibits it to his own disadvantage; but he was a very well-behaved youth, and, with me, a great favourite. I liked his outspoken way, and he used to come round at last. He once denied that there was any proof of our Lord's divinity from miracles; "Because," said he, "Hindus could work them quite as well now," and said he had heard of such. I asked him to name one. He mentioned one at a neighbouring city. I asked if he had seen it. He replied, No; he had only heard of it. I pointed out to him the absurdity of taking such things on hearsay, and that it was very strange, with only thirty miles distance, he could not take the trouble to test its truth.

Soon afterwards he broke a blood-vessel, and I never recollect when, on missing him at school I went to see him, so altered a figure: his whole tone and bearing was changed. Although a great controversialist, he made no scruples about being a Christian. I have the paper by me still on which, thinking him to be "not far from the kingdom of God," I wrote down his name as a name to be daily remembered before the throne of grace. On one occasion he replied, when pressed on the point, "I will do what my master (schoolmaster) does: if he will be baptized I will, because he was the means of first giving light into my soul." And now came an almost crisis-point in his life—one of those mysterious workings of the divine will—one of those impellings which the most obdurate are seldom able to resist. It was in the winter of 1862. What my brother Missionary, whose pupil he was (the remarks I have made do not relate to the school: my teaching there was confined to mathematics) had said to him, or to the school, or the master, of late, I know not, from the circumstance of its being so unexpected to himself. I should conclude that nothing had been said on the subject just then. No: I trace it entirely to the immediate working of the Spirit in his heart. What was it? Well, one night he had been reading the Scripture, and the thought struck him, "I will be baptized." Immediately he went to the schoolmaster, and, explaining the state of the case, said, "I will be baptized if you will." The master said, "It seemed like a call from God, which I could not disobey." And though he had long been in hesitation about receiving baptism, yet he went to the Missionary next day, in company with Henry, and, telling him how matters stood, requested to be baptized that very day. This the Missionary did not see his way clear to give on the spur of the moment. Meanwhile, Henry told his mother, and then occurred one of those terrible scenes which we so frequently read of in Missionary periodicals. It was too much for the master, and,

anticipating a like result in his own case, he fell back from his good resolution till "a more convenient time should come;" and Henry also gave in, because the agreement was, "If you will be baptized I will." Notwithstanding, the master did his best to persuade Henry to come forward alone. They both drew back, and I heard nothing more—being out itinerating—till one day a native Christian came to tell me that Henry was to be baptized on the following Sunday alone. My journal entry for June 29 is, "Read prayers morning and evening in native church. N. (H.) baptized." The following is taken from the Mission Report—"In November last two young men came to me, and asked for baptism. I deferred their baptism for five days, during which time the influence of friends prevailed, and they withdrew their request." And then in a postscript is added—"While this report has been passing through the press, Mr. — (the Missionary in charge of the school) has welcomed one of the two young men alluded to in his report unto the fold of Christ's church by baptism."

He said he could have no rest day or night till he had embraced Christ. He had before this, broken another blood-vessel, and was by no means strong. My brother Missionary lately mentioned that he thought the idea of death had urged Henry at last to confess Christ by baptism; and, in reasoning with him, I did not hesitate to remind him that such might be the case. I allude to it only to introduce a remark he once made when sitting by him on his death-bed. "Do you know, Sir, that I have never spit blood or suffered in my chest since the day I was baptized?" It soon became evident that his days were numbered. He went with me to a Mission station just under the hills overlooking one of the grandest valleys in the world, and with a view of the snowy range, though bared of snow, full before one. The Missionary there made him a nice little place to live in, but he soon got tired, and wished himself back home, and to his mother. I could not persuade him to remain and itinerate with me: he wished to go home. It seemed at the time like one of those strange longings for home which sometimes come over dying people; and he went (having stayed a night with us at a great fair, or mela, where we were preaching, and which had brought me there), with his face turned homewards and heavenwards. Two months passed rapidly away, occupied in itineration work, till December, when, though deeply regretting it, I was compelled to come into the station. "Henry is much worse," was the news I heard; and, on going to see him, I found him a mere shadow of his former self. He was sitting in the school verandah, muffled up in the folds of a big counterpane, and his mother attending him. His little room was dirty, and, strange to say, although there were three school-servants who had orders to do it, I never saw it cleansed: possibly, like other sick people, he objected, or was afraid that some of his worldly property might be stolen. I believe that natives are peculiarly suspicious of their brethren and other natives in this respect. This may be only a surmise. His place was so dirty, that, when praying with him, I was obliged to kneel on his bed, and the wretched untended state of our London sick poor seemed to live over again before me as I sat and read and talked to him. It was a very happy death-bed; and the patience of that firm, strong, loving heart, would have been an ornament to any

servant of God experienced in the vicissitudes of this probationary lifetime here below. He really delighted in hearing the Scriptures read to him, especially the Psalms. That he received that attention from his fellow-Christians which he ought to have, is saying more for them than they deserve. On one occasion I put some very pointed and searching questions to him, which entirely satisfied me that his feet were on the rock. At another time I took two other brethren with me, one of whom inquired, "Are you happy?" "Oh yes, oh yes," he replied, "quite happy." Being anxious that they too should be satisfied, I asked, "Why are you happy?" "Because Jesus Christ is my Saviour." "But will He never forsake you?" "No, He cannot." "And will He always keep you?" "Yes." "Till when?" "Till He dies." "But can Jesus die?" "No, He is immortal, and therefore I shall live for ever." I felt thankful that a doctrine so consolatory had, in moments of weakness and despondency, taken such deep root, and that others had witnessed the fruit of the Holy Spirit in him. From the moment this thought seized hold of him, I do not think he ever felt uneasy or pained in his mind. A nobler faith it would be difficult to find, even amongst ourselves. I once or twice read to him some Urdu hymns and the Hindustanee translation of the Rock of Ages, which he greatly enjoyed. At the close of the year special business called me away for a week, and I did not expect to see him alive on my return. Life's sands, however, had not quite run out: he lingered till the early morning of the 21st of January, when his spirit took its resurrection flight while it was yet dark, and he awoke to see a morning without clouds dawn on him for ever.

The last passage I read to him was the commencement of the 14th chapter of St. John. The thought that our Lord Jesus Christ was coming again, and so soon, to take him unto Himself, appeared to afford him peculiar consolation, and his face lightened up more and more as we dwelt upon the all-absorbing theme. There did not seem to be the slightest shadow of a fear, and when the subject was alluded to, his look seemed to say in reproach, "I cannot do my Saviour such an injustice as to suppose he would leave me or let me fear." He became insensible at last, and I saw him no more. He was to have been buried on the evening of the 21st, but the funeral was delayed by an accident till the 22nd. We buried him during one of the fiercest storm days I have witnessed in the plains of India, and the orphan Mission boys sung a hymn at his grave; and so he rests with "the resurrection and the life," and it is enough.

CHOLERA IN THE SUVISESHAPURAM DISTRICT.

BY THE REV. W. P. SCHAFFTER.

DURING the first three months of this half-year many of our congregations have been painfully tried by small-pox. During the latter three months cholera broke out in every one of the villages under my care. In Suviseshapuram itself, where there are about 352 souls, upwards of 60 were attacked with this disease, and 16 died within the last month.

At Iddamoli, 60 to 70 souls have been carried off by this dreadful scourge. Altogether, within the last six weeks, about 200 Christians have died of cholera only. I am thankful to say that now the disease is abating in its fury, and, since the hot weather has set in, there seem to be fewer cases. May the Lord soon hasten to our help, and remove this dreadful plague from us.

In this cholera season the catechists and schoolmasters have proved themselves faithful to their work. If it had not been for the catechists, many a poor man would have died without any one to administer to his wants. Day and night they have gone about from house to house with the Bible in one hand, and medicines in the other, visiting the sick and dying. In many places they were the only ones who could be relied on for help, as the people were too panic struck to venture out of their own houses. On new-year's day, when the headmen of the different villages, accompanied by their catechist, came to see us, it was heart-cheering to listen to the testimony every one of those villages bore towards the indefatigable labours of the catechists: the heathen also joined in speaking highly of them. When we consider the danger to which these men have exposed themselves in the fulfilment of their duty, I think there is much cause to thank God for the grace He has given to them to be faithful. I am also thankful to be able to add that as yet not one of our Mission agents has been taken away from our midst by cholera.

This fearful visitation of cholera has also been the means of trying and bringing to light the reality of the religion professed by the Christians of this district; and it is remarkable to observe how, in the various parts of the district, the character of the religion professed is peculiar to that part itself. For instance, in the western part of Suviseshapuram district, the people, struck with terror at the fearful inroads of cholera amongst them, showed a great inclination to return to their devil-worship, from the superstition that all these troubles are caused by the vicious propensities of evil spirits. Although this is their general character, yet I am thankful to say, that, with the exception of one or two families, the rest have been able to resist the temptation.

In the northern part of my district, the people, finding that hundreds upon hundreds have been carried away by cholera, notwithstanding all the devil-worship expressly introduced by the heathen to appease the ill-will of evil spirits (who, they think, are the originators of this cholera), and the steadfast perseverance of the worship of God by the Christians, are inclined to give themselves up to the spirit of infidelity: they will neither join in devil-worship (in order to spite Satan as they think), nor will they enter the house of God, because He does not remove this plague when they wish it. A catechist was telling me two days ago that all the devil-dancers in his village had been carried off in one week by cholera, and in the adjoining villages the same had been the case, so that now the little heathen temples will, I hope, soon become the habitations of the moles and bats.

1864.]

(13)

THE CHINESE AS EMIGRANTS.

THE old system of Chinese government, now shaken to its base by the movement of the Taepings, and, in its insane rejection of the helps whereby the Western Powers sought to shore it up, likely soon to fall to



CHINESE LABOURERS IN THE WEST INDIES.

pieces, put many obstacles to the emigration of the people beyond the sea. But these restrictive laws have been compelled to give way to the pressure of necessity. The population of the empire had increased with marvellous rapidity; so much so, that in seventy-six years, from 1736 to 1812, the numbers had enlarged from 125,000,000 to 362,000,000. But these vast numbers have not been equally distributed over the area of the empire: they are much denser in the eastern or sea-board, than in the western or interior provinces, the difference being as great as 458 to 154 persons to a square mile. The course of the great rivers of China is from east to west, and so with the population: the density increases as it verges eastward. Hence the maritime provinces became overpopulated, and the difficulty of obtaining the necessaries of life forced the people on emigration. It does not appear, however, that in leaving their country they as yet intend to bid a final farewell to it: they leave it with the intention of returning when they have improved their circumstances. The annual emigration from the sea-board provinces is estimated to be about 80,000, exclusively of the coolie traffic to Peru and the Spanish West Indies. Of these, Australia receives one-third, the islands one-fourth, and California about one-eighth; the remainder being distributed over other parts of America, and as portions of the crews of the merchant-ships in the Pacific Sea. Out of the 11,000 emigrants to Singapore, it is found that one-fifth return to China; and at San Francisco the departures average one-fourth of the arrivals.

Now in the Chinese character there is much to fit this people thus to go forth and open a way for themselves in new countries and regions. They are remarkable for their enduring patience under evils, "a trait clearly exemplified at the time of the hostilities in 1856-57, when our surgeons bore unanimous testimony to the unflinching and calm behaviour of those Chinese that came under their hands for the purpose of undergoing amputation." Another feature is the untiring energy which they display whenever they have a special object in view. "At our treaty ports their never-ceasing efforts in accumulating wealth sufficiently evidence this; and also in their ordinary occupations in the villages the same pushing tendency is observable." This eager industry, however, is most conspicuous in the continents and islands to which they migrate. "At Singapore, where all the labour and small trade is performed by them, and where the equatorial climate tends, above all things, to promote languor and idleness, nothing is so striking as the contrast between these indefatigable trading strangers and the indolent Malay natives."

The present distracted state of the old country has a manifest tendency to help this movement; and as their females begin to go out with them, they will permanize in the places whither they have migrated, so that probably, at no distant period, the shores of the Pacific—the great islands to the South, Borneo, Sumatra—and the northern portion of Australia, will have their resources developed by a Chinese population. But it is not merely in the countries contiguous to their own land and on the shores of the Pacific that Chinamen are to be found, but, in consequence of the coolie traffic, they have been spread much wider, and are to be found in the Mauritius and in the Spanish West-India islands. Into the great sugar-producing island of Cuba they were introduced in 1847, and

have increased to several thousands. They are more intelligent and are put to higher labour than the negro. They are bound to eight years' service, at four dollars a month, and are so highly prized that a cultivator will give to the importer 400 dollars for each coolie that engages in his service. They will not submit like the negro to corporal punishment, and, if treated with indignity, often commit suicide. They may be seen engaged in various employments, toiling in the hot sun, naked to the waist, with short-legged cotton trousers coming to the knees.

The Chinese are an important race of people, and may well receive our interest and attention, wherever in our wide-spread colonial empire—British Columbia, Australia, or elsewhere—there is opportunity of access to them. One other peculiarity which foreshadows their future is the cosmopolitan character of their physical constitution, and their capability of enduring extremes of heat and cold.

A NATIVE PASTOR'S WORK IN TINNEVELLY.

WE have found the following fragment in the report of a native pastor who has charge of a large portion of one of our Tinnevelly districts, that of Nallur. It will therefore prove doubly interesting, as well because it brings before us one of those touching instances of Christian truth in its operation on individual character, which are so precious in the Lord's eyes, as also because it is a native pastor who writes. We want to see these men in increased numbers filling up the ministry of the native churches, and, with the exception of the comparatively few necessary for educational purposes, and for the occupation of one or two model churches, setting free our European Missionaries for their proper work, the evangelization of the heathen.

The Rev. Abraham Samuel has under his charge 1475 Christians, dispersed throughout thirty-six villages; and we are happy to find that the sure result of a faithful native pastorate is being produced, the ready contribution on the part of the congregations to the maintenance of their own Christian ordinances and to the extension of the Gospel. These contributions amounted in half a year to more than 40%, divided among the following objects—Bible Society, Tract Society, Native Church Endowment Fund, Church-Building Fund, Catechists' and Schoolmasters' House Fund, and pay of catechist for six months, the latter sum amounting to 4*l.* 2*s.* Besides, upwards of 6% had been contributed to the lighting of churches.

Various encouraging instances are mentioned by Mr. Samuel as to the development of Christian character and conduct, and of these we select one—

There is a village by the name of Marrudhampadhur, about three miles south of Nallur. The whole of its population worship idols, with the exception of an old man and his wife. These two lately placed themselves under instruction. I had the pleasure of seeing

them for the first time one Sunday, and talking to them about matters connected with their souls. I asked them, at the same time, what was the object of their taking this step. They said, "We had no other child but one daughter, whom we gave in marriage to a person in the village. After some time she fell sick and died. During her illness we made various offerings to idols, but derived no good from it. This we repeated, but still without profit. Subsequently we thought of our age, miserable condition, and of our neglect to hear the catechists and pilgrims when they preached about Christianity as the only true religion, and decided to join the Christians." They seemed to have had no worldly motives in coming to us. The catechist, who used to see them often at their home and pray with them, testified that they were really anxious to serve God. I met them on another occasion, and they then requested me very much to go with them to their house. I promised to do so, but not then. After my visit to a few congregations, I went, in company with the catechist, to see them. While going, the catechist mentioned two instances of their firmness and zeal in their religion. One was, that when their heathen neighbours and relatives tried to induce them to forsake Christ by threats of violence, by forbidding the washerman and barber to work for them, and by preventing them from taking water from the wells, and refusing to give them fire, because they would not consent to pay a rate they had levied for a Pei-kovil, they did not in the slightest degree yield. Failing in this, the heathen waited for another opportunity of trying them, which they soon had. The mother of this old man having fallen sick, and being ready to die, they all, with one accord, watched to see how he would manage at her death without them. No sooner had she died, than the old man ran to the Christians for aid. Several of them came with him, carried the corpse, and buried it. Even after this, they have borne ill-will towards him. I was much rejoiced at what I heard of them. On my arrival at their house, they both showed me unusual kindness. I spoke to them of Christ and his salvation, and exhorted them. They listened to me with attention, and begged their heathen relatives, also, then present, to sit by them and hear the words spoken. When I left them, they came with me for a short distance, and related all that had happened to them on account of their leaving heathenism. I told them that such troubles and enmity would certainly arise for the sake of Christ, but that those who stand firm to the end will be saved. How pleasant would it be if all came to our religion with such good motives! May the Lord grant his grace to these aged people, and enable them to remain firm in their faith to the end! We rejoice very much when we see the people gradually leaving off their old evil practices, and leading a new life. We wish to have truly sincere and pious Christians in our congregations. The Apostle Paul says, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." This is what is wanted, and we feel very discouraged when we see people serve Christ in name only. They are like barren trees. Christianity has no root in them. But in order to this, their hearts must be changed by the mighty Spirit of God. They are like the old Israelites, of whom God complains, "What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?" These dry bones must be restored to life.

ZENANA WORK.

THE following account of the commencement of this interesting branch of Missionary effort was read by Dr. Mullens, at the recent Punjab Missionary Conference. The importance of such efforts can scarcely be over-estimated. Until their commencement the better classes of Hindu females were, with scarcely an exception, placed beyond the pale of Missionary influence. Isolated from all opportunity of intellectual improvement, shut up in ignorance, like birds of gaudy plumage in a gilded cage, they spent their lives in insipidity, and their influence was entirely of the non-progressive character. Now the recesses of the zenanas are being opened to the judicious action of female Missionaries, and the amount of good eventually to be realized is beyond conception. A statement on such a subject, by one so well calculated to afford information, may well claim our attention—

Some years ago, after the opening of Mr. Bethune's school, Messrs. Smith and Fordyce, of the Free Church Mission, endeavoured to establish a system of home education among Hindu families in Calcutta, and to provide Christian governesses, who should visit and instruct them. The normal school (established about the same time, at great expense) had for its object to provide such teachers, and specially train them for the work. The effort, however, was in advance of native public opinion in the matter, and met with but partial success. The conviction, however, that the education of native gentlemen in such large numbers, in Missionary and Government schools, must eventually lead to the education of the female members of their families, was well grounded, and the desired and expected results are beginning to appear.

Mrs. Mullens had long wished to devote time and attention to this important branch of female education, feeling that, in her perfect command of Bengalee, and her long experience in teaching, she possessed peculiar qualifications for undertaking it. On her return from England, in December 1860, she found the opportunity so long coveted. A great advance in native opinion had taken place just after the mutiny, the inaugurator of so many other vital changes; and as Mrs. Sale, of the Baptist Mission, who had established a zenana school in two houses near her own residence, was about to leave for England, Mrs. Mullens offered to carry on the work in her absence. She made arrangements for the instruction of her boarding-school of sixty girls, and prepared to devote herself to this new sphere among Hindus.

She commenced with the families visited by Mrs. Sale, and two schools of respectable children, carried on by herself in private houses, before her visit to England. Very soon, a third family desired her visits, in the neighbourhood of the other two, and the original sphere was enlarged. Her scholars consisted of several grown women, wives, mothers, daughters, and other relatives, of various ages, but many of them possessing active and intelligent minds. They were taught to read and write Bengalee, and to work in wool and crochet. Besides hearing their lessons, she made it a point to converse much with her scholars, to relate

stories, and stir up their minds to seek useful knowledge. To assist in the mechanical work of teaching to read, a plain Christian woman, of steady character, was appointed to visit them daily, and give them lessons in reading and writing. Mrs. Mullens herself visited them once a week. She was joined from the first by her friend, Mrs. Murray, who took a deep interest in the school, and by our eldest daughter, Alice, who, though very young, and unable to speak the language, took charge of the wool-work and crotchet.

These houses were two miles from our own Mission house; but, soon after the system was commenced, two houses were found near us, in which the women were most anxious to learn, and hailed the proposal to visit them with delight. The fact became known, and other applications were made: letters were written to her, and native gentlemen paid her visits, anxious to secure her services for the members of their families. She was now able to make terms with them as to the books she might read, and induce them to pay a part of the expense. She was in no haste about the introduction of direct Christian teaching: the thing was new, and she felt she had much to do in disarming prejudice, in conciliating the minds of her scholars, and showing them that she was a true friend, who desired their real welfare. Her views proved sound: the inmates of these families were soon thoroughly at home with her, and busily engaged in learning. Before many months had passed, in addition to her two girls' schools, she had eight houses in all, receiving her visits, and no less than eighty women and seventy girls had become her scholars. Two Hindu teachers (brought to her knowledge some years before) were engaged, as well as the Christian before mentioned. Friends at home took much interest in the work, and sent an abundant supply of wool, patterns, needles, and cotton. Though she did not read the Bengalee New Testament with them regularly, she gave her scholars her own books, "Phulmani and Karuna," "What is Christianity?" and others, and often were the doctrines and teachings of the Bible the subject of earnest conversations between them. Meanwhile, Miss Sandys, in connexion with the normal school in Calcutta, had entered most laboriously upon the same work in the city itself, and soon had as many houses and scholars under visitation and instruction as Mrs. Mullens, at Bhowanipore. The Free Church Mission also was maintaining its large school for respectable girls, similar to that which Mrs. Smith, of Sigha, has long maintained in Benares.

So ended her first year of labour, and with it ended her useful life. She was permitted to enter on the work she had long desired, to give it a new and hearty impulse, to draw to it the attention of Christ's church, and secure friends for its maintenance and enlargement; and then she was called away. The Lord's work is not allowed to depend on his servants, however able, qualified, and willing. "Who art thou, that trustest in the son of man, in whom there is no help?" "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, give glory!"

After a pause, the work she had laid down was steadily resumed and maintained. Our daughter Alice was most anxious to keep the schools on; and, in God's good providence, we found a nice Christian widow, who

could be her companion, superintend the general teaching of the schools, and herself give Christian lessons. Mrs. Murray also continued her kind help, with others; every thing went on, and the number of houses and of scholars increased. Several changes took place from removals and the like, but at the end of the year there were eleven zenanas visited, containing eighty-six women and fifty girls. Mrs. Murray had also added four zenanas to her own work, and Miss Sandys had continued all hers. There must be now some twenty-five zenanas regularly visited, and at least two hundred ladies under instruction, and one hundred girls. The tone of the teaching has improved. The Bible is read everywhere, with the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Peep of Day." In several cases the wool and other work materials are paid for.

There has been opposition in one house visited. An uncle, one of the genuine old school, so stormed and raved about this new-fangled education, that the school was shifted to another house. But many of the new school want all the knowledge that can be given. Some wish their wives to learn the New Testament. The women themselves are greatly enjoying their studies. One of them said one day, "Do you know, ma'am, that really I never sleep in the day now. I have so much to do with reading and wool-work, beside my house duties, that I am always busy." A letter states—"In the last of our new houses we have two women most anxious to learn: the day we first went they would hardly let us come away. One of the women told us she had been longing to learn for months, and had begun with one of her husband's younger brothers. In three weeks she had read through the Gospel of John, and could answer any question on it. We have one very nice zenana in Bhowanipore, containing five women, most quick and attentive. The eldest is reading the Bible right through, and says her husband wishes her to learn all about Christianity. Another clever pupil is the wife of a doctor: she not only pays for the wool and canvas, but sends her own carriage for us every week. She reads and writes Bengalee very nicely, and her English gets on capitally. Her husband helps her greatly. Who will not pray that so good a work may go onward with increased efficiency and in greater breadth year by year?"

Great interest has been excited everywhere among Indian Missionaries, by the story of these schools; and a few hints may be appropriately given, as to the principles upon which they may be best conducted.

1st. In these zenana schools, the old system of drawing children and scholars to a Missionary is entirely given up; the teacher goes to her scholars. Public schools for girls and women are greatly opposed to the ideas of respectable Hindus.

2ndly. Female education is of English origin, and is therefore most obnoxious to the old school of natives. This new sphere must therefore be sought amongst the families of educated men, or men who have at least accepted some enlightenment.

3rdly. From the nature of the case, all gentlemen are excluded from these missions. They are the work of ladies only. This work must be done quietly: zenanas are not to be asked about, and when any thing is published, names and places should be carefully kept back. In seeking

them out, inquiry should be made, privately, of individuals. Though small at first, the work will grow, through the information given by ladies to one another.

4thly. Caution may well be used at first, as to Christian instruction—caution without compromise. It is true wisdom to disarm prejudice by kind acts, by showing interest in a family; and, as opportunity arises, as questions are asked, truth may more fully be declared, and books more decidedly introduced.

5thly. As things advance, it may be convenient to induce several families near together to join in a school in one house. A native female teacher should instruct regularly, and, if possible, two ladies should visit together, or a lady and the native teacher.

6thly. If possible, payment should be required from the outset, for wool and other materials; also, if practicable, for the teacher who does the mechanical part of the work.

7thly. It is all-important that the ladies who visit should speak the native language. They may do much good by conversation alone. Visiting as teachers, they get rid of all ordinary visiting topics, and can give their whole time and thought to topics which give practical instruction.



BASLE MISSION.

IN the Ethnographic Museum of the Basle Mission-house is a fragment of a gun-shell, which, with its companions, was thrown; in 1815, from the fortress of Hunningen, into the town of Basle, by order of Bonaparte, with the design of reducing that town to ashes. The accomplishment of this design was prevented by the sudden overthrow of the destroyer.

As the providence of God arrested the career of that shedder of the blood of millions, and saved his own beloved city and its inhabitants from being added to the desolations, the good Mr. Spittler was led to ponder the question, how to save millions through the blood of that great Conqueror, whose victories are gained, not by the death of others, but by that of Himself.

He formed the plan of establishing an institution for the education of Missionaries. His plan met with the approval of his friends. By their aid a building was erected, and operations commenced in 1816. In the museum of that building is placed this fragment of shell as a memento of the good providence which spared the city, and led "Mr. Spittler to feel that the Christians of Basle ought to show their sincere gratitude to the Divine Protector, and our Mission is the wonderful result of that feeling."

In forty-seven years there have been trained "400 messengers of the good tidings, 281 of whom are still alive, working the work of God in all zones and climes of the globe."

At first these young men were offered to foreign Societies, to be sent forth and sustained as Missionaries; but soon it was found expedient to send them under a direction connected with the Mission house. This was put under the care of a Committee, of which Mr. Spittler was and is still one.

The 281 living Missionaries are distributed as follows:—93 in the service of the Basle Mission, 11 employed by the Barmen Missionary Society, 1 by the Moravian Brethren, 35 by the Church Missionary Society, 2 by the English Baptist Missionary Society, 2 by the Methodist, 1 by the Assam Missionary Society, 1 by the American Episcopal Mission, 4 Missionaries to the Jews, 12 in the service of the English Church in the colonies: 73 are ministers of German churches in North America, 5 in South America, 2 in Australia, 13 in Russia, 10 in Germany, and 5 home Missionaries.

The Committee are self-perpetuating (a unanimous vote being required in the election of a new member) and perfectly autocratic. The numerous Branch Societies scattered over Europe may send delegates "to tender suggestions, objections, or modifications, but they have no right of voting." These Branches are under no obligation to remain a day in connexion with the Committee, and every student may leave the house, and every Missionary may leave the service of the Committee at will: there is "perfect Christian liberty." "Nearly fifty years have elapsed, and still the Basle Committee enjoys the highest respect and perfect trust of all who are connected with its important operations."



STREET PREACHING AND TRACT SELLING IN COLOMBO.

THE population of Colombo is reckoned at 60,000. The number of Europeans and European descendants certainly cannot be rated at more than 5000. This would leave considerably more than 50,000 native inhabitants. Several thousands of these are Mohammedans. The great majority of the Tamils are professed heathen, worshippers of Siva or Vishnu. Of the Singhalese, a large number are avowed Buddhists. By far the greater part of those who term themselves Christians, whether Singhalese or Tamil, Protestant or Romanist, have but very little knowledge of the Gospel, rarely attend any Christian place of worship, and are by no means free from heathen practices or heathen superstitions. These are the masses among whom it is the duty of Christ's servants, living in the capital of this island, to spread the knowledge of salvation. It is not the object of this paper to discuss the various ways in which this may be done, but to call attention to one very obvious mode which seems, for some reason or other, to have hitherto been very little attempted; we mean, of course, very little attempted in Colombo. The plan referred to is that of open-air preaching, accompanied by the distribution of tracts and small portions of Scripture. The writer of these remarks has made the experiment to some extent, as regards preaching in Singhalese, at various times during the last two years. Much more might have been effected but from frequent interruptions through failure of health. Still something seems to have been ascertained. There can be no doubt of the possibility of obtaining audiences, particularly—as was seen of the late occasion, when a Missionary from Tinnevely was in Ceylon, of which the experience is conducted in the Tamil language. Not of race, locality or of age, but of sex, and of social position, have been found to be for two to go out together, whether a Missionary and a catechist, one speaking of Ceylon and Mergui can be of Toungoo. Educa-

following him in Singhalese, or *vice versa*. Almost all persons born in Colombo have some knowledge of both languages, and will frequently listen with more attention, or, at least, with more curiosity, to preaching delivered in the dialect with which they are less familiar. The Moormen, for instance, and even the Malays, who are more violent by their bigotry, will generally receive with silence and apparent attention statements of Christian truth when made in the Singhalese language, while they very often cavil and offer vehement opposition when addressed in Tamil. What is said in Singhalese is spoken in their hearing, and they understand it; but Singhalese not being what they regard as their own language, they do not look on the remarks made as personally directed towards them, and so listen with less irritation of feeling. So, again, the Singhalese often seem particularly struck with a Tamil address, and sometimes especially so when it is delivered by a Tamil Christian.

There are large sections of the population that can only be reached by this general street-preaching. This is perhaps peculiarly the case as regards the Mohammedans. Speak to them singly, and it is rarely you will meet with any attention; but address a crowd or group promiscuously, and some Moormen will almost always form part of the audience.

In England, open-air preaching is a work by no means confined to the clergy. Laymen also take part in it. There seems no reason why the same should not be the case here. Country-born Europeans and European descendants are usually familiar with the idioms of both the native languages; and many a Missionary, after several years spent in studying the vernacular, has envied them the fluency and naturalness with which they express themselves on all ordinary topics. The devotion to that purpose of the leisure hours of a few months would soon make them familiar with the written language, and put them in possession of those words and phrases which they would need for the purpose of proclaiming the Gospel. In street-preaching, care must, of course, be taken not to obstruct thoroughfares, and to avoid public disturbances of every kind. Beginners might make their first essays by conversations with groups of three or four persons whom they might meet with in some comparatively retired locality. After preaching, we have generally distributed tracts. At first this was done gratis, but latterly the practice has been adopted of selling them for a chally (one-eighth of a penny) a piece. This plan has been thoroughly successful, and seems preferable for many reasons. Upwards of one thousand tracts have thus been sold in Colombo since the 1st of June. Portions of Scripture, usually single Gospels, have also been sold on the same occasions at the charge of one penny. These, we are thankful to say, Mohammedans have several times been prevailed upon to purchase.—*Ceylon Church Missionary Record*.



good i. PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE KARENS.

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than they resemble the Karens who dwell in the mountains. They are stout, muscular people, with large limbs, larger than the Burmese; while the mountaineers are usually of little muscle and small limbs.

It is a popular idea that mountaineers are stronger and hardier than lowlanders; but however it may be in other climes, it is certain that in Burmah the mountain tribes are weaker people than those who live on the plains. The cause, however, may possibly be other than the locality.

In stature, all the Karens are shorter, on an average, than Europeans. In a promiscuous assembly of one hundred men, embracing several tribes, two were five feet seven inches high; eight were five feet six and a half inches; and all the rest were shorter. An intelligent man that I measured, five feet five inches and a half, was confident that he was taller than the average of Karens. I should fix the average at from five feet four inches and a half to five feet five inches. The shortest man I have measured is a Bghai chief, and he was only four feet eight inches high; and the tallest Karen I have seen was not quite six feet.

A company of one hundred Karen women had only two that were five feet one inch high; eight were four feet ten, and the rest shorter. The average cannot be more than four feet nine inches. The shortest woman I have noted was four feet five inches.

In different villages the average would vary considerably from the above. A village of Mopghas on the hills, that can be seen with a glass from the city of Toungoo, is remarkable for its short men, especially the younger ones. I doubt if there be one over five feet high. Though small in stature, the Karens appear tolerably well proportioned.

Where the natural complexion has not been deepened by exposure to the sun, the Karens are nearly as fair as the Chinese; and a Bghai teacher, who has spent two years among the Red Karens, says the Red Karens are fairer than any other Karen tribe.

The yellow tinge of the Chinese is very distinctly seen on many of the Karens, particularly females, and more especially on those that reside in the northern part of Toungoo.

The hair is straight and coarse, usually of a jet black; but many of the Karens in Toungoo have hair of a brownish tinge, which is rarely seen in the south.

The eyes are commonly black; but here again a change is observed as we proceed north, where many hazel eyes are met.

The head is pyramidal, the breadth of the face across the cheek bones wider than across the temples, and the bridge of the nose rises above the face. Occasionally a decided Roman nose is seen, but there is still a depression between the eyes not possessed by the Romans. The face is lozenge-shaped, and the whole countenance, in typical specimens, is Mongolian. There is a great diversity in individuals, and these traits are less developed in the more civilized Sgaus and Pwos than in the wilder Bghais.

It is not easy to describe the characteristic countenances of the different tribes; yet there are characteristic differences which the experienced eye can detect. Apart from the difference of race, locality affects the countenance. Thus the Sgaus of Tavoy and Mergui can usually be distinguished from the Sgaus or Pakus of Toungoo. Educa-

tion also affects the countenance. The Karens that have been educated in our Mission schools look like quite a different tribe from their wild countrymen on the hills.

The Karens rarely intermarry with other races; but among those who are settled near the Burmese, a Burmese is sometimes found with a Karen wife, and in every instance that has come under my personal observation, the children have had a strong Burmese cast of countenance. *Missionary Magazine.*

ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

ONE hour with Thee, my God, when daylight breaks
Over a world Thy guardian care hath kept;
When the pleased soul from soothing slumber wakes,
To praise the love that watched me while I slept;
When with new strength my pulse is beating free,
My first, best, sweetest thoughts I'll give to Thee.

One hour with Thee, when busy day begins
Its never-ceasing round of cumb'ring care;
When I must meet with toil and pain and sins,
And through them all Thy Cross must duly bear;
Oh then, to arm me for the fight, to be
Faithful to death, I'll spend one hour with Thee.

One hour with Thee, when rides the glorious sun
High in mid heaven—when parting nature feels
Lifeless and overpowered, and man has done,
For one short hour, with urging life's swift wheels—
In that deep pause my soul from care shall flee,
To make that hour of rest an hour with Thee.

One hour with Thee, when sadd'ning twilight flings
Her soothing charm o'er lawn and vale and grove,
And there breathes up from all created things
The sweet enthralling sense of Thy dear love;
Then, when its influence descends on me,
Oh then, my God, I'll spend an hour with Thee.

One hour with thee, my God, when softly night
Climbs the high heaven with solemn step and slow,
And Thy sweet stars, unutterably bright,
Are sending forth Thy praise to all below;
Then, when my thoughts from earth to heaven would flee,
Oh then, my God, I'll spend an hour with Thee.

THE ABYSSINIANS.

WE present an engraving of some Abyssinians, that singular people; who, in the features of their country, their physical appearance, and the religion they profess, stand out so distinctively from other natives of Africa.



GROUP OF ABYSSINIANS.

Abyssinia is a country of mountains and valleys, and is subject to every variety of climate. The mountain tops are too bleak and the lowlands too feverish for the European constitution. But on the elevated plateaux there is a perpetual spring, and freshness and health.

The Abyssinians, in features and form, are a handsome people. They are between five and six feet in height. "Erect and slender, they are not devoid of muscular strength, nor of that symmetrical roundness which so much contributes to the beauty of the human frame."

Their complexion, unlike that of other dark races, is very varied. The light and olive-brown certainly predominate; but it is not unusual to meet in a single town or village individuals who exhibit every shade of colour, from the pale Egyptian on the Nile at Cairo to the dark negro in the malarious jungles near the equator.

The costume of the Abyssinian is exceedingly simple. Men of all ranks, from the king to the beggar, wear a shama, or loose dress of white cotton, which, in graceful folds, is thrown over the shoulders, so as to leave the hands and arms free to carry spear and buckler. The softness of the web, and the depth of the red border round the bottom of this convenient garb, indicate the social position of the wearer, and this is so minutely defined, that any one who should presume to ape his betters would, in all probability, obtain a lesson or two on dress from the imperial giraffe-holder. Beneath the shama the aristocrat dons his silken, damask, or velvet kamees; but this is a privilege only granted to a few magnates, and those whom the king delights to honour. Trowsers of the same material as the shama are worn by all, and also the cotton waistcloth, which is so long, that when wound round the waist, it serves the purpose of armour, in warding off blows, or in protecting from the thrust of sword or lance. When engaged in battle the shama is exchanged for the dino, a mere piece of skin, sometimes of the lion or leopard, but more commonly of the sheep. Those made by the saddlers at Gondar are lined with red cotton stuff, or gay chintz; but as the common soldiers cannot generally afford so costly an article, the majority content themselves with a half-dressed sheep's hide, which is fastened by a strip of leather around their necks. The great chiefs, like the Spartans of old, during an engagement, wear scarlet jackets or cloaks, in order that, in a sharp hand-to-hand combat, the enemy may not perceive the wounds he has inflicted, and so cut off his opponent's retreat.

The description of the men may, with little variation, be applied to the women. In their appearance and form, the Abyssinian ladies are certainly not undeserving the fame they have ever enjoyed among their sallow and dark-skinned neighbours. Round and well proportioned, they are particularly favoured with high and broad foreheads, aquiline noses, and eyes which, notwithstanding their unpleasing large size and dark brilliancy, are so tempered by a soft dreamy expression, that they rather enhance than detract from what orientals consider the perfection of beauty. Their teeth are tolerably white and even, but do not come up to those of the negro. The Abyssinians, however, surpass every other

African tribe, in the luxuriant growth of their hair. Black as jet, and sometimes even as straight and glossy as that of the European, it is much to be regretted that neither the men nor the women should be satisfied with a gift nature has so liberally bestowed on them, but seek to improve it either by shaving a part of the head, or by the application of an abominable coating of rancid butter.

Particular as the Abyssinians are in the management of the hair, they are somewhat indifferent about the more important matter of dress. Ladies of rank, besides the usual under-garment, and a loose shirt reaching below the knees, and neatly embroidered in front and on the cuffs, envelope themselves, on special occasions, in a fine shama, with a gay silk border, or in a gorgeously coloured cloak of English or German cloth. Women of the lower ranks, however, dispense with all these superfluities. A wide sack kamees, when at home, and the usual winding-sheet over it when going abroad, form their entire outfit.

Ornaments are the rage of rich and poor. Those who possess means carry their love for all kinds of trinkets to such an excess, that they often have more than three pounds weight of silver bells, chains, and little scent-boxes dangling down over their bosom, besides all the other *et ceteras*, such as rosaries, bangles, and an endless variety of charms against the Bouda, Zar, and every evil to which ladies in Abyssinia, as in other lands, are liable.*

These people are nominally Christians, but of what description their Christianity is, and what is their moral character, we must examine in another Number.

INCREASING WAR DEMANDS INCREASING PRAYER.

IN what a disturbed state the world is at the present moment ! What a prevalence of war ; wars and rumours of wars ; nation rising against nation ; and kingdom against kingdom !

The once United States of North America are now disunited—irrevocably so. The protracted and relentless war, the lavish expenditure of human life, have placed barriers between the Northern and Southern States more separating than if the Rocky Mountains, uplifted from their present position, were planted down between them.

Traversing, in our rapid survey, the Pacific, we reach the coast of China. Here, again, is distraction. The Imperialists and the Taepings wage against each other a savage warfare, and the great bulk of the population, which cares nothing either for one or the other, and which longs only for peace that it may pursue its old course of monotonous toiling for the bread that perisheth, is miserably scourged and fleeced, and bleeds at every pore. England would fain prop the old tottering dynasty of the Tartars that she may open out her trade with China, and, with the restoration of peace, obtain more largely of its silks and teas. But the Mandarins of Pekin refuse the proffered aid, and the red tide of war continues its ebb and flow.

* Stern's "Wanderings among the Falashas."

Glancing at British India, we notice the restlessness of the border tribes. We have no wish to extend our frontier. We would place a limit to further extension, and, leaving the wild tribes beyond the boundary line in possession of their savage independence, persuade them to leave us alone. But they will not do so. Ever and anon they rise up and force us to hostilities. Just now a disturbance of this kind on our north-west frontier has been put down at a cost of no less than 1,000,000*l.*; and how long the peace may be which has been purchased at this costly rate we know not.

The Yoruba country, on the west coast of Africa, is still convulsed by war between different tribes of the same nation—Egbas and the people of Ibadan, Dahomey on the west exasperating the evils by hostility to Abbeokuta, while the Ijebus on the south-east help the people of that town against the Ibadans. But for this disturbance, now of some years' continuance, the country, taking advantage of the demand for cotton, might have grown it largely, and have come forward prominently in the market of the world. But the war has rendered this impossible; and while the Missionary work still goes on, yet it is not with a free expansion over the face of the country, but in isolated points, as Abbeokuta and Ibadan, where it is pretty nigh shut up as in a besieged city.

We began with America, and, now completing our circle, we reach New Zealand. The Maori has been unwisely, nay, indeed, unjustly dealt with. But it is, after all, only some of the tribes, such as the Waikato, the Ngatimaniapoto, and a few other sections, which have disputed the sovereignty of England over the island, and taken up arms to vindicate their independence. In some cases the old savage nature has revived out of the grave where for a time it had been laid, and the natives have disgraced themselves by the perpetration of cruel murders of defenceless settlers. Their stronghold, however, has just been captured after a severe engagement, and dispirited, and crest-fallen, the Waikatos appear disposed to submit. May it prove to be so, and these tribes, from their reverses, learn a lesson of humility!

But this is not all. There is war in Europe. Across the North Sea the conflict is going on, and that which the weaker State was willing to surrender peaceably, is wrested from her by the sword. The sword, the sword is drawn. Will the Lord in mercy interpose, and "cause it to return into the sheath?" or, in judgment, will He declare "it shall not return any more?" What a time for prayer! May He who, by his word, hushed into a calm the tempestuous lake, rebuke these winds and waves, and command peace!



THE PHYSICALLY BLIND RAISED INTO INSTRUMENTS OF COMMUNICATING LIGHT AND ILLUMINATION TO THE SPIRITUALLY BLIND.

WE find the following details of 'Blind Readers and their Books' in a Brighton paper. They have deeply interested us, and we transfer them into our pages—

The patrons of Moon's Embossing Fund, for publishing books for blind readers, held their 16th annual meeting on Dec. 9, 1863, at the Town

Hall. After the singing of a hymn, and prayer, a blind pupil of Mr. Moon's, William Chenery, was introduced, to illustrate the facility with which this system can be read. He very appropriately commenced with the 9th chapter of St. John, and his reading of it was beautifully accurate, his accentuation being remarkably clear, and his attention to the punctuation wonderfully perfect.

The Chairman then said that the Meeting had just seen and heard an example of how the instruction of Mr. Moon was conveyed. By his system the Bible had been printed in fifty-three languages; it was in forty volumes, or sixty-four parts, stitched; in single chapters, and Psalms. There were also the Liturgy, Collects, the Holy Communion; books of devotion and praise; also works on history and geography, including maps and diagrams; the "Life of Christ," "Eyes and Ears," the "Biblical Dictionary," and, he was pleased to add, the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Mr. Moon then rose and said, before entering into an account of his late Missionary tour for the blind, he would remark that the young man who had just been reading was one of about thirty-seven or thirty-eight now under instruction in the Blind School of Brighton, and if any of those present wished to hear younger members of the school read, they might do so at the institution. Last year and the present had been attended with as great blessings from the Almighty as any preceding ones. With respect to China, he was sorry that he could not say so much as he would wish for their work among the blind. The blind young woman of whom he had told them at their last meeting as reading his embossed books in the market-places and upon the steps of the idol temple of Ningpo, had been obliged to leave that city, in consequence of the rebel army having defeated the Government troops, and taken possession of Ningpo. In the Punjab a young woman had learnt to read from one of his books in Hindustanee, and it was singularly remarkable the effect it had upon the seeing natives. The railway and the steam-engines to them were a matter of great surprise, but for a blind person to read with her fingers seemed to them more wonderful than any thing. In Egypt, a wide field of labour and usefulness has opened up among the blind, of which there cannot be less than 500,000 in that country. One man, a blind schoolmaster, had learnt to read one of Mr. Moon's Arabic books in two evenings, and similar results had occurred with two other blind Arabs in Syria. In Italy, Germany, and Sweden the work seems to be equally prosperous, and a large number of books have lately been despatched to each of these countries. Some are also on their way to Toronto, Canada West, and Liberia in Africa, for the instruction of the blind in those places. The Rev. C. C. Hoffman, one of the American Missionaries at Cape Palmas, has kindly undertaken to superintend a blind Missionary at that place in teaching the blind to read. His labours are to commence (p.v.) at the beginning of the new year. The Bishop of Melbourne is also about to take a large supply of embossed books, maps, &c., with him to Melbourne, where the work has begun successfully. In Holland, the work is progressing with the greatest satisfaction. A printing-press is in daily use, embossing the holy Scriptures at the blind school of Rotterdam, and an agent is employed to go

throughout the length and breadth of the land to search out the blind, teach them to read, and circulate the books. Mr. Moon then proceeded to give very interesting details as to the progress of the system in England. Some of these as expositions of the Missionary principle we introduce. At Liverpool, a Public Meeting was arranged at Hope Hall. From 700 to 800 attended, and the next day Mr. Moon conducted the daily prayer-meeting held by the blind at their workshop. About fifty of them were present. This meeting arose as follows—A boy, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, who had been taught to read Mr. Moon's characters, having been brought to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he resolved to devote a portion of his dinner-hour to daily prayer, which he did in company with another boy in the basket-shop of the Institution. The basket-teacher discovering this, and being himself a pious man, invited them into his room, and joined them in their mid-day devotions. Alston, in Cumberland, was the next place visited. The room was full to overflowing. The Society here is principally instructed by Mrs. Salvin, a blind lady, and widow of a late vicar of the parish. She is very energetic in the cause, and frequently assembles the blind for miles round at her house, and gives them a good dinner and tea, which was the case when Mr. Moon was with her. In this neighbourhood is one of his oldest and youngest pupils, the former being about ninety years of age, and the latter three years and a half. In Paris and its environs the work has prospered greatly. Nearly a hundred persons have been taught to read; and when Mr. Moon visited them in August 1862, he received some of the most gratifying testimonies one could possibly conceive. Although nearly the entire number of readers were Roman Catholics, yet their delight in reading the Bible for themselves was truly great. Several of the readers learnt in one lesson, and of such the blind teacher himself was an example. One poor fellow that learned in a single lesson, and who gained his subsistence by hawking various articles about the streets, said that he would rather lose all his little stock-in-trade than part with one page of his precious Gospel of St. John.

At the close of the meeting, an extract was read from the Report of the Society at Cork for teaching the Blind to read, which was as follows—“During the past year portions of God's word have, through the means of this Society, found their way into some of our poorest lanes and alleys; and where the Bible was an unknown book, the blind father of the family now traces with his finger the words of truth, and reads aloud the song of peace to his children. The Scriptures were written to comfort the afflicted and distressed. To whom can they be more welcome than to these poor benighted ones? Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to see the sun; but the blind taste not these pleasures; earth's beauties are nothing to them. Five millions of our fellow-creatures sit alone in darkness, with little effort on our part to dispel their deep and heavy gloom, and thus pass away unnoticed from among us into an endless eternity. The Saviour commanded that the blind should be brought to Him. (Luke xviii. 40.) We can now only obey that injunction, by placing in their hands the Scriptures—the lamp of truth—whereby, under the teaching of God the Holy Spirit, they will see themselves as lost sinners, and Jesus as their all-sufficient Saviour.”

THE CROSS.

GREATER the cross, the nearer heaven ;
 Godless, to whom no cross is given.
 The noisy world in masquerade
 Forgets the grave, the worm, the shade :
 Blest is yon dearer child of God
 On whom He lays the cross, the rod.

Best, by whom most the cross is known ;
 God whets us on his grinding-stone :
 Full many a garden's dressed in vain,
 Where tears of sorrow never rain.
 In fiercest flames the gold is tried,
 In grief the Christian's purified.

'Midst crosses, faith her triumph knows,
 The palm-tree pressed more vigorous grows :
 Go tread the grapes beneath thy feet,
 The stream that flows is full and sweet.
 In trouble, virtues grow and shine,
 Like pearls beneath the ocean brine.

Crosses abound, love seeks the skies ;
 Blow the rude winds, the flames arise ;
 When hopeless gloom the welkin shrouds,
 The sun comes laughing through the clouds ;
 The cross makes pure affection glow,
 Like oil that on the fire we throw.

Who wears the cross prays oft and well ;
 Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell ;
 Were ships ne'er tossed by stormy wind,
 The pole star who would care to find ?
 Had David spent no darksome hours,
 His sweetest songs had ne'er been ours.

From trouble springs the longing hope ;
 From the deep vale we mount the slope ;
 Who treads the desert's dreariest way,
 For Canaan most will long and pray.
 Here finds the trembling dove no rest ;
 Flies to the ark and builds her nest.

Heavy the cross—e'en death is dear ;
 The sufferer sings—his end is near ;
 From sin and pain he bursts away,
 Trouble shall die that very day.
 The cross yon silent grave adorning
 Bespeaks a bright, triumphant morning.

Greater the cross, the lovelier rays
 The crown prepared of God displays—
 Rich prize by many a conqueror won,
 Who wears it now before the throne ;
 Oh ! think upon that jewel fair,
 And heaviest griefs are light as air.

Dear Lamb of God, enhance thy cross,
 More and yet more : all else is dross.
 Let ne'er a murmur mar my rest,
 Plant thy own patience in my breast,
 To guard me, faith, hope, love, combine,
 Until the glorious crown be mine.

*Translated by J. J. Gurney, from the
 German of B. Schmölke.*

DZING SIN-SANG OF NINGPO.

A DEEPLY interesting little book has recently been published. It is headed, "These from the Land of Sinim;"* and narrates some incidents in the life of Dzing Sin-sang, a Chinese physician, who, having been converted to Christianity, acted as a catechist of the Church Missionary Society at Ningpo for three years, until his death in 1862. It has been compiled by the Rev. Henry Moule, Vicar of Fordington, from Journals and Letters of his Son, the Rev. G. E. Moule, and the Rev. W. A. Russell, our Missionaries at Ningpo. We shall place the leading parts of the narrative before our readers, in the hope they may be induced to order the book for themselves.

In the autumn of 1858 Mr. Dzing came to our catechist, Bao, to converse with him, not that he wished for instruction from him, but, having become a Romanist, he wished Bao to become so likewise; and with this view he called on him, being, as he says, actuated by a deep compassion for his soul. The fact is, Mr. Dzing had conceived the idea of a great object which he hoped to accomplish—to bring about a reconciliation between Popery and Protestantism. On this he was intent. He had applied himself to the Romish bishops and priests, with little hope of success, and now he had come to see how far he could influence Protestants, beginning with Bao. Various conversations ensued, which will be found in Mr. Moule's book, but which, however interesting, we have not space for. Bao introduced him to Mr. Russell. The result was, that he became convinced of the unscriptural character of the Romish system, and desirous of joining the little flock that was under the care of the Church-of-England Missionaries. After due care as to his sincerity and truthfulness, he was admitted.

And now there manifested itself in this man an important feature of character which we would desire to see more fully developed in all our native Christians.

When Dzing was brought to the full light of the truth, and became a member of our little church in Ningpo, he manifested the deepest interest in the spiritual condition, not only of his countrymen in general, but especially of the members of his own family. More particularly still was he

* "Narrative of the Conversion of a Chinese Physician." Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

anxious about his aged and widowed mother. A short time after his joining us, he made to me the following statement—"My mother, like myself, was once a most devoted Buddhist; but when I joined 'the religion of the Lord of heaven,' (Romanism) I succeeded, after many prayers to God and frequent representations of the absurdities of Buddhism and of the truths of Christianity, as I then understood them, in persuading her to give up her heathenish superstitions, and to join with me in the worship of the Lord of heaven. And now," said he, with tears, "what am I to do? How can I expect to succeed in inducing her to abandon that religion to which she has now become as strongly wedded as before she was to Buddhism, and to embrace, as I have done, 'the religion of Jesus?' As soon as I broach the subject she will be sure to charge me with instability of character, in thus changing from one religion to another.

At his earnest request, Mr. and Mrs. Russell accompanied him on a visit to his mother. The description of this visit is so interesting, that we must give it just as we find it.

On the day appointed we proceeded in a native boat to the place of their residence, and, on our arrival, were very courteously received both by Dzing (who, on his reception into the church, had assumed the name of Stephen) and by the old lady herself. Having partaken of luncheon, which had been very nicely prepared for us, we were ushered into a nice clean room, such as is rarely met with in Chinese houses. From its decorations and fittings we at once perceived that it was used as a prayer-room or family chapel. On the walls were pictures of saints, and of the Virgin Mary, and a very large one of the Saviour, represented as standing on a globe with a candle in his hand, signifying, as it would seem, that He is the Light of the World: there was also a large collection of crucifixes, rosaries, &c.

On our entering the room, Stephen Dzing immediately placed two chairs by a centre table for Mrs. Russell and myself, requesting us to sit. He then brought one for his mother, and, placing it beside us, asked her also to be seated. He next disposed of his wife, two sons, and a daughter-in-law, on the opposite side of the table; and when we were all thus arranged, he requested me to pray for a blessing upon our meeting.

When I had concluded my prayer, he said to his mother that I was desirous of speaking to them on religious subjects generally, and especially on the differences between "the religion of the Lord of heaven," and "the religion of Jesus;" and that I could point out to them from the word of God the errors of the former.

To this the old lady nodded assent. Accordingly I introduced the subject on which I had been requested to speak, in as suitable a way as I could, and dwelt upon it for a considerable time. I had no sooner concluded than Stephen Dzing came forward, and remarked that, from what had been said, there could be no doubt but that "the religion of the Lord of heaven," while it contained many of the essential doctrines of the Gospel, contained also many foolish superstitions and gross perversions of the teachings of the Saviour and his apostles; that these seriously endangered the soul's salvation; and that the sooner, therefore,

that the dangerous system was abandoned the better. "Mother," said he, "will you allow me at once to remove those images, which you see we ought no longer to worship as we have done? Will you allow me to take down this other foolish trumpery from the walls, and give them all to Mr. Russell to take away with him, lest they should prove a snare to us, and lead us to break the commandments of God?"

At first the old lady hesitated greatly. "They had better take a little more time," she said, "to consider the matter. Besides, what, when they should hear of it, would the priests say?" However, on being urgently pressed by her son, for whom she evidently had the deepest respect and affection, she consented. On this the walls were very quickly stripped of their popish ornaments. When this was done he again asked me to pray that God would bestow his Holy Spirit upon them all, to enable them to receive and ever hold fast the truth as it is contained in the Holy Scriptures. This I did, and, after some further conversation with them all, Mrs. Russell and myself took our departure for Ningpo.

The following Sunday the whole family came into the city to attend the services in our little church, and continued to do so as regularly as their distance from us and other circumstances would permit. The result was, that after a time, notwithstanding the many and great efforts of the priests and Sisters of Charity to prevent it, the other members of the family, most of whom had been previously baptized by the Roman Catholics, joined our congregation, and they have since shown themselves to be some of its most satisfactory members. The old mother especially became a most loving and devoted follower of the Saviour, and seemed never to tire of hearing her little grandson read from the Gospels the wondrous doings and sayings of the Lord Jesus.

Here we must break off, reserving the rest of our remarks for another Number.

MOUNT LEBANON.

As the traveller approaches the coast of Syria, with the intention of landing at some one of the seaports, Beyrout or Tripoli, his attention is at once arrested by the range of the Lebanon mountains.

Nothing can be more grand than the scenery of these mountains. On the western side of the Lebanon, which overhangs the sea, are terraced gardens and groves, and monasteries occupying the most picturesque sites; while in the deep recesses of this and the kindred range, the Anti-Lebanon, are gloomy ravines and precipices, and pastoral uplands, where the shepherd may lead his flocks.

The inhabitants of the Lebanon are estimated at 400,000, not of one faith, nor even of one race. Here are Maronites, Druses, Assyrii, Greek Christians, and Moslems, the two first being the most numerous races of the Lebanon; the Maronites are Roman Catholics; the Druses possess a system which appears to be a strange mixture of heathenism and Mohammedanism: the former are more numerous than the latter, according, indeed, to some writers, twice as much so.

Between these races bitter feuds have existed, which, in 1860, gathered strength, and broke out with tremendous force. The Maronites had been plotting and intriguing for certain purposes of their own, until at length the savage Druses broke out upon them. One of the first Lebanon towns attacked was Hasbeiya, a large place under the shadow of Mount Hermon. There was there a Turkish officer and a small detachment of Turkish troops. This officer informed the Christians that he had been sent to protect them, but that if they desired he should do so, they must lay down their arms. On their complying, he invited them into the serai palace, used as a barrack, for better security, and thither they crowded, men, women, and children. There they were detained several days, until, on a signal, the gates being thrown open, the Druses rushed in and commenced to slaughter all the men, of whom only forty or fifty escaped, many of them wounded, and some having been left for dead. Little boys of four or five years old were not safe, but were snatched from their mothers, and dashed on the ground.

Amidst these horrors there was one bright ray of humanity. The sister of the great Druse chief, before the massacre began, advised the Christians not to go to the Serai, but to come with her, and she would shelter them in her house. The greater part of the Maronites distrusted her, but some 400 poor creatures crowded into the shelter she offered them. Soon came the Druse tigers, thirsting for their blood, and clamouring to have them. "Enter," she said, "if you dare, and take them." They dared not, even at such a moment, violate the harem of one of their great princes, and, with muttered curses, they retired.

Deir-el-Kamer, the capital of the Lebanon, was next attacked. Here the population in peaceful times consisted of Maronites and Druses mingled together. Above, on the high crags, stood the Maronite convent, while the chapels of the Druses were scattered about in retired places. But all bonds seemed broken; and, but for the strenuous exertion of the American Missionary, Bird, the massacre of Hasbeiya would have been repeated. At it was, although their lives were spared for a time, the Christians lost every thing. But even their lives were not long safe. In about three weeks, after destroying the town of Zahle, the Druses returned, and the Christians prepared to defend themselves. On the promise of the Turkish Governor, however, that he would protect them, they laid down their arms, and the massacre of Hasbeiya was repeated at Deir-el-Kamer. It is calculated that from 1100 to 1200 males were slaughtered on one day.

In these sad scenes not less than between 3000 and 4000 persons perished.

Had the Christianity of the Bible been in action in the Lebanon all this might have been prevented. But the Maronite creed is

without truth, and therefore without love. They did not pity the heathen Druses; they hated them: they did not persuade; they irritated them.

The Maronite patriarchs and priests have manifested the greatest bigotry to the action of the Missionaries on the coast, and have struggled hard to keep the Gospel out of the Lebanon. In our next Number we propose to introduce a touching story as a specimen of this.

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THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

Our Missionary, Archdeacon Maunsell, of Kohanga, New Zealand, instead of falling back on Auckland, has remained as near as possible to the scene of conflict between the British and insurgent Maoris, in order to help the wounded on both sides, and to seek the salvation of souls. He has done so, notwithstanding threats sent to him from the most violent of the insurgents, telling him that if they found him beyond the prescribed boundary they would shoot him.

A merciful Providence has protected him. Mr. Armytage, the magistrate, in coming down the river Waikato, was shot by a party of Maoris in ambush. Mr. Maunsell had been with him, and they were to have come down the river together the previous evening. As the weather looked lowering, Mr. Armytage decided to wait until morning. Had Mr. Maunsell come to a like determination, he would, as far as we can see, have fallen with him. He adhered to the original plan, and came down in safety.

As he was prohibited under pain of death from travelling and visiting the Maoris, he went up the river to Meremere, where the insurgents first entrenched themselves, and where it was expected they would make a stand, but which they evacuated. He then marched with the troops to Rangiriri, and was present at the decisive engagement which has taken place there, and which has ended in the defeat of the Maories. It lasted from the afternoon until four in the morning, when 175 Maories surrendered, their retreat being cut off, and their earth-wall, nine feet thick, destroyed.

Mr. Maunsell says—"The general, before calling upon them to lay down their arms, paid them a high compliment for the valour with which they had held their position against superior numbers.

"I was gratified to observe the gentleness and care with which our soldiers carried the wounded. They seemed highly to admire the manliness of the Maori, and, the very moment the white flag was hoisted, rushed into the pa, and seized them by the hand, exclaiming, 'How do you do, Jack?'"

He has had service with the prisoners at the Queen's redoubt. "They were very subdued in manner, and listened most patiently while I rebuked them for their sins, specifying, in some cases, particular sins—drunkenness and murder—of which some of them had been guilty. They are treated kindly on board the men-of-war, and seem to have lost all the fierce spirit with which they were wont to receive rebukes. God is, I trust, preparing them for better things by this fiery trial."

## EGYPT.

EGYPT is now, as regards Missionary work, an open field, and that whether we look at the Government or the people.

As regards the Government, the great principle that conscience is free, and no man to be persecuted because of his religious convictions, is openly avowed and acted upon.



EGYPTIANS OF UPPER EGYPT.

When the late Pasha of Egypt, Mohammed Said, was in England, in the summer of 1862, he was waited upon by a deputation from the Evangelical Alliance, with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at its head, the object being to acknowledge the past services of the Pasha to the cause of religious freedom, including his partial countenance to Christian Missions. In his answer the Pasha was pleased to say—"Although it has always been a principle with me to grant an equal protection to all forms of worship, without distinction, the approbation of the distinguished members of your Association will be an additional motive to persevere in the course which I have traced out for myself."

Again, the disposition of the people to hear and be instructed is encouraging. Miss Whately, the daughter of the late Venerable Archbishop of Dublin, in whose school-work at Cairo so many friends at home are deeply interested, affords, in a recent letter, important testimony on this point. "There is a change, but it is a slow and gradual one. Not very long ago, a Gospel opened would send the people off at once, and expose the person who had produced it to considerable danger, and the certainty of a contemptuous refusal to listen. Now it is rare that Missionaries cannot find hearers. Both in the coffee-houses in towns and among the villagers of the country, they can, on most days, collect a circle of hearers who are frequently much interested, and on some occasions request them to return and read again. It is true that their interest is not yet strong enough to produce action of any kind, but God may cause His breath to blow on the dry bones at any moment, we know not when, and they are being made ready, meanwhile, by the reading of the blessed word."

Mr. Mansoor Shakoar, one of the agents of the Moslem Mission Society, is carrying on a good work amongst the people of Egypt. "I accompanied him," observes the Rev. F. G. Littlecot, Secretary of the Malta Protestant College, "to a Bedouin village, near Abaseeh. Here I found he was recognised and cordially welcomed, and at once asked if he had brought *the Book*; and soon a group gathered around, and with deep attention listened to the words of life. After reading and expounding an hour, we all left, and went some distance to our picnic friends, but soon again were disturbed. One of the people from the village we had left soon came to us, joined by some strangers he had gathered. The words of truth were again spoken. On parting, Arabic tracts were asked for, and given. I found, from several other parties coming up to Mr. Mansoor, that he was much liked, and received with favour, and that God was opening a great door, and, I trust, an effectual one, in this important place.

' We (*i.e.* my friends and self) were so much pleased with the account we received of Mr. Mansoor's visit to some villages at Christmas, and so anxious to see more of the Lord's work in this land, that we have asked him to join us on a short excursion to some of the villages on the Nile, in order personally to see what God's hand is so manifestly effecting, and to bear our testimony to the importance of the work. Accordingly, upon his consent, we engaged a boat, and at once found the owner, a Moslem, to be one who so valued your agent as to have put his son under him for instruction. The crew, too, welcomed him as a friend,

and shortly after embarking at eventide, he gathered them all round the lamp, and, on the deck, read and spoke to them.

"We stopped at a village called Butrasheem, on our way from Memphis, and seeing a potter at work, we stopped to look, remembering Jeremiah xviii., and, a large concourse gathering round, Mr. Mansoor read Romans ix. to them in connexion with the potter's work, and explained it to them. Deep attention was given and many questions put, and strong entreaties to come again.

"Yesterday we visited another village, named Turlayah, and soon about fifty people gathered round. Mr. Mansoor read the parable of the Prodigal Son, and explained it. Afterwards, finding one of the lads who could read Arabic, Mr. Mansoor asked him also to read, which he did from St. Matthew, and Mr. Mansoor explained; after which, one poor woman, whose countenance was riveted on him, said, in true Scripture language, 'His words are sweeter than honey.' We never saw earnestness so depicted, and the craving for instruction so manifest. The poor Fellahs are hungering and thirsting for the water of life, and I am rejoiced to find your Society is occupying this noble field. The field is literally white to the harvest; but where are the labourers? Mr. Mansoor is doing much, but he needs help to occupy the vast openings on every hand. When will our numerous English travellers remember, amid their enjoyment of this lovely clime, the millions around, sunk in Egyptian darkness, and repay somewhat in return for blessings received? Egypt is waking from a long, long slumber. The people are seeking for something more than Mohammedanism can give them, and unless God's people rise to their privilege, the opponents of truth assuredly will. I hear on every hand of awakenings; in one village, of twenty Copt families becoming Protestants through some Bibles given away some two years ago by Lord Aberdeen; and the cry all round is the old re-echo of Macedonia, 'Come over, and help us.' Is it not sad to hear the reproach from some we meet, 'Why were we not told this before?' God grant this stone of offence may soon be rolled away from our dear land!

"To-day we visited another Bedouin village, Muyghuna, and Mr. Mansoor gathered a very interesting group together, read 1 Cor. xv., and had a long conversation with them. One of the villagers, a Copt, was very glad, and brought his Arabic Testament, copied by himself, not printed, and in conversation expressed to the Moslems his joy at our coming, saying, 'I always told you Christians were good, and desired to help others.'"

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DZING SIN-SANG.

IN our last extracts from Mr. Moule's interesting little book, "These from the land of Sinim," we broke off just at the point where Dzing's efforts to detach his mother from the Romanism which he himself had induced her to embrace when he knew no better, had been crowned with success, and his whole family had come and placed themselves under Christian instruction.

It is just at this point that Mr. Moule introduces a sketch of Dzing's previous history, as he gave it to Mr. Russell; and as we

should think that our readers are now sufficiently interested in him to wish to know more about him, we introduce the passage.

Several years before he came in contact with the Roman-Catholics in the neighbourhood of Ningpo, he had been practising as a physician in the large and dissolute city of Soochow. During his residence there, he had often been deeply impressed with the wickedness of man, and with the unsatisfactory nature of every earthly good, and filled with an earnest longing after something better than this world could supply. In order to satisfy these cravings of his soul, he was induced to study the writings of the Buddhists, and to consult their priests as to what he should do. He was in consequence led to become a regular Buddhistic devotee, and with the most scrupulous punctuality to go through all the rites and ceremonies of that strange system. This to some extent lulled his conscience, but neither satisfied nor extinguished the earnest longings of his soul.

About four years before he joined us, he returned from Soochow to his family residence, and was then first brought into contact with a native Roman-Catholic physician, who was an agent of the French priests in Ningpo. This man went about gratuitously administering medicine to the sick, and speaking to the people on religious subjects. A child of Dzing's at that time became dangerously ill, and he having heard much of the skill of this man, called him in to prescribe for the child. The latter prevailed on him to make a vow, that if under his treatment the child should recover, he would examine into the doctrines of "the religion of the Lord of heaven," and if they should prove satisfactory to him, he would embrace them. The child recovered; and according to his vow, Dzing listened to the instruction of his benefactor, and became a diligent student of the books which he lent him.

The points on which, in his first interviews with him, this Roman Catholic principally dwelt, and on which he lent him books, were the absurdities of Buddhism, the existence of only one living and true God, and the immortality of the soul. Dzing said that he soon became convinced of the absurdities of Buddhism; and these two ideas—the existence of only one God, the Author and Governor of the whole universe, and the immortality of the soul—struck him with a force which seemed to pervade his whole being, and on them his mind continually dwelt.

He was thus led to abandon Buddhism, and to take refuge in Romanism. The errors with which it has adulterated Christianity were then gradually opened out to him, and truth was taught, as it is ever in the church of Rome, with its neutralizing error, so that, in the generality of persons professing that creed, truth becomes a dead letter, and the error the active element. Mr. Moule entertains the hope that this was not so in Dzing's case, and that truth in his heart was more active than the accompanying error; but there is no doubt that at the time when he met Bao, the poison was actively operating, as is evident from the language that he used in one of his discussions with that able catechist.

Dzing.—The most blessed Virgin Mary is our only mediator. Your

not recognising her as such, nor worshipping her, is an unpardonable sin. Do you suppose that without her to act as our mediator, we may go just as we are into the very presence of Jesus to worship him?

Buo.—Oh, Sir, how can you speak thus? Jesus Himself is the one Mediator between God and man.

D-ing.—No; Mary is our only mediator.

Shortly after he had joined the little group of Protestant Christians at Ningpo, he began to act as catechist, and of his usefulness Mr. Moule gives many interesting proofs. For these we must refer our readers to the book itself. In our next Number we shall conclude our review, by referring to the early removal of this good man from earthly labours to the rest of heaven.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE FEMALES OF INDIA.

THIS is a most important branch of Missionary work in India; yet next in proportion to its importance is its difficulty, and therefore, in order to reach them—the females of India—there must be efforts of a special character. If such be practicable, nay, not only so, but if they be already in action, then ought we feel interested in such a movement, and help it on in every possible way; the more so when we remember how powerful for good or evil is female influence. Hitherto the whole weight of it has been against us in India: mothers, wives, have been the great hinderers in individual instances of conversion to Christianity. But there is a change beginning in this respect, which we trust, with the blessing of God, will deepen and strengthen, until India's daughters shall no longer be the great supporters of the filthy idols, but the living ornaments of native Christianity.

The difficulties are, first, the ignorance in which the women are kept. A woman is to live for her husband, to work for him, to suffer for him: according to Hindu law, she ought to die with him: at least if she survive him she is to remain a widow. She needs, then, but to know this one thing: other knowledge may interfere with this: it is best she remain without it.

Moreover, she is not to be trusted: she must be kept as much as possible secluded. In the higher ranks, where this is possible, the seclusion is very strict.

How, then, is the Missionary to have access to this portion of the population? He goes into a bazaar to preach: the men and boys gather round him, but there are no women, one or two excepted on the outskirts of the crowd. He enters a village: the women run and hide: He meets some of them as he goes along the road: they pull their clothing over their heads and turn away.

What is to be done? The Missionary's wife can do more than her husband; and therefore, if she be such as a Missionary's wife ought to be, her husband, with her, is twice as useful as he could be otherwise. She can collect orphan girls in a school: in some parts of the country, where females attend the melas in considerable numbers, she can, by accompanying her husband to such gatherings, have opportunity to speak

to them. She can go out on itinerancies with her husband, and thus gain access to the women, and speak to them apart. Several of our Missionaries' wives adopt this plan, and that very successfully. Still further, the Missionary lady can now obtain entrance into the zenanas, or secluded apartments of the ladies in upper-class families, and although at first she finds them frivolous, so much so as to show her their dolls, yet by degrees she gains their attention, and is enabled to lead them on until she can speak to them of Christ. There is much of this blessed work going on in India. In Calcutta alone, and its suburbs, there are at the present time from twenty-five to thirty zenanas to which Missionary ladies and their assistants have access. Here is a specimen of the work. "In the last of our new houses we have two women most anxious to learn. The day we first went they would hardly let us come away. One of the women told us she had been longing to learn for months, and had begun with her husband's younger brother. She had done so well, that in three weeks she read through the Gospel of St. John, and could answer any question upon it. Another, in the same house, is reading the 'Peep of Day.' We have one very nice zenana in B——, containing five women, most quick and attentive. The eldest is reading the Bible quite through: she told us that her husband liked her to hear about Christianity. Another clever pupil of ours is the wife of a doctor. She not only pays for her books and canvass, but sends her own carriage for us every week. She reads and writes Bengalee very nicely, and her English is getting on capitally."

May the Lord richly bless this work, that it may increase a thousand-fold!

PERSECUTION OF A CHRISTIAN CONVERT IN MOUNT LEBANON.

IN accordance with an intimation in our last Number (p. 36), we present the narrative of a persecution endured by a convert from the Maronite patriarch and priests. The dates are somewhat old, but the character of persecution and the source of the convert's strength are unchanged.

In June 1825, while the Rev. Jonas King was residing at Deir El Kamer, to pursue the study of the Syriac and Arabic languages, he engaged as a teacher a Maronite Roman Catholic, who had been educated at the college of Ain Warka. The name of this teacher has been mentioned as among the first inquirers: his age at that time was twenty-nine, and his talents and acquirements were such as to give him the character of being one of the most intelligent men on Mount Lebanon. Mr. King found this character to be well sustained. He spent four or five hours daily in study with his teacher, and about as many in conversation on disputed subjects. Asaad was shrewd, sensible, inquisitive, and capable of feeling the force of an argument. He was employed, part of his time, in multiplying Arabic copies of Mr. King's farewell letter to his friends in Syria, the object of which was to assign reasons why the writer could not join the Romish church. When Mr. King returned to Beyrout, about the 1st of August, he was accompanied by

Asaad, whose parents and brothers resided at Hadet in that neighbourhood.

This interesting man thus became acquainted with the other Missionaries, and was engaged by Mr. Fisk to open a school for teaching Arabic grammatically. It was often with great difficulty that a competent teacher of that language could be found, as Mussulmans are not willing to teach native Christians, and the college of Ain Warka is not open, except to those who intend to become priests. It was the design of the Missionaries that the school opened by Asaad should be free to all who wished to enter it, and that it should be maintained permanently. The design of Providence was different. When Mr. King left Beyrout there were no symptoms of Asaad's conversion, except that he had a disposition to inquire, which, however, led to the hope that he would discover, receive, and obey the truth. His relatives do not appear to have entertained any apprehensions of his rejecting the Pope's authority, or departing from the commonly-received faith. The Shidak family was respectable, in point of rank and property. The four Missionaries, Messrs. Fisk, King, Bird, and Goodell, with Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Goodell, dined there by invitation, when they made a visit to Hadet, three days before Mr. King's departure. The mother and brothers were at home.

Soon after Mr. King left Beyrout, Asaad undertook the task of answering the farewell letter. Having made a rough draft of a reply, and copied it to the last topic of argument, he was suddenly turned to the prophecy of Isaiah, by consulting a proof passage. While reading this sublime portion of Scripture, he became deeply serious, and was filled with an ardent desire to read the New Testament, and to be actuated by the spirit of the Gospel: he endeavoured to lay aside every selfish bias, and to learn the true meaning of the Bible. While in this state of mind he was shocked by finding it taught and defended in the Romish church that it is a duty to kill all heretics.

Asaad had been much acquainted with the Bishop of Beyrout, and with the Maronite Patriarch, who resides at Cannobeen, to each of whom he had sustained the relation of Secretary. In November he received a letter from the Patriarch, threatening him, one of his brothers, and another Maronite young man, with immediate excommunication, unless they ceased from all connexion with the "Bible men." After mature deliberation, it was thought best that he should retire to Hadet, and remain with his friends awhile, in the hope that alarm and opposition would subside.

In this retirement his mind was still fixed upon religion: the world appeared vain; and some of his friends, as was natural, thought him melancholy. The Patriarch wrote him a second letter, urged him to an interview, and promised to provide an office for him. Still he preferred to return to Beyrout, where he made an engagement with Mr. Bird for a year: he did this with a determination to risk whatever violence and obloquy might come upon him. The mere suspicion that he was heretical made it necessary that he should give up a marriage-contract into which he had entered some time before: this he did cheerfully, as he had resolved to part with every thing rather than shut himself out from all means of access to the truth.

Early in January 1826, the Patriarch sent his own brother to call upon Asaad at Beyrout, and urge him to an interview. The messenger intimated that Asaad probably received a large sum of money from the Missionaries as the price of his conversion, and that the Patriarch would see that he should lose nothing by leaving them: to this intimation Asaad replied, that he only received moderate wages for his services as a teacher, and that money was not his object, but that he was simply in pursuit of the truth.

The Missionaries warned him of the dangers to which he would be exposed if he complied with the request of the Patriarch; but he thought that it would be well for him to consent to the proposed interview, and to explain his state of mind, and assert his freedom from mercenary motives: he hoped that the Patriarch would thus be softened, and that he might perhaps be induced to do something for the promotion of religion. With these hopes he went to the convent of Deir Alma, met the Patriarch soon after, and had many conversations with him. The main topics on which he insisted were the necessity of a spiritual religion in distinction from modes and forms, the sufficiency of Scripture, and the absurdity of holding the Pope infallible. The Patriarch was highly displeased with these bold sentiments, at one time uttering cruel threats, and, at another, offering honour, promotion, and money, according to the course which Asaad should pursue. The Bishop of Beyrout was present at several long discussions, and took part in them: he threatened Asaad's life in the most angry and violent manner.

Finding himself deprived of books and congenial society, and exposed to cruel mockings, this reformer, after repeated declarations that he was ready to seal his testimony with his blood, privately withdrew from the convent where he was, and arrived at Beyrout on the morning of March the 2nd. The Missionaries were rejoiced to receive him, having been greatly concerned for his personal safety during this absence of seven weeks. At their suggestion, he wrote a history of what took place with respect to himself, in the form of a public statement, for the double purpose of showing what his religious sentiments were, and what treatment he received from dignitaries in the church. This statement has commended itself as an able document, indicating powerful talents, great presence of mind, a sincere desire to find the truth, and a heroic zeal in its defence: some parts of it are written with great eloquence, and the directions as to the manner in which the word of God should be studied are admirably expressed and guarded.

As soon as the mother, brothers, and other relatives of Asaad, heard of his return to Beyrout, they flocked to him in rapid succession, to persuade him to leave the Missionaries, and thus save the family from the insupportable shame of having him renounce their religion and join himself to foreigners. After many painful struggles, he accompanied four of his relatives home on the 17th of March. The Missionaries strongly opposed his going, from an apprehension that he would not be able to return, as he expected to do in a few days: he thought he knew the people of the country, and that, after all that had been said, they would not offer him violence; and he strongly hoped that his visit to Hadet would do good.

In about a fortnight, twenty or more of his relatives assembled, took

him by force, escorted him to the convent of Deir Alma, and delivered him up to the Patriarch, by whose order he was subsequently removed to Cannobeen. This place is about fifty miles from Beyrout, and there the sufferer had to endure imprisonment, chains, stripes, and revilings in succession, and, for a time, all of them combined. When his relatives were assembled to deliver him up, he told them plainly, that if he had not read the Gospel, he never should have known how to explain their conduct; but he there learned that the "brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household." One of his own uncles said, in a great rage, "If you don't go peaceably we will take your life;" to which he replied, "Softly, softly, my dear uncle, 'Blessed are the meek.'"

Though it was difficult to hold communication with him, yet authentic intelligence was occasionally received; and though there were various false and contradictory reports concerning him, yet the truth was subsequently ascertained. About the middle of May 1826 he was in close confinement, in chains, and was daily beaten. In June, having made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, he had a heavy chain round his neck, the other end of which was fastened to the wall. The Patriarch encouraged the common people to visit him in his confinement, and to spit in his face, and call him odious names, in order to shame him and break his spirit. Toward the close of July, his mother, and other members of the family, visited Cannobeen, at the request of the Patriarch, who informed them that Asaad was unwell: they found him in chains, which they were unwilling to believe to be the case, till they saw it for themselves: their visit does not appear to have produced any amelioration of his condition. Galeb, a younger brother, carried a written application to the Patriarch, signed by the whole family, pleading for Asaad's liberation: it was well understood, however, that Tannoos, older brother, though he joined in the application, sent a secret messenger to prevent its success. The mother's heart had relented, and she acknowledged that the Missionaries felt more tenderly for her son than the Maronites did. Galeb saw his brother, but was not permitted to take leave of him. This took place in September 1826.

About two months afterwards, Galeb visited Cannobeen, assisted his brother in escaping, and brought him homeward as far as Kesroan, where the fugitive was apprehended, and carried bound to Gzir, where he was detained by the Prince Abdalla: he was afterwards restored to the Patriarch at Cannobeen. In February 1827 he was seen there under the special care of a priest, who was writing, from his mouth, an account of what had taken place respecting him since he was carried from Hadet; and it was afterwards asserted, apparently on good authority, that this priest was inclined to favour the Protestant, and had said that he would find a way, if possible, for Asaad to escape.

It is uncertain how long he thus lived. At length a merchant of Damascus, having received authority from Ibrahim Pasha, went to search for him, and found, not the cell of the living Asaad, but his grave.

A storm clears the air; a plough breaks up the hard fallow-ground; a flood leaves behind it the soft deposit on which, in

tropical lands, the seed may be sown. The great and strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire, often precede the still small voice in which is the presence and power of God.

The system of Government has been changed, and, instead of several Kaimakams, one a Christian and another a Druse, one Governor has been appointed, Daoud Effendi, an Armenian and a Roman Catholic. Of him the American Board for Foreign Missions, say in their last Report—

The last has been a year of peace in Mount Lebanon. His Excellency Daoud Pasha has been enabled gradually to secure order; and, by his promptness in punishing offenders, he has overcome the lawless. There has been far less of flagrant crime in the region than in any previous year during the experience of the oldest Missionary there. The indications which at first led many to suppose that the Pasha would use his office to favour Romanism and persecute the Protestants have passed away. The Missionaries and their native helpers go, by night and by day, where they will, and preach what they will, without let or hindrance. The Pasha has several Protestants in office about him, and among them two—one an Englishman and the other a native Syrian—in very important situations; and instead of objecting to the Missionaries' establishing schools, he encourages all efforts to promote the education of the people.

Truth is permeating the masses. A spirit of inquiry manifests itself where least expected. There is progress, movement, activity among the people. If it cannot be called a spiritual movement, it is certainly a religious one. Men are dissatisfied with their old modes and forms of worship: they cannot so easily tolerate a venal priesthood, and are becoming disgusted with its superstition, bigotry, and licentiousness. From Homs on the north to Acre on the south, the almost daily cry is, "Come and help us." Deputations and petitions are constantly being received by the Missionaries, with urgent requests for books, schools, preachers, and teachers. Not a few who are seeking the light have passed through fiery persecutions. One, in a distant village, was stoned, spit upon, despoiled of his goods, led out, as he supposed, to crucifixion and death, yet he only said, "Thus they did to my Lord."

EXPLORATION IN THE INTERIOR FROM PEKIN.

WE observe with much interest, in the Missionary Magazine for March of the London Missionary Society, an account of a successful attempt by two of their Missionaries to penetrate from Peking into the interior in October last. They reached as far as Chang kia kow, a flourishing town on the high road to Russia, and on the frontiers of Tartary, above 130 miles distant from the capital. They appear to have met with no obstruction, and to have enjoyed many opportunities of making known the truths of Christianity. They met not only with Chinese but Mongolians, and distributed tracts and Scriptures in that language, prepared many years ago by their brethren in the Siberian Mission, which was suppressed by the late Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, in 1841.

It is also interesting that at Chang kia kow they met with two Russians connected with the Kiachta trade. One of these recollected the

early Mission at Selingsinsk, of which town he is a native. He had known, when a boy, the families of the English Missionaries, and had often seen Shagdar, one of the Buriat converts. "This aged Buriat convert," observe the Missionaries in their narrative, "who on one occasion travelled nearly as far as to Chang kia kow as a preacher and distributor of books, was still living three years ago, when young M. Starstoff was in Selingsinsk. He is supported by his son and the produce of his land. The Missionaries of the Greek church, who have been labouring for many years among the Buriats, have been joined by some of the converts who were the fruit of the labours of our Missionaries, but others have not joined them, preferring to continue as they were." Nothing is more interesting than these unexpected reappearances of old Mission work, which serve to show that it is not dead, but that, under every disadvantage, it still lives, to unite itself perhaps with some new Missionary effort.

Some extracts from the journal of the Missionaries, describing the country through which they passed and the reception which they met with, may prove interesting.

"The road we traversed proceeds north from Peking, through a rich country well planted with groves of funereal trees and roadside avenues, for twenty miles, to the celebrated tombs of the Mings. Here thirteen of the Emperors of that proud Chinese dynasty were laid, each in his own sepulchre. They occupy a vast amphitheatre among mountains, opening to the south, and occupying about fifteen square miles. Rich marble arches and monuments abound. The tomb of Yung lo, who in the fifteenth century removed the seat of Government from Nanking to Peking, is of magnificent proportions. The pillars which support the tablet hall are enormous teak-trees, brought by land from Burmah. The artificial mound, in which the remains of this Emperor are interred, is nearly a mile in circumference. A long avenue of gigantic stone figures conducts to these tombs. The figures represent officers of state, elephants, lions, camels, horses, and various fabulous animals.

"Leaving this curious spectacle, we went through a rocky mountain pass, extending for fifteen miles through the mountain chain, which here stretches from the north-east to the south-west. Five miles from the entrance we came upon a monument in four languages, erected in the time of the Mongolian dynasty. The languages are Sanskrit, Thibetan, Mongol, and Chinese. The subject is a Buddhist charm, intended to be read by travellers making use of these languages, for their own preservation and that of the empire. The great wall is carried over the mountains on the north side of the chain. Besides the double gates and walls of this ancient structure, there are two fortresses, which guard the interior of the pass, and another at its south end. Leaving these barriers we entered on the department of Siuen hwa fu, where we visited several walled towns and cities. Siuen hwa fu is the seat of a Romanist Mission. Its walls are ten miles in circuit. In the thirteenth century it was the summer residence of the Mongol Emperors, a circumstance which led to its walls being extended to this large size. Near it there is an extensive range of coal pits, which appear to have been worked for many centuries.

"This is the season for the annual visit of Mongol traders to Peking. We met groups of them, with large droves of camels, and some of them riding on ponies. Those with whom I was able to have a few minutes'

conversation accepted books with willingness. We are now distributing constantly, as there is opportunity, copies of seven tracts by Mr. Stallybrass, and the Old and New Testaments by Mr. Swan and Mr. Stallybrass, all in Mongolian."

Some months ago it was doubted whether Protestant Missionaries would be allowed to establish themselves at Peking: now it appears that they may not only do so, but advance into the interior, and find, perhaps, in remote cities, more freedom of action than in the capital.



"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH; GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM."—*Matt.* xxv. 6.

REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh,—
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry!

See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountains
Speak of a night far spent;
They tell us of the morning,
They bid us be intent.

Ye constant ones and faithful,
Your voices raise on high,
Till the glad sound of Jubilee
Proclaims the Saviour nigh.
Then radiant in his glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
And haste to cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

Then shall the strife be ended,
The victory be gained;
Our foes dispers'd and broken,
The promis'd rest attain'd.
There endless joys await us;
There radiant garments are;
There stands the peaceful harvest
Beyond the reach of war!

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
On this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
That day of earth's redemption
Which brings us unto Thee!

1864.]

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NEW STATION AMONGST THE CHIPEWYANS, NORTH-WEST
AMERICA.

It is of great importance, wherever, in the heathen world, a Missionary station has been formed, and a Christian congregation collected, that the Christian natives should not be allowed to isolate themselves from the



"LOOKING UP TO THE FAITHFUL STAR, THE BUNDLE APPEARED IN RELIEF
AGAINST THE SKY."—(See page 52.)

heathen around, but, remembering how much they owe to the communicative action of Christianity, that they should seek to communicate it, and, as they have freely received, so freely to give. This is indeed very necessary, for they will only remain in a healthy state as they do so.

We therefore always rejoice when we see a Missionary placed in the midst of a congregation of native Christians mindful of this; not satisfied with what has been already done, or confining himself to the pastoral care of the little church, but breaking up fresh ground, and pressing onward where heathenism is still unbroken.

One of our most remote Mission stations is that of Stanley, in North-West America. It is situated on the English River, which divides the Crees from the Chipewyans on the north. Amongst the Crees, our Missionaries have been labouring for years, and many of them have been converted to Christianity; but for the Chipewyans as yet little has been done. Stanley being on the frontier line, hopes were entertained that it would serve as a centre, from whence the Chipewyans might be benefited; but so few of them now visit the station, that our Missionary, the Rev. T. T. Smith, became convinced how necessary it was to commence a station more northward. The first thing necessary was an exploratory journey for the purpose of selecting a suitable site. He accordingly started in January 1862. Our readers must remember that these papers, now two years old, have not long reached us, so remote and uncertain, as to communication, is Stanley. He was accompanied by a Cree Christian, M'Kenzie by name, and a lad, their provisions and bedding being packed on two sleds, which they had to haul themselves. At sunset of the first day's journey "a camp was formed in a small pine bluff. The kettle was soon singing and tea made. A mixture of pemican and flour, seasoned with salt, formed the substantial part of our meal. Prayers were then offered to Him whom we serve that we might be defended from all perils and dangers of the night, and, wrapped in our blankets, we lay down to sleep. About midnight more fire had to be made on account of the cold, and soon we were obliged to sit up altogether. The thermometer at the Mission was forty-two degrees below zero. The moon served as our time-piece, and, breakfast over, we were off at the first streak of dawn."

This was on January 6th. On the 9th a cache was made of some of their provisions to serve on their return. Having done this, they sung "the 'Morning Hymn' together, and 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' when crossing Front Lake, to the measured beat of our snowshoes. My man and boy joined heartily. The day was very fine."

The next day they came upon the first Chipewyans. At the Lake of the Woods they reached "a Chipewyan tent, containing a man, wife, and three children. They were in a dreadful state of filth and misery. The man had lost his right hand by the bursting of his gun, and two fingers of his left by frostbite; he was also nearly deprived of the use of his left eye. Spoke to them of Christ and the resurrection to come in as simple a manner as possible. They listened with childish wonder, and when asked what they thought would become of them after death, the man replied, 'My people are ignorant: they know nothing of such things.' After spending two or three hours with them, during which time they

gave the deepest attention to what was said, we went on our way, and camped at the end of the lake."

At Deer Lake, on the 12th, they met some more of these people. "A Chipewyan family came in after supper: they formed a nice little congregation. I showed them the New Testament in Cree, and impressed upon them the necessity of referring to it as the standard of our faith and the test of our authority. The priests refuse it to them, for they love darkness rather than light. The poor sick woman present then sat up and asked to read it: she read four or five verses, and would not part with it again. It was the only one I had, but she clung to it, so I was obliged to leave it with her. I feel repaid for my journey in the happiness of giving this book to the poor creature. I have since learnt that the Romish priest has taken the book from her. Her husband is a Roman Catholic. I shall demand it from him when I see him, as my name, &c., is written in it."

The activity of the Romish priests in these remote regions is marvellous. Nothing is left undone to proselyte the poor natives from the idolatry of heathenism to the idolatry of Rome; and when they have embraced the latter they become prejudiced against the scriptural teacher, and indisposed to hear; painful it is to see all this energy, however unintentionally, employed against Christ and his truth.

On January 17th, about a fortnight after they had left home, a serious accident befel the little party of explorers. "As we were camping, while I was making the camp, Thomas, my man, who had been cutting firewood, came staggering towards me, as pale as death, with the blood streaming from a gash on his foot. On examination, I found that he had cut an artery. Having fortunately bandages at hand, it was soon bound up."

The next day they tried to start, but the wounded man was unequal to the effort. What was to be done? One step remained—that Mr. Smith alone, and by himself, should retrace his steps homeward, and bring help. "I told the lad to put a pair of blankets, a little provision (the deer's heart and tongue, and a little tea) on the sled, with a kettle. After commending them in prayer to the protection of Almighty God, and earnestly imploring his watchful care in the hour of need, I started, when near noon, on a solitary journey of more than 100 miles. The lad I was obliged to leave to cut firewood, and carry water to the camp, and he was too young to send alone."

The next day was Lord's-day; how it was spent Mr. Smith tells us. "At dawn, started to endeavour to reach the cache in the evening. The monotony of the vast expanse pressed heavily upon the mind. But how many voices there are this day lifted up on behalf of 'those who travel by land or by water!' Tried to join mentally in the sublime Litany of our church with the great voice of prayer and praise which ascends this day before the throne of the Redeemer. Last night, in the still darkness, my mind was with the dear brethren at Islington, and the words of their Saturday-evening prayer came forcibly to my mind to cheer and encourage. Truly the Lord knew of the future trials of his servants when He said, 'Lo, I will be with you always.' At this the end of the world it is proved. About sunset came to an Indian fishing at a hole in

the ice. He said he was without food, and was trying to catch fish. I could not help him, as I had far to walk for my own supper, and haste must be made to send succour to those left behind. There was just sufficient light at the last long lake to see the hill under which my cache was: this was a cause of thankfulness, as there was no track. Just at the time, also, a star shone out of the rich golden light of the sunset exactly over the hill. Keeping the star in view, I went on with more confidence. Soon the outline of the hill was lost in the darkness, but the star shone out with greater brilliancy. I now had fears that I had struck into the wrong bay, but there was now no hope but to gain the shore. Looking up at last to the faithful star, the bundle appeared in relief against the sky, as we had placed it on the end of a long pole stuck in a hole in the ice. This was a great cause of thankfulness: I had been led straight to it. A mixture of pemican and flour was soon simmering in the pot, and after that had been disposed of, and the pot washed out, tea was made, and I lay down to sleep. About forty miles must have been traversed to-day.

"The supper must have been good last night, with all its disadvantages, as the sun had already risen when I awoke. The sled was soon packed, however, and the snow-shoes on. It proved, at noon, a dark and dismal day. At dusk, camped. About half-past four next morning started by moonlight, and was down on the long lake north of the Mission by daybreak. The barking of the dogs, which could be heard from far, cheered me up, and at half-past ten A.M., to the surprisal of all, I entered the house at home, to receive a joyful welcome. Dogs were soon sent off to bring home those left behind. We soon met to give thanks to God for his merciful care and preservation during the past journey. Few of the old servants in the Company's service had been out alone for three nights when travelling, and all acknowledged the merciful protection which I had experienced."

The experience gathered from this journey, and the efforts to which it led, must be reserved for another Number.

NOTICES OF MISSIONARY WORK IN CEYLON.

THE Bishop of Calcutta, as Metropolitan, on his recent visitation to Ceylon, proceeded, in company with the Bishop of Colombo, to visit, amongst other spots, several of our Church Missionary stations. We find notices of this tour in the "Calcutta Christian Intelligencer;" and containing, as they do, references to our Missionary work, which, as independent testimony, is especially valuable, transfer them into our pages—

"The first spot visited was Cotta, a station of the Church Missionary Society, about eight miles from Colombo, prettily situated on the wooded banks of a lake. There, after breakfasting with Mr. Higgens, the Missionary, the party proceeded to church, where service was performed in Singhalese, to a congregation of nearly 300. After morning prayer, two addresses were delivered by the two Bishops, and interpreted by Mr. Jayesinha, the native pastor. The Bishop of Colombo's was short, and was chiefly intended to introduce the Metropolitan to the people: the

Bishop of Calcutta's was a somewhat longer extempore sermon on 1 Pet. ii. 9, 10. At the end of the service the Bishop of Colombo gave the blessing in Singhalese. After walking about a little among the people, the Metropolitan met the catechists of the district, and addressed to them a few words of exhortation. During his stay in Colombo, the Bishop had three other official engagements."

They subsequently proceeded to visit Kandy.

The road, especially through the Kadooganava Pass, is very beautiful. The Kadooganava road is cleverly engineered over a mountain 1700 feet high, whose features are those of "almost unbroken verdure, a tropical vegetation of palms and plantains, peaks entirely clothed with foliage, with patches of red earth where the jungle has been cleared for coffee, and now and then a rare and exceptional boulder or crag of naked rock. At the very summit there is a little more desolation, fewer trees, and more rocks, but this part is traversed in half an hour. At Kandy, the situation of which, amidst green hills and on the shores of a small lake, is most lovely, the episcopal party was lodged in the Pavilion, the country-house of the Governors of Ceylon, built by Sir Edward Barnes, a really charming residence, combining the attractions of a good English manor house and an Italian villa by the lake of Como, and placed in the midst of beautiful gardens, rich with flowering shrubs, rare palms, and creepers trained over arches of trellis work.

"The Bishop received at breakfast the clergy of Kandy, consisting of Messrs. Oakley, Jones, and Rowlands, Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society; Mr. Schrader, chaplain of Kandy; Mr. Taylor, master of the Government school, and recently ordained for pastoral work in the neighbourhood; and Mr. Gomes, who ministers to a small number of Portuguese members of our church in the corrupt mixture of Tamil, Singhalese, and Portuguese, which calls itself, in Ceylon, by the name of the polished language in which Camoens wrote his sonorous stanzas. From these clergy the Bishop heard many encouraging facts as to the prospects of Christianity in Ceylon. At Kornegalle on December 20th, thirteen Singhalese were baptized, including a Buddhist priest, who has thrown off his yellow robes, assumed the ordinary dress of the country, and gone down to the Training Institution at Baddagama to fit himself to be a schoolmaster. One encouraging fact about these baptisms is, they were in a great measure due, under God, to the agency of another Buddhist priest, who had been previously baptized. The son of one of the principal and wealthiest of the Kandian headmen (educated at St. Thomas's College) has also become a Christian, and continues to live at home, his Buddhist father making no objection. Generally speaking, the Buddhists in this part of the island are sunk in apathy, but in the south, and especially at Matura, the priests are roused to a real feeling of danger, and have actually begun a regular series of publications against Christianity, in which the objections of Bishop Colenso are reproduced in Singhalese, together with a number of the old infidel arguments of the last century. There is no doubt that a considerable impulse has been given to Missionary work by the energy and devotion of Bishop Claughton, who has himself held an argument with a number of priests, and preaches, through an interpreter, to the Tamil coolies

in the coffee-stores near Colombo. He is also most successful in his dealing with dissenters, and seems completely to have won the hearts of the Presbyterians and Wesleyans, by his courtesy, liberality, and piety, and this without any concealment of his Anglican predilections."

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STEPHEN DZING.

*(Concluded from our last Number.)*

STEPHEN DZING was no inactive professor of Christianity. He was soon instrumental in bringing one of his countrymen, by name Dzang, who had, like himself, become a Romanist, to a knowledge of pure Christianity. Afterwards he was employed as a catechist, and for the manner in which he discharged the duties connected with that station we must refer our readers to Mr. Moule's Memoir. He continued thus until the Taepings, entering, at the close of 1861, the sea-coast provinces, occupied Ningpo. The tribulations of that period told severely on his health, and when the Taepings evacuated the city his health was gone. There is no doubt that, in his anxiety to make the Saviour known to his countrymen, he had overtaken his strength, and had seriously injured his throat. He retired to his family residence, a quiet little hamlet within a short distance of the western hills, and about twenty-five or thirty miles from Ningpo. There the Missionaries, Messrs. Burdon and Moule, went to see him.

He is a natty little man in every thing, clean in his person, tidy in his books, his house, and in every other respect. He could not talk much, but insisted on getting up and dressing to receive us. And when we had persuaded him to go and lie down again, and we were beginning to feel chilly and hungry after our long walk, instead of the tin of soup and bread, &c., which Ts'e-s-vu had carried in a basket for our dinner, there was brought into the hall a fowl and beautifully white rice, all very nicely cooked, and vegetables, and even a second course.

When all had dined we went up to his oratory. It is the best room in the plain, but not mean, house—a house something like an old-fashioned cottage at home, but less substantial, and with paper instead of glass windows. This room used to be adorned with pictures of the Virgin and saints, and of the Almighty, by which, however, as I believe, was intended Jesus Christ. All these had either been returned to the Roman-Catholic Mission who had lent them, or given up to Russell before Stephen recanted. Now, there are in the room a table, a few benches and chairs, and some kneeling stools covered with blue cotton.

Here the Lord's Supper was administered to him. It was evident that his days were numbered, a great disappointment to the Missionaries, as they had hoped to present him for ordination to the Bishop of Victoria. But the Lord decided otherwise. He died June 5th, 1862, the same day with the pious Chinese school-mistress, Lu-teh; and on the same day, and in the same place, the

remains of these two Chinese Christians were committed to the grave, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. Very touchingly, in the following extract, Mrs. A. Moule speaks of their interment—

. . . . . You wish me to tell you something plain and definite about Kông-poh-ngen. I will try to do so ; and at the same time say something about our sad, though, in some respects joyful, gathering there on the seventh instant. We left our city house about three P.M. As it was a very hot afternoon we went in sedan-chairs. Our object was to attend the burial of Stephen Dzing and Lu-teh, which took place in the Chinese cemetery on Kông-poh-ngen. Leaving the city by the north gate, we left our chairs there, and crossed the river in a san-pan, a small native boat. Kông-poh-ngen means “north bank of the river.” It stretches out opposite the city for some little distance, and, on account of the canals at the back, almost forms an island. Between it and the city there is only the river’s breadth ; and if the boats could go straight across they would take about two minutes to land us from the city bank ; but as the tide is often strong, we take about ten minutes to cross. The American houses in Kông-poh-ngen are all on the river’s bank, having gates at the end of their gardens, almost to the water’s edge. We, in going to the funeral, landed at the jetty close to the cemetery, where benches had been provided for us. We were obliged by the extreme heat of the sun to keep up our umbrellas during the whole service. There were not many graves there. According to Chinese custom, the bodies of Lu-teh and Stephen had already been entombed. Lu-teh’s was entirely covered with earth, but Stephen’s coffin was visible ; and when we arrived the masons were busily heaping the bricks around it. George read the burial-service in Chinese. Before he began, however, he addressed a few words to the masons and others standing by : he told them that we were assembled, not to pray, as they do, for the dead and for their happiness, but to thank God for the happiness already attained by them, and to pray for the living who were present. He gave a short address also to the mourning friends of the deceased, and he spoke much of the loss which he himself had sustained in dear Stephen. It was all so touchingly quiet. There were no loud wailings or noises ; but I noticed many eyes filled with tears.



#### THE KOIS.

A Koi village never remains long in one place. About four years is sufficient to exhaust the fertility of the surface soil, and instead of ploughing deeper, or adding manure, the “doralu,” or gentlemen, as they all style themselves, shoulder their axes, and soon make a fresh clearing in the jungle : their huts are erected there, and the old village is abandoned, to be again overspread with brushwood in the course of a few years.

In making these clearings, the useful Ippa-trees are spared, with here and there a clump of spreading tamarinds. Both are kept for use rather than ornament, but they make the villages much more picturesque than they would otherwise be. The Ippa-tree is invaluable to these sons of the forest. The flowers form their principal food for some weeks of the



year. The flower of this tree is a very peculiar one, round and fleshy, and about the size of a small gooseberry. In taste it is sweet as honey, but with a strong disagreeable smell and flavour. Early in the sultry mornings of the hot season the Koi women and children may be seen filling their baskets with the flowers which have fallen during the night; but, though so simple an occupation, it is not without danger, for, not unfrequently, one of the gatherers, being tempted into the jungle by the sight of a promising tree, is seized and carried off by a tiger. The flowers are dried in the sun, and eaten either plain, or fried in oil.

Two or three months later the Ippa-nuts are gathered, and these are even of more value than the flowers, for they yield an abundance of oil, which is used both for burning and cookery.

The grain chiefly cultivated by the Kois is cholom, which grows rank and tall on the ground newly reclaimed from the jungle, often to the height of ten feet; and when the crops are grown up, the huts are quite hidden from view, and from a little distance nothing can be seen but a waving sea of cholom, green or yellow, according to its state of ripeness. A closer approach, however, shows that it is intersected by narrow paths, leading from one group of cottages to another, for their villages are not always compact, but little groups of dwellings, containing from two to six families, stand a hundred yards apart from each other.

The high cholom affords a cover for tigers, which they cunningly take advantage of, and often a village is kept in terror for weeks by one of these creatures which has taken up its abode there, and sallies forth both by day and night to kill cows, buffaloes, and often human beings, secure of an easy retreat. The inhabitants, at such times, dare not go about alone, but keep together in parties of twenty or thirty, that their shouts may frighten away the foe should they meet it; and it is said that a tiger is always cowed by the sight and sound of several people together. Sometimes, when a village has been long tormented in this way, they make an attempt to induce the tiger to go, by holding a feast in its honour, at which they sacrifice a sheep to it, and petition it to take its departure. Possibly the drumming and noisy singing which always accompany a Koi festival may sometimes have the desired effect; if not, they wait till the cholom is cut down, and the tiger thus loses its hiding-place. Other wild animals, less frightful, are attracted by the ripening crops. Deer and wild pigs come by night, and flocks of kids by day, to steal a share. To keep off these intruders, high platforms are erected here and there among the fields, and watchers, chiefly boys and girls, have to keep a constant look out for them. Their wild shouts, and the crack of their slings, from which they send stones a long distance, may be heard resounding on every side during the cold season, when the cholom ripens.

As the field belonging to each family is reaped, a noisy festival is kept on the occasion. The whole night, and often many successive nights, are spent in drunkenness and feasting: women, as well as men, drink to intoxication a spirit made from Ippa-flowers, and their loud singing and drumming, which may be heard a mile off, is sad to listen to. Wonderful are the riches of that goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering of God, which are so strikingly shown in his kindness to the heathen. He is kind to the unthankful and the evil. He giveth rain and fruitful

seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness, yet they thank not Him, but dumb idols.

It is pleasant to think, that in two Koi villages the blessed name of Jesus is now heard. The children are learning to read his word and sing his praise, and we trust the parents also are not uninterested listeners. The Koi have no written language of their own, and as yet scarcely any thing has been done towards making a vocabulary of it; but without waiting till the Gospel can be carried to them in their own tongue, an attempt is being made to teach them by means of Telugu, which is spoken in all the villages bordering on the Telugu country. In September last, Razu prevailed on the headmen of a Koi village, six miles from Dumagudem, called Nudelacudi, to agree to receive a Christian schoolmaster into their village, and place their children under his instruction; they also promised to build a mud house for the schoolmaster, and another for a schoolroom. These were to be partly paid for by friends at Dumagudem, but the Kois were to give their labour without payment. Having agreed to this, they begged Razu to send the schoolmaster without delay, lest they should change their minds. Their fear was lest some cunning Brahmin might hear of their intention, and prevail on them to give up the plan against their better judgment. Razu accordingly lost no time about it, and, without waiting for a schoolhouse, Gungiah, the schoolmaster at Dumagudem, with his wife and child, at once went over, and were lodged in the house of the headman till their own should be ready, Razu, in the meanwhile, teaching school in addition to his other work, till some one could be found to fill up Gungiah's place. Gungiah is a steady, consistent Christian, of some years' standing, well fitted for the post he has undertaken. He was trained under Mr. Sharkey, at Masulipatam. He writes that the villagers "love him much," and shew him every attention. Ten boys commenced work at once on the Telugu alphabet, and the parents promised that, when the crops were all gathered in, many more would attend. Several of the men also, when their day's work is over, come of their own accord to get a lesson. It should be remembered that learning to read was a thing unheard of before amongst them. The school was commenced in September, and on the 29th of December two friends of the work went along with Razu from Dumagudem to see it. One of them writes—"I was much pleased with the progress the children had made. Ten are in regular attendance, but there are sixteen on the books. The parents say, that when once the crops are cleared off the ground many more will come. The boys read as far as the 20th lesson in the first Telugu book, in sentences of eight or ten words, and they wrote upon the ground words of two and three syllables, which I took at random out of the lessons, generally spelling them correctly. They can repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. I thought this very good progress, considering that the school has been only three months in existence, and that the boys are Kois, to whom Telugu is not familiar. I should say that Telugu boys would not have got on any better, and hope from this that the Kois are no way inferior in intellect."

Since the new year commenced a second school has been begun in a village called Dubamithulu, or the "Wells of the citron trees," about four

miles distant from the first. The native Christian put in charge of it is not so suitable a man as Gungiah, but it was thought that he might hold the ground till a better could be got.

One advantage of these schools is that they give Razu more access to the Kois, while yet they do not in the least interfere with his own work of preaching.

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GOD MY COMPASS AND DELIGHT.

THOU art, O God, my East ! In Thee I dawned :
Within me ever let Thy day-spring shine !
Then for each night of sorrow I have mourned,
I'll bless Thee, Father, since it seals me Thine.

Thou art, O God, my North ! My trembling soul
Like a charmed needle, points to Thee alone :
Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll
My trusting spirit forward to Thy throne.

Thou art, O God, my South ! Thy fervent love
Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed,
And constant sunshine from thy heart of love,
With wine and oil Thy grateful child hath fed.

Thou art, O God, my West ! Into Thy arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline ;
Baptized from earthly storms and sin's alarms,
Re-born, arise in Thy new heavens to shine.

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SECRET SELF-DENIAL.

It may interest some of our readers, and furnish a hint to some of our contributors, to receive a short account of the manner in which a village Association is conducted, and how the writer has seen exhibited in practice the command of our blessed Lord, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

A Church Missionary Association was established about twelve months ago in a village of a midland county, by the zealous clergyman of the parish, where most of the inhabitants were poor: a kind Christian layman undertook the office of Treasurer. After the introduction of the subject by means of sermons and a meeting, a number of boxes were distributed amongst the people, and at the close of the financial year more than 87. was received from this source alone. It had been frequently impressed upon the minds of his parishioners by the pastor, that continual thank-offerings were due to the Giver of all good from every true Christian; and that, at every remembrance of the divine mercy a small acknowledgment might be made in the shape of an offering to the Church Missionary Society. Thus, uninterrupted health, prosperity in business, success in any undertaking, might be marked by a secret contribution in aid of the work of God. But what chiefly interested the writer, who lately attended the first Anniversary Meeting, was the secret manner in which all this was done. Each box had been lettered A, B, C, D, &c., and a private memorandum kept by the Secretary to remind him of the name of the person to whom such a box had been entrusted. So, at the Annual Meeting, instead of openly proclaiming the names of the holders of Missionary boxes, with the amounts collected by each, the Secretary read out only,

"Thank-offering box, A, so much;" "Thank-offering-box B, so much." Thus every collector knew when his or her contributions were referred to. No room was left for envy at another's success, and no place given for any unkind remarks upon the comparative poverty of another's offering. None need know how much his neighbour had contributed. It ought to be added, that seldom, if ever, has the writer known any Missionary-boxes to yield so rich a harvest, on the average, as these at the village meeting referred to.

One box alone, the receptacle of the Thank-offerings of a poor old man, who had nothing to live upon but his parish pay, contained more than seven shillings. Oh, if a poor old Christian, in such a situation, could find so many mercies to acknowledge, should not his zeal provoke very many who have far larger means and greater opportunities? What self-denial must the old man have submitted to, that he might thus have the privilege of taking part in the Lord's work! Surely we may hope, that in his case, as in that of many others, that may be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord, "Thy father, which seeth in secret, Himself shall reward thee openly."

#### NATIVE-FEMALE EDUCATION IN BOMBAY.

THERE is no more encouraging feature in India than the breaking up of prejudice amongst the natives on the subject of the education of their females. Hindu gentlemen are beginning to perceive how grievously they have wronged the ladies of their family by depriving them of the advantages of education, and dooming them to a life of monotonous seclusion. From the example of European ladies, they have learned how capable the female mind is of a high degree of cultivation, and, when thus benefited, how woman can step forward and become the helpmeet and companion of her husband. Hence there is a great and increasing movement in India on the subject of female education. Zenanas are thrown open, and Christian ladies invited to come in and teach. New efforts are being made for the education of native girls, and nowhere have these efforts been more remarkable than at Bombay. The Parsees have nearly 700 girls of all ranks taught in day schools. There are also under the Students' Association, three Mahratha, and two Gujarati schools, with 425 pupils; then, "again, the Free Church of Scotland Mission educates some 400 girls; and, finally, the name of Miss White, the Superintendent of the Church Missionary Society's girls' schools, has become a household word in many Hindu homes." For many years past she has laboured with unflagging zeal and admirable prudence in conducting a circle of girls' schools for the poorer and middle classes of her neighbourhood. Many of the girls now in her schools are the children of mothers who in former days were her pupils, and in such families, and even in others, she is able to exert a happy influence in disengaging them in some measure from their foolish and superstitious customs, and bringing Christian truth into contact with a partially enlightened conscience, through that best avenue of success, a grateful heart. Miss White affords a very pleasing instance of what may be done in this country by a perseverance in well-doing, even when unaided by the advantages of high station or commanding talents and the accomplishments of education.

On the occasion of the recent Metropolitan visitation, the Bishop of Calcutta inspected these schools. The children, to the number of 180, were assembled, and presented a very interesting and gay appearance, decked out as they were in every variety of costume, in their gala dresses and jewels. The examination had to be held rather early in the afternoon, the reason assigned for which was the risk of the children being despoiled of their finery were they to be in the streets after dusk. They went through sundry infant-school rhymes, and the elder ones displayed their power of reading with facility the Marhathi Testament. The Bishop then addressed to them, through an interpreter, a few simple and appropriate words. They had been singing a translation of the well-known nursery hymn, "The Happy Land," which supplied a text to tell them of the way and the guide to its shores of rest. A plentiful feast of oranges, plantains, and sweetmeats, which their good mistress had provided to do honour to the occasion, pleasantly wound up the proceedings."

The peculiar value of the Missionary schools is, that they are Christian in principle, and afford a Christian education. All other education is defective. Christian education is medicinal and corrective. It often converts, and, even where this happy result is not produced, it puts a restraint upon the grosser evils of our nature. It not only confers enlarged powers, but imparts the knowledge of the principle whereby those powers may be rightly directed.

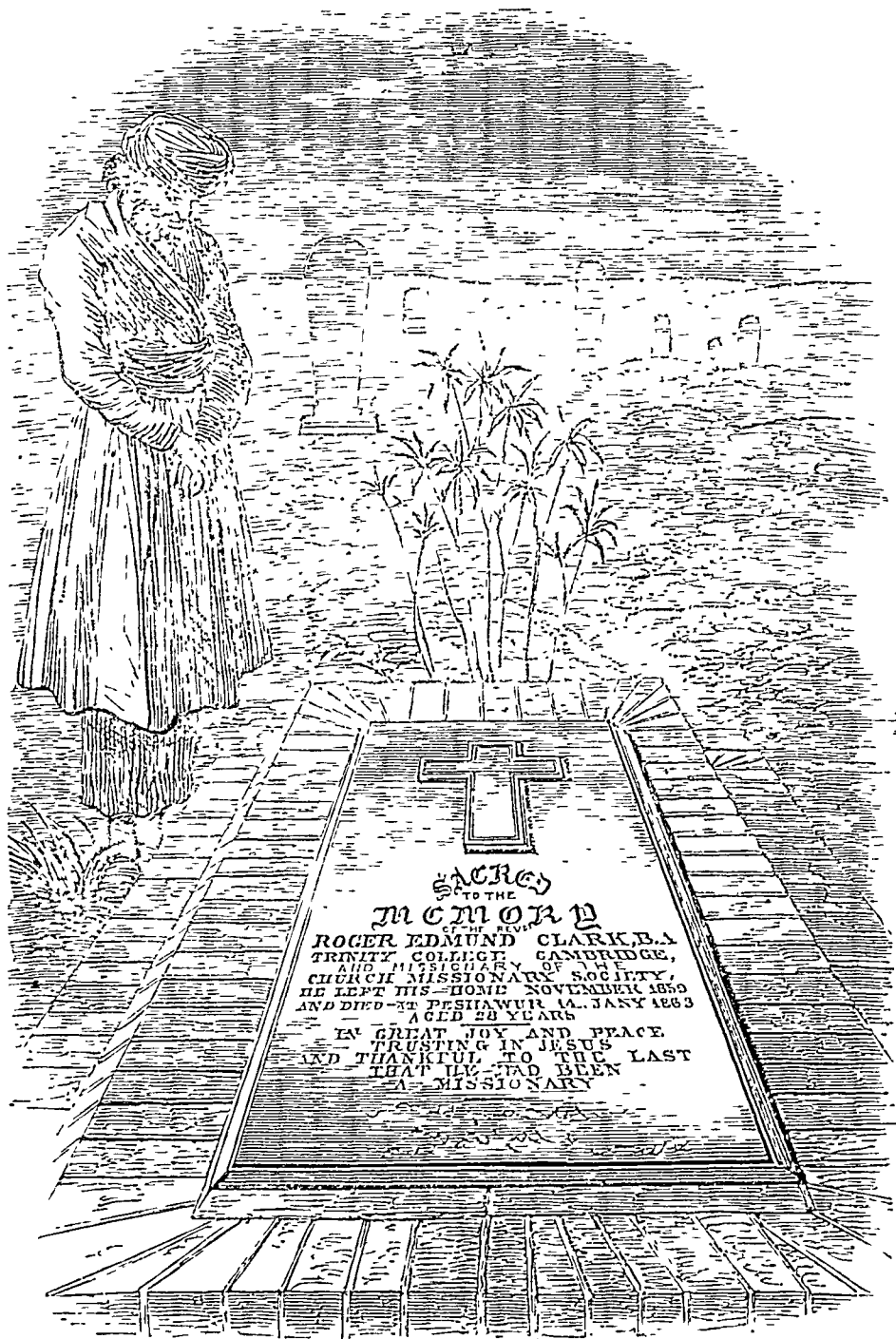
When, therefore, we speak of the improvement among the natives of India in the direction of female education, it is in the hope that, as fathers and brothers in that country are being convinced of the necessity of education, so, after a time, they will go a step further, and feel that it is only Christian education which can make their ladies all they could desire.

Another exhibition of female schools, which occurred during the Bishop of Calcutta's visit to Bombay, was the annual gathering of the girls' schools of the Students' Literary and Scientific Association. "This took place on the 12th of December, at the house of the Honourable Juggonath Sunkersett, His Excellency the Governor presiding. The number of children in these schools, as stated above, is upwards of 400, and there was a full muster on the occasion. The girls were of all castes of Hindus, but chiefly the children of shopkeepers, merchants, and persons in official employment. The schools are free, and are supported by endowments, and permanent subscriptions of certain influential native gentleman.

"Efforts are also going forward at Bombay to educate those females whom the custom of the country forbids to attend public schools. They are generally the young married females or widows of the wealthier class of native society, who avail themselves of the means of instruction afforded them, in their own homes, by Christian ladies devoting a portion of their time to zenana visiting. We have heard of five ladies who take part more or less in this work and labour of love, and of other two who have lately come out from England to engage in it. Some native Christian women also, we rejoice to hear, are actually employed in this most interesting sphere. Than such free intercourse between devout and well-educated Christian women and their own Hindu sisters we can conceive no more likely means of purifying the source and spring of native society, and hastening the social regeneration of India."

## A VOICE FROM THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

LET our readers glance at the Engraving which is prefixed to this Number. It brings before us the resting-place of one of the Lord's soldiers, who, in the grand effort to bring India to the obedience of Christ, laid down his life. Near the spot where Mr. Clark lies are



TOMB OF THE REV. R. E. CLARK, PESHAWUR.—(From a Photograph.)

deposited also the remains of the Rev. T. Tuting, a Missionary of like devotedness. They were both men in the freshness and vigour of youth; they had overcome the preliminary difficulties; they had mastered the native languages, so as to be enabled to plead with the natives for Christ in their own tongue. Friends at home viewed their progress with delight, and looked forward to their increasing usefulness, when they were removed, one after the other, after a brief interval.

Did they repent of having given themselves to the Missionary work? Nay, although their expectations had not been fulfilled—although removed, as we should say, so prematurely from the work—there was no regret; they would not have had it otherwise: and thus the closing scene of their earthly lives was peculiarly calm and peaceful. There was no fear of death in their last hours; no anxiety on behalf of themselves and others; no doubt of acceptance or of forgiveness of their every sin. They had given themselves conscientiously to the Missionary work, as that to which their Lord had called them, and He did not fail to be with them in the moment, when He called them from earthly labours to enter into the rest of heaven.

Why it is that valuable Missionaries are removed at the very moment when we most need them, and they seem most fitted to be useful, we cannot say precisely. We can understand a part of such dispensation, although we cannot see the whole. But we have sometimes thought, that, as to the calling forth new labourers into the field, there is more reproductive power in a Missionary's death than in a Missionary's life. If he be living he is still there to carry on the work himself; but if he be dead, he has bequeathed his work as a legacy to the church; he has left it where it has fallen from his hands for some one else to take it up; and so long as it lies there it is a call to every man's conscience to consider whether the obligation does not rest with him. Sometimes it acts so strongly that two or three rush forward to supply the place of one.

Tuting's work lies where he left it, yet unclaimed: Roger Clark's work lies where he left it, yet unclaimed. Are there none who feel it to be their individual reproach that it should be so? How much they prized it they showed by their death. Shall we not prove the estimation in which we hold it by giving it our life. Happy are they who, having youth and health to give to a work like this, have also the ready mind to offer themselves for it.

If on the battle-field, where marshalled hosts contend, one falls, another rushes forward to supply his place; and why is it not so in that grand conflict which the Lord is waging against the power of evil? How is it that the gaps left in the ranks of his soldiers remain so long unfilled?

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#### ATTACK ON ABBEOKUTA BY THE DAHOMIANS, AND THEIR REPULSE.

EARLY in February last intelligence reached the chiefs of Abbeokuta that Dahomey was about to attack the city; and "on the 8th instant the European residents in Abbeokuta were summoned to attend a meeting of the chiefs at the house of the Bashorun.

"The object was, as they stated, to say that they were led to expect another attack from Dahomey: that a variety of rumours had reached them, that among the foreign residents some enemies to the town may be found, and as it would not be right to believe such without giving us an opportunity of denying it, they called us together to hear what we had to say; and they wished further to mention, that, if there were any not favourable to them they should retire to Lagos. After a full discussion the meeting broke up amicably.

"On the 10th instant several of the Europeans and others went with the Bashorun to inspect a piece of wall erected over a watercourse near the river, and to see a spot the Bashorun wished to have bridged, so as to connect and complete their town wall. Every effort was made to meet successfully any attack that the Dahomians can make on Abbeokuta: the people are as fully prepared as at any former time, perhaps better."

It was well these preparations had been made, for very early on the morning of the 15th of March, the Dahomians were discovered, 10,000 strong, approaching the town. They were first seen by an Egba who had gone down to the river Ogun to bathe, and, at some distance down the stream, saw the soldiers of Dahomey. He fired his gun at them, and, running back as quickly as possible, gave the alarm. The great gun in position at the Aro gate was immediately fired, and its deep boom sounding over the city told the inhabitants that the solemn moment was arrived when they must fight to save their families, their homes, and all that they held dear from the ruthless grasp of the invader. That summons was speedily responded to. The Egba warriors came rushing forth in thousands, manning the walls with great celerity. There was, indeed, not a moment to be lost. A column of the enemy, about "3000 strong advanced to within about fifty yards, suddenly displayed their flags, extended their lines, and advanced rapidly towards the wall. The wall being high, the enemy could not see the defenders of Abbeokuta behind it, and they felt almost sure the town would be, in a short time, in their possession. No sooner had they approached the trench within a few yards than the Egbas poured suddenly such a tremendous volley from thousands of muskets into the close lines of the enemy, that the progress of the latter was at once arrested. It was nearly seven o'clock when the battle commenced. The attacking column numbered many Amazons, who fought most desperately. A sharp fire was kept up on both sides for nearly an hour. In two places the enemy toiled to scale the walls with a determination which would have done credit to the best of European troops. Some of the Amazons climbed up, but as soon as they reached the top of the wall with their hands, the Egbas dragged them over, and killed them instantly. One of these ferocious women had already had one of her hands cut off in endeavouring to get over the wall, when she discharged her musket with the other hand, and killed an Egba; but at the same moment she received a severe cut with the sword, so that she fell back into the trench. Only three or four townships—Ijeun, Kemta, Itoku, and Oba—were engaged in the battle: the others kept to their posts, as it had been reported that the enemy would attack three different places. This fierce struggle lasted about an hour, when the enemy retired a short distance, being unable to stand the fire



of the Egbas any longer. Already seventy Dahomians lay in the trench, and as many on the battle-field before it.

"The wounded are numerous, and were removed by the enemy; but many of them afterwards died. The work of destruction among the Dahomians during this hour was frightful: the Egbas had only two or three dead, and about a dozen wounded. The battle was by this time pretty well decided, and Abbeokuta saved. As soon as the enemy retired from the walls, the Egbas rushed out and renewed the battle in the open field. The Egbas fought nobly: they knew what they were fighting for. All depended on this day; if defeated, they have no friends near. They fought for their homes, their wives and children, their country, their liberty, and their lives. For many years past the Dahomians had carried destruction and slaughter into the Egba territory: they came now to make an end to the Egba tribe. The Egbas were exasperated, and each wanted to do his duty on this day. The men fought in good order, though they had only a few leaders; the women were singing and dancing, being sure of victory. They carried plenty of water and agidis to the camp to refresh the fighting-men. Many of them armed themselves with swords, and kept near the walls in case their assistance should be required.

"A sharp fire was kept up for about two hours near Aro, the enemy gradually retreating, and leaving great numbers of dead behind them. They retired towards Ibara, which town they had destroyed last year; and they were attacked in the flank by another party of Egbas, and lost many of their carriers, one of their cannon, and several hundreds of muskets, many of which were quite new. Some miles beyond Ibara they had their encampment, which was evacuated; here the pursuing Egbas captured the King's horse, and many other things belonging to him. Great numbers of prisoners—men and women—were taken all along the road; and in this encampment the second cannon was captured. Beyond Ishagga, a town which they destroyed two years ago (also on March 15), the Dahomians stood once more to check the Egbas in pursuing them. A severe encounter took place, in which several Egbas were killed and wounded; but the Dahomians had heavier losses, and were driven from the field, the Egbas still pursuing them closely, killing and catching many of them. It appears that the Dahomians had never before experienced such a defeat. It is difficult to give the exact number of dead and of prisoners. From Abbeokuta to Ishagga, a distance of about fifteen miles, above 1000 dead were counted, whilst beyond that place it is said that the number of dead was still greater. The prisoners cannot be fewer than 1000 or 1200; some say above 2000.

"The Dahomians were probably above 10,000, but one captive states that their number was 16,000. Thus the Lord has frustrated the diabolical plan of the Dahomians to capture Abbeokuta, and many of the heathen recognise the hand of God in this complete defeat of their enemies. The people rejoice greatly, and congratulate each other on their escape. The Lord God of Hosts said—'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'"

We have had letters from all our Missionaries at Abbeokuta, written in a spirit of deep thankfulness to God for the great deliverance they had

experienced ; for who can tell what would have occurred if the savage soldiery of Dahomey had forced their way into the city ; what slaughter would have ensued, without distinction of age, or sex, or complexion ! The ferocious Amazon, in her thirst for blood, would have spared neither European or native. But, in the good providence of God, the danger was averted, and the inhabitants of the city generally, as well heathen as Christian, render thanks to God ! May the defeat of the Dahomians break down the wall of indifference and prejudice, and give the Gospel of Christ the victory over this city !

An extract from a letter of our Missionary, the Rev. H. Townsend, affording information on a variety of topics connected with this crisis, will be interesting to our readers. It is dated March 31—

“I have sent to my own friends the remains of a drum. It was split in two to destroy the charms about it, or supposed to be in it ; a part of a stool which I discovered among the slain in the wood : it is covered with human blood ; and a couple of cartridge-boxes. The fight was remarkable, in that both sides used artillery. The Dahomians brought two 6-pounders of Spanish make : both were taken ; and it was remarkable in the sudden and violent discharge of muskets at once : no skirmishing, no introduction, except the discharge of the brass gun at Aro gate five or six times alone. We thought it was an alarm-gun only, until at once it sounded as if every musket in the country was discharged and loaded again, and discharged, as rapidly as possible. It lasted thus perhaps an hour, and then gradually died away. We saw the smoke and dust of the conflict long after we ceased hearing any noise. One of my communicants, the tallest man in the church, received a mortal wound at nightfall, when in pursuit, at a place beyond Ishagga, perhaps eighteen or twenty miles from here. I believe he is the only Christian that has died, but the members of my church have had also a large share of wounds. My catechist, Mr. Williams, received the contents of his own musket through both his hands, by, it is supposed, some one accidentally putting his foot on the lock when standing in a crowd at Aro. We were under great fear it would cost him his life, but I am thankful to say he is doing well. The rush to get to the point attacked was extraordinary. One of the Christians, a member of my church, was the first, or one of the first, to discover the approach of the Dahomians. The station given the Ake church people was the wall on the right side of Aro gate, in the premises belonging to the West-African Company. The iron house there is pierced through and through by the Dahomian shot in many places. The Christians have received the public thanks of the chief for their conduct. The Dahomians have been well punished. It is reckoned that not a half will have escaped. Their attack was intended to have been a surprise. I counted fifty dead bodies in one place on the moat, where their principal attack was made ; men and women were there, stripped of all their clothing, and much mutilated. The chief sent to thank the white people for their help, and to say that the falsehoods spoken against us were fully proved to be such.”

May it please God that this great deliverance may produce on the minds of the Egbas such a conviction of God's goodness to them, as may lead them to do that which shall best express their thankfulness—open their ears and hearts to the message of the Gospel !

## THE GODAVERY-KOI MISSION.

IN our last Number we introduced a little paper containing interesting information respecting this Mission, written by one who has herself been there, and well knows all the details respecting it.

Our readers will like to know more of this infant Mission, which is fast raising its head amidst the wastes of the Upper Godavery, and promising, with God's blessing, to become a light in a dark place. It is now without a resident European Missionary, the Rev. W. J. Edmonds, with Mrs. Edmonds, having been compelled, from ill-health, to return to England. Mrs. Edmonds has, since then, at her father's house, entered into rest, having laid down her life in her Lord's work. Thus the Mission has been left entirely to the charge of the native catechist, Razu, with the aid and counsel of the Mission's earnest friend, Captain Haig.

In November last it was visited by the Rev. F. W. N. Alexander, from Ellore, and we proceed to give some few extracts from his letters.

*March 15, Lord's-day:* Dumagudiem—I arrived here early yesterday, and immediately went to Razu's house. After the first salutations were over, he presented to me a fine boy, born to him a few weeks ago. There are many years between this child and his first-born, which is a girl; and both the father and many other people ascribe the birth of this second child, after such a lapse of time, to the direct blessing of God, on his conversion to Christianity. His wife Narasimma is a fine, handsome, active, benevolent housewife. She does the whole work of the house herself, contrasting favourably with the girls brought up in our schools, who, when married, cannot be prevailed upon to put their hands to any thing. Captain Haig met me with very great kindness, and showed me all the warmth of a brother. Yesterday evening I went down and had a prayer meeting of the native Christians—not many attended. I was up at an early hour this morning, preparing for the important services of the day.

Telugu service commenced at eight A.M. in the chapel built by Razu at his own expense. In preaching to these poor people, I tried to be faithful and earnest. My subject, "Faith," showing what faith is, and what it is occupied in. In the evening, took English service. I felt it a privilege to minister for the noble-hearted Christians before me. I did strive with all my might to preach Christ, with a longing desire for the salvation of all present, and especially some with whom I had spoken in private. Afterwards we had the sacrament together, and I fully enjoyed this heavenly feast. At the close of the day I felt so glad to have ministered to the Lord's people, and rejoiced that I had come to Dumagudiem.

*March 22: Lord's-day*—The first thing on Monday morning last was, to visit the school in this town. I found it very much increased in numbers since I saw it with Edmonds last March. There are now on the list forty boys and four girls: average attendance about twenty-five.

*March 29*—I went out with Razu to see the school in the Koi vil-

lage, Naddípúdi, carried on by Gangyya, formerly master of the Dumagudiem school. The village is about four miles from Dumagudiem, on the Bhadrachellam side. Against our arrival the boys were all assembled, sixteen in number. As soon as the corn is cut down we may expect many more. At this season their services are indispensably required to drive away birds from the Cholan crop. The school has been established about two months. The difficulties to be overcome are very many—the fears and suspicions of the parents, the continual distraction in the open shed before the very doors of the houses where the children are taught, and the difficulty to get Koi tongues to pronounce Telugu sounds properly. Notwithstanding all these, the boys have made satisfactory progress. I consider this is a most important opening; and it is very encouraging to see already such “results,” considering the great novelty of the attempt, no such thing having been ever heard of before as Kois reading: it is against all tradition. Many were the prognostics of evil uttered in the neighbouring villages, that children and cattle would die, crops fail, &c. Notwithstanding all these, the parents stood firm in their resolve, though they were much troubled by the Brahmins of the famous temple of Bhadrachellam, which is hard by. The Kois have long served vetty to them, and now the priests, afraid that their gain will go, make every effort to stop the work. Captain Haig complained of this to Captain Glassford, the Assistant-Commissioner, and obtained from him an official takeed with a formidable looking seal, forbidding any one to molest these Kois, and signifying that it was the will of the Sircar that these Kois should learn to read.

Through the week I had several interviews with the inquirers in Dumagudiem who wish for baptism. There are nine adults and three children. Razu has done what he could for them. Most of them have learned by heart, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, but none of them knew any thing of the meaning of these valuable formularies, and are ignorant in general of the doctrines of our religion. Some of their antecedents are not at all good, and I could not discover in their conversation much of spirituality or sorrow for sin. Under these circumstances I could not feel justified in baptizing any of them. I begged them all to wait till March next, when, if it pleased God, I would come up again at the festival time, and that meanwhile Razu and Captain Haig would give them systematic instruction. I consider one or two of the candidates very hopeful and interesting persons. One of them is the brother of one of Mr. Darling's people. He left his native town some time ago, and came with two bandies to Dumagudiem, to avail himself of the high prices given here. Once he was very much opposed to Christianity, and troubled his brother greatly when he began to inquire. After a little, he fell in with Razu, and by degrees, laying aside his hostility, he listened to the word, and at last joined the class for instruction. The man's wife and child joined him a few days ago, and both seemed rejoiced at the change, and willing to go hand in hand with him: they are very interesting people. Another candidate is Venkata Ram Razu, the uncle of our Razu. When he first came to Dumagudiem, he was full of venom against the religion of Christ, and performed all his heathen rites with extra care, to keep him, he said, from infection. But the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ was

stronger than his hate. The Christian influence of Razu's house was blessed to him. He broke his caste and left off his marks, and is now most anxious to be baptized. Several are waifs and strays, picked up by Razu in the highways and streets, and generously supported by him.

*March 30*—This morning, after an affectionate leave-taking with natives and Europeans, I set off on my return home, and reached by night the first thirty miles. My visit to Dumagudiem has been blessed to myself. I go away with the riches of love, and sympathy, and satisfaction. I pray it may be blessed to others also, and be found, even in the least degree, conducive to my Saviour's glory.

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### THE ESQUIMAUX.

THE Esquimaux are a people thinly scattered along the Arctic shores of America, very closely resembling the Samoiedes of the Asiatic continent, the Laplanders, and the Greenlanders. From the nature of the country which they occupy, they are a secluded people, holding little intercourse with other nations.

Their faces are egg-shaped; their cheeks rounded and prominent, the greatest breadth being between the eyes; the forehead narrows and tapers upward; the nose is usually broad and depressed; both forehead and chin recede, so as to give the profile a curve. The eyes are remarkable, being narrow and more or less oblique. In complexion the Esquimaux are more fair than the red men, although, from exposure to the weather, they become dark. They are shorter and stouter than persons of the medium size amongst us: the shoulders are broad, and the arms muscular, so that, when sitting in their skin-boats, they appear to be bigger men than they really are. When young, they have good-natured countenances, with good teeth; but, as they grow old, the countenances become furrowed.

In the summer they live in tents of skins, and kill multitudes of swans, geese, ducks, and rein-deer, storing up against winter what they do not want.

In August they hunt the whale. The canoe is made of seal-skins screwed tightly on a wooden frame, about sixteen or eighteen feet long, by two feet broad, somewhat in shape like a weaver's shuttle, except that both ends turn up a little. In the middle of the deck is a hole, into which the Esquimaux squeezes himself, packing his seal-skin coat tight, so as to make the machine water-tight. The paddles are about five or six feet long, and held by the middle, so as to strike alternately right and left. Before the fisherman lies the harpoon, thong, and buoy. Sometimes the boats are open, and carry ten or twelve persons.

The men's jackets and trousers are made of seal-skins, the hair being outside. The boots are of the same, with the hair inside. The women's dress is pretty much the same with the men's, but ornamented with beads, and trimmed with red leather.

When travelling on land they use a sledge made of fir-wood. To this they harness dogs, about the size of our shepherd's dog, with short erect ears, like a wolf's.

Their winter houses are built of drift-wood, covered thickly with earth, and without windows, the door at one side, except where the snow lies

deep, and then there is a trap-door in the roof. The floor is of timber. There is no fire-place; but in the centre of the floor there is a large stove, and on this is placed the lamp—a large vessel filled with seal-oil, and with fine moss for the wick: by this they warm themselves and cook. There they remain during the dark winter months, until March arrives, when they go out to hunt the seal. This is most useful to them: its flesh yields them food; its skin, clothes; its fibres, thread; its oil, light and warmth.

But the catching of the seal is an arduous occupation. The sea is a frozen plain, and it is very cold. What do they dwell in when abroad on the ice? They cannot carry their tents with them, they would be too cumbersome; not only so, but they would be too cold; but they build snow-houses. The snow being very hard, is fit for building. The Esquimaux makes a circle in the smooth snow, and cuts from this the slabs which are to build his house. He thus cuts down to the ice, which is his floor. Each slab is neatly fitted to its neighbour, and crevices are plugged up. Two labourers engage in the construction of the house, one standing inside, and the other without. When the inside workman has finished his work, he cuts a low door and creeps out. Then the dome is fitted in. The walls are not too thick, lest too great warmth within should cause the snow to thaw; yet there is sufficient heat for the inmates of this singular dwelling. The seats and beds are formed of snow, on which skins are placed. The hut is entered by a covered way, through which the person who is coming in has to creep some distance. It is made zig-zag, so as to prevent the cold wind from penetrating.

Through the indefatigable labours of the Moravian Missionaries, Christian congregations have been raised up from amongst this people on the coast of Labrador; and there, amidst a wintry climate, the work is carried on, and the little nurseries are watched over, from which the great Proprietor selects from time to time those whom he considers suitable for transfer to the paradise above. Interesting events are continually communicated, which prove that to many of these remote Christians the Saviour is dear. We have only room here for one of them. It is from the journal of a Missionary at Okak, and refers to the latter end of 1861—

“Just as we were assembling for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, on the 15th of December, all the families stationed on Ittibler-soak arrived here. The next day they reported that our aged widow-sister Keturah, who had slowly followed their sledge, which they had been obliged to draw with their own hands, was still missing. This filled us with great anxiety for her safety, as she might have lost her way in the midst of the violent snow-storm which raged at the time, and be frozen to death by the severe frost which then prevailed, and we insisted upon two men at once going in quest of her. These returned at nightfall without having traced her. The next morning, although the thermometer indicated twenty-two degrees below zero, and a strong gale was blowing, two men were again sent in search of her. Having crossed the bay, which is above two miles broad, they proceeded to a forsaken hut, in the hope of finding her there; but seeing that the entrance was blocked up by a snow-drift, they abandoned all hope of discovering the object of

their anxious search. Yet while still lingering on the spot, and consulting about the next step, they heard a voice from within, and rejoiced to discover the missing woman. She had lost sight of the sledges, and reached the edge of the ice ; but, doubtful whether the ice would bear at that place, directed her steps to the hut, which, although, without door and window, afforded her some shelter. Having fortunately some powder, flint, and steel with her, she was able to light a fire in the hut, and thus to preserve life in the midst of the freezing cold, and without the slightest nourishment. She was still able to walk the eight miles to our station with the two men, and fervently testified the gratitude of her heart for the preservation of her life, saying again and again, "Jesus has done it ; none but Jesus has saved me alive."

Our Missionaries in North-west America are now touching the Esquimaux at several parts, and we shall refer more particularly to this in another Number.



#### A FOOTPRINT OF HENRY MARTYN.

FROM A SPEECH BY THE REV. C. E. OAKLEY, AT THE MALTA COLLEGE  
MEETING, APRIL 28, 1864.

"Verily my Sabbaths ye shall keep, for it is a sign."—Exodus xxxi. 13.

SEEKING health and restoration  
For his worn and languid frame,  
To the Kabyle chieftain's station  
The English pastor came,  
He had searched the sunny regions  
On Afric's northern shore,  
The fields where Rome's proud legions  
Had fought in times of yore.  
He had climbed the heights, cloud-crested,  
Where Atlas once held sway ;  
And where'er he went, he rested  
On the holy Sabbath-day—  
That day, a gleam returning  
Of Eden's golden light,  
A type of rest remaining  
In an Eden far more bright.  
He knew not that the action  
By watchful eyes was scanned,  
Nor the inward satisfaction  
It gave each roving band.  
For that day of rest, unbroken  
Where'er his footsteps trod,  
Was to those wild tribes a token  
That he knew there was a God.  
Ere he left the place of meeting  
The secret cause was known,  
Of the warm and friendly greeting  
The desert chief had shown.  
With keen and eager pleasure  
He, from its place of rest,  
A fondly-cherished treasure  
Brought to his wondering guest.

A Persian book !—no master  
 Of Parsee lore was he,  
 But he told the Christian pastor  
 The following history.  
 “ My father was a ranger  
 In his days of youthful prime,  
 And he met an English stranger  
 In Persia’s distant clime.  
 A man refined and holy,  
 One of Sidi Aissu’s\* sect,  
 To my father, kind and lowly,  
 When other’s showed neglect.  
 Not long that man of learning  
 Was spared to live on earth :  
 He died when home returning  
 To the land that gave him birth.  
 ’T was when, if thou art caring  
 The very time to know,  
 The Frank Sheikh,† bold and daring,  
 Went to the land of snow.  
 And my father, deeply movéd,  
 Brought back with him this book,  
 On which that man belovéd  
 Was often seen to look,  
 And he said, Be as a brother,  
 And show to him respect ;  
 Shouldst thou chance to meet another  
 Of Sidi Aissu’s sect,  
 This is the index given,  
 By which his faith thou ’lt know,  
 He will rest one day in seven  
 Wherever he shall go.”

Cast life’s bread, in faith persistent,  
 On the world’s current swift ;  
 Thou knowest not how distant  
 The eddying wave may drift.  
 Henry Martyn sighed in sadness  
 O’er Shiraz’ stony ground,  
 Oakley’s heart was filled with gladness  
 At one strange result he found.  
 Seed, of which he was a bearer,  
 Words in “ Sidi Aissu’s ” praise  
 Was, in the Great Sahara  
 Found, after many days !  
 “ Sidi Aissu’s ” servants ever  
 Have a sign upon their brow :  
 “ Sidi Aissu’s ” servants never  
 Fail to know each other now.  
 Hallowing one day in seven,  
 To Him they humbly pray ;  
 To Him, on earth, in heaven,  
 LORD OF THE SABBATH-DAY !

\* Jesus Christ.

† Napoleon Bonaparte’s Expedition to Russia.





## CAVALLA, WESTERN AFRICA.

THE American Episcopal Society has several stations at Cape Palmas, Liberia, Western Coast of Africa. Here they have been labouring for many years amongst a nation called the Greboes. Christian congregations have been formed, and many of the Christian natives act as catechists, some few being in orders. Opportunities of access into the interior are considerable ; the river Cavalla, which opens into the sea near the Cavalla station, being navigable for canoes sixty miles, with a teeming population on its banks.

But Africa is hurtful in its climate to the white man, whether he comes from America or Europe ; and at Cape Palmas, as well as at other places along the coast, where Missionary labours are carried on, Christian men and women suffer in health for the sake of Africa. Sometimes they are spared to return home, and, having recruited their shattered constitutions, return for another term of labour, and very often they die. These are times when the susceptibility of the Africans is strongly moved, and there is joy or sorrow, according as one of their Missionary friends leaves them or returns to resume his labours. The January Number of the "Cavalla Messenger," a little paper published in this Mission, contains a sketch of this kind.

"On Thursday, December 17th, the Rev. Mr. Hoffman, who had been expected in a sailing-vessel, arrived in the mail steamer. He appeared without any previous notice at Cavalla, in the large schoolroom of the girls' house, where we were holding our semi-annual examination. He was greeted simultaneously by the loud cheers of a hundred hearts—minister, teacher, catechists, Christian villagers, and scholars. The occasion suggested the following lines—

As they who dwell in parched land  
 Rejoice at coming showers,  
 And welcome the fresh drops that fill  
 The wilderness with flowers,  
 So—doubly so—a welcome home,  
 To Afric's barren shores,  
 To him who in Christ's name doth come  
 To plant celestial flowers.  
 His coming forms the precious clasp  
 To last year's golden chain  
 Of mercies unto mercies linked,  
 Each day renewed again.  
 Oh, may that chain more closely bind  
 Our hearts in bondage new  
 To Him who calls, and to the work  
 He giveth us to do !  
 And, for the husbandman we greet,  
 Returning to the field,  
 To him be granted that each seed  
 An hundred-fold may yield ;  
 That when, earth's harvest fully ripe,  
 The angel reapers come,  
 He, standing at the heavenly gate  
 With many sheaves, may joyful wait  
 The Master's welcome home !



traversed by our countrymen and countrywomen, as they bend their way to our great oriental dependency, or, with enfeebled constitutions, trace their way homeward. In no part of the world is there to be found a more remarkable confluence of people—Copts, Bedouin Arabs, Fellahs, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Ethiopians, and other African tribes. To those, therefore, who occupy themselves in Missionary labours in this country, may well be applied the saying of the prophet, “Blessed are they that sow beside all waters.”

In no part of Egypt is the strange mixture of people more remarkable than at Cairo. Almost the first class of the population which meets the stranger's eye is that of the donkey-drivers. So soon as he appears, two or three dozen of them, with their animals, bear down upon him. They are mostly barefoot, and have no dress save a small red cap and a loose blue calico shirt, just reaching to the knees, with a band round their bodies. The donkeys generally, if not shaven, are closely clipped, a proceeding very necessary in order to the comfort of those who use them. These city Arabs, loudly vociferating, with their white teeth displayed in perpetual grins, mingle with tall Bedouins in their white blousing drapery; while women, in scanty robes of blue cotton, and black face-veils tied under their eyes, and negroes and Nubians in gay coloured turbans, &c., make up a motley crowd.

But it is in the great bazaars that the busy tide of population is seen in its perfection. In these are sold the necessities of life, and these, in the middle of the day, are crowded to excess. “A sea of white and red turbans is in front, here and there interrupted by a huge camel, towering over everybody, or by a long line of donkeys, laden with dripping skins of water, or stones for building.” To guide the rider of his donkey safely through all this, requires all the strength of the donkey-boy, and, as he goes along, his cries are unceasing—“O boy! O man! O lady! O camel-driver! O chickens! O oranges! get out of the way.”

Of the many costumes which present themselves, our engraving presents two—a janissary, or member of the Pasha's body-guard, and a merchant.

It will be interesting to our readers to know that there is Christian effort going forward at Cairo, and that even the donkey-boys are not forgotten. Moreover, the Syrian Missionary, Joseph Thakoor, superintended by Miss Whately, visits the coffee-houses, and has opportunity of speaking and reading to numbers of ignorant Moslems.

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#### DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN DEVASAGAYAM, OF KADACHAPURAM.

ON Jan. 30th last our well-known venerable Missionary, the Rev. John Devasagayam, of Tinnevely, fell asleep in Jesus. He had been ailing for a considerable time past, and now, in a ripe and honoured old age, he has been called into his Master's presence, “to go no more out.” His name has been known for many years past in connexion with the Society's work in Tinnevely; and he

# Church Missionary Paper

FOR THE USE OF WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS.



WAR CAMP AT ADO.

No. CXCIV. *Midsummer*, 1864.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—

WE intend again to draw your attention to our Yoruba Mission in consequence of the events that have recently transpired there, and the signal mercy which has been vouchsafed by Almighty God in the deliverance of Abbeokuta out of the hands of the cruel King of Dahomey. In March last, at the very time that we were putting before you the details of Badahun's threatened attack of the previous year, and the way in which that attack was frustrated, this bloodthirsty king was again making an attack upon Abbeokuta, which has issued, through the mercy of God, in his total defeat.

It appears that rumours had for some time been abroad that the Dahomians were intending to attack Abbeokuta, and happily those rumours were so far believed as to render the chiefs watchful: they made all needful preparations: the walls were repaired and raised, and the ditches cleaned out; a new wall was erected on the river-side to avoid the necessity of guarding so long a line on the opposite side of the river; stores of shot and gunpowder were laid in; and the people commanded to bring in all their farm produce, especially on the route likely to be taken by the Dahomian army. From time to time reports were brought of the approach of the enemy, of which various opinions were entertained. It was generally believed they were not far off, on some expedition, but doubts were entertained whether they intended to attack Abbeokuta. Many thought they would be wise enough to avoid a second defeat. On Sunday the town-crier was sent to warn the inhabitants, information having been received of a reliable character. Watch had been kept for some days before, the Bashorun himself having taken up his residence close to the wall. On Tuesday morning, March 15, the report of the gun at Aro gate, several times fired, alarmed the people, and information was speedily circulated that the Dahomians were in sight at Aro. At about seven o'clock such a discharge of muskets took place as Abbeokuta never before heard. On every side groups of men were seen hastening to the wall at the point attacked: there was no backwardness, no need of any effort to call men to go. The Rev. A. Maser, at the first alarm, assembled the women in the schoolroom for prayer: after this, another meeting was held by the women themselves in the same place. The fight had been going on for some time when a wounded man passed; a short time after, another: he was in a state of great excitement, but giving the welcome news that the enemy had been beaten back from the wall. Dr. Harrison, assisted by Mr. Maser, attended to the wounded that wanted help. After the mist had cleared away they were able to see something of the battle-field: the Egbas were then scattered over the open ground in front of their wall: the firing had become comparatively little, and appeared to be going on in the hollow and broken ground towards Aro. (Of this an illustration is given in our Frontispiece.) The number of Egbas on the field and behind the wall was at least three times more numerous than when the Dahomians came in 1851: they appeared to be pressing on their enemy, but the want of uniform dress rendered it almost impossible to distinguish them from the Dahomians at our distance, except by the direction in which they were looking and firing. As the Egbas pursued, prisoners fell into their hands, and many wounded in the previous fight dropped by the way. Many refused to surrender, and were killed. The Dahomians were not permitted to rest, but they made a stand at various places, and drove back their pursuers, to be driven back again by fresh bodies of the Egbas, or cut off

was the first native in South India admitted to the ministry by episcopal ordination. His son-in-law, the Rev. W. T. Sattthianadhan, has kindly furnished the following interesting account of his life and his last moments—

It gives me a melancholy pleasure to send you a short account of my late dear and honoured father-in-law, the Rev. John Devasagayam. He was born on the 30th April 1785, at Tranquebar, then the seat of the Danish Government. His father was Devasagayam Pillay, the son of John Pillay, who was a convert to Christianity. His mother, Arokkiammal, was the daughter of Daniel Pillay, an interpreter under Government. He had no brothers, but only a sister, about two years older than himself. He belonged to a very respectable and influential family, and indeed almost all his relatives were then in comfortable circumstances, exercising a great amount of influence over the native and Hindu communities at Tranquebar. Both his parents were pious, and felt anxious to bring up their beloved son in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I remember him saying, that, when he was quite a little boy, his father advised him to commit to memory the 13th chapter of 1 Cor. He was educated in a school belonging to the Lutheran Mission, which was the only Mission then in operation at Tranquebar. He was first a pupil, and then a writer, under the Rev. Dr. John, for whom he always cherished a great affection and veneration. I need hardly state, that, in those days of darkness and ignorance, there were few schools, if any, of a very high order, imparting a liberal education in English and in the vernaculars to Hindu youths; and yet it is very remarkable that Mr. John acquired a fair knowledge of Tamil, English, and German. He had bright prospects before him of holding a very respectable position and standing in society, but he sacrificed them all in order that he might devote himself to the service of God. In a letter, giving a brief account of his early life, he writes as follows—"In 1806 I was Danish writer under the Secretary, who wished me to remain in his service, which I did not like. I was the Rev. Dr. John's writer, and resolved to serve the Lord." Again he says, "A gentleman in Madras offered me a high salary, which I refused thankfully." He was rather content to begin life very low in connexion with the Lutheran Mission. He was a schoolmaster at first, on a very small salary; and when he joined the Church Mission—I believe in 1810—he was still a schoolmaster, teaching English and Tamil, besides superintending several schools, both at Tranquebar and in the villages adjacent. Many Hindus and native Christians, who hold respectable situations under Government at Tranquebar, Combaconum, and Tanjore, thankfully acknowledge that they owe their education to him.

From Tranquebar he was transferred to Mayaveram, a station recently formed by the Church Missionary Society, where he discharged his duties as catechist and schoolmaster with the zeal and energy peculiar to himself. He could not but be brought to the notice of his superiors; and the Madras Corresponding Committee contemplated the desirableness of recommending him for holy orders. He was admitted to Deacons' orders in Madras in November 1830, the first native in South India who entered into the sacred ministry by episcopal ordination.

In 1832 he was called to a new and important sphere of labour. From Mayaveram he was removed to Tinnevely, to assist the late Rev. C. T. E. Rhenius, and was located at Palamcotta, the head-quarters of the Mission. When those unhappy events, consequent on the division, took place in 1835 and 1836, he remained unshaken in his attachment to the Society. After a period of four or five years of hard and earnest labour and a consistent course of life, he earned for himself a "good degree," and was admitted to Priests' orders by Dr. Corrie, the first bishop of Madras. He was then placed in independent charge of the Sattthankullam district for about three years; after which he was transferred to the Kadachapuram district. It is not for me to say how he discharged his duties, private and public, during the long period of about fifty-five years, to which his connexion with the Church Missionary Society extended. It will be admitted on all hands that he performed his sacred functions with diligence, energy, faithfulness, and devotedness, to a degree well worthy of imitation. His labours were abundantly blessed; and I doubt not, that among the numerous Christians of Tinnevely there will be found many who will prove his joy and crown of rejoicing at the last day.

In his family, also, he was greatly blessed. He was married twice; and by his first wife he had two sons, one of whom is the Rev. Jesudasen John, for many years an associate with him in the same sacred ministry. By his second wife he had two sons and one daughter. With one exception, all his children are filling important stations in life, and he lived to see them and their children—twenty in number—grow up around him like "olive plants round about his table." May they all have grace to follow his steps so far as he has followed Christ's.

About two years ago his strong constitution broke down, and, his health having failed, he was obliged to give up his charge of the district, but resolved to end his days at Kadachapuram, the scene of his labours for about twenty years. Though very feeble, and unable to say or do much, yet to the very last, like his namesake, John the beloved disciple, he was carried in a chair to the church every Sunday, where he played the organ, which his own efforts had secured for the church, and addressed a few words of exhortation to his dear people. Last Christmas he exhorted his beloved flock from the words of Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," a text appropriately chosen, and touchingly applied. He was living in constant preparation for death, and looking forward to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. In every letter received from him for the last two years, there were such expressions as the following—"I am waiting for my Master's call. I am ready to go to heaven." So, when at length death came, as it must to every one, it found him quite ready. He was attacked with fever on Monday the 25th January, and on the evening of Saturday the 30th, in the 79th year of his age, without a groan or struggle, his immortal spirit left its earthly tenement, and winged its flight to the realms of bliss. His end was peace—a calm and happy departure from this poor world of sin and sorrow, to the better and brighter world above. Long has this dear and honoured servant of God been permitted to labour in his vineyard, and now, like a shock of corn fully ripe, he

has been gathered into the heavenly garner. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

I cannot close this short and imperfect sketch of this good man's life better than in the words of one who witnessed his dying bed. The following extract is a translation from his Tamil letter—"You will ere this have heard that your dear father and beloved pastor has entered into his eternal rest. As you were not here at the time, you would naturally like to know something about his last moments. I am therefore very desirous of giving you some information, especially as I was with him all along, and trust it will console you a little in your deep sorrow. On Sunday, the 24th, he was taken as usual in a chair to the church, where he exhorted the people with more than usual earnestness and clearness, saying, 'Dear friends, do not tempt God: value the Bible, love the Lord Jesus, and pray for the Holy Spirit.' On Monday, while he was speaking to the people, he felt he was unable to go on, threw himself on a cot, and was taken home. At nine A.M., he had a slight fever, his eyes were closed, and he remained in this state till Wednesday night. On Thursday morning he rallied very unexpectedly, opened his eyes, seemed as though he had new life and light given him, and spoke in the same manner as he did three years ago. He sent for Aimmal (Mrs. John), and spoke to her as follows—"It is certain that I am going to heaven, and therefore give my parting benediction to all the children and friends.' He then named all his children and grandchildren, and wished his dying blessing to them all, adding these words, 'Our Heavenly Father will support you. Oh, grace, grace! Love one another.' He then shook hands with all his dear relatives present, and kissed them. Then he kissed me, my wife, child, mother, and grandfather, saying, 'God bless you. Be diligent in serving God, for that alone is happiness.' Then he said to the people of the congregation, 'I am going to heaven: you too would like to go there, but try to get there.' Then he asked Mr. Jesudasen and Mrs. John to pray. After prayer, he said, 'O Jesus, my precious Jesus, He is my treasure. Love Him.' Then he said, 'Give my parting benediction to the Committee, to all the Missionaries, European and native, and all inquiring friends, and ask Mr. Dibb to commit my remains to the grave.' He then kept his eyes closed, and at half-past three on Saturday evening, the 30th, while we were engaged in prayer, he, with inexpressible peace and comfort, and a smiling face, commended his spirit into the hands of God, and, having left this vale of tears, obtained everlasting life. On Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, his precious remains were committed to the grave by Mr. Dibb, in the presence of a vast assembly of Christian and heathen, in the cocoa-nut tope, north of the church. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'"

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REV. XIV. 13.

Our anniversary was marked by the death of two devoted friends of the Missionary cause, each of whom, convinced of its importance as a branch of the Lord's work, served therein with all the powers which they had.

One of the names is that of the Rev. Charles Shorting, Rector of



Stonham Aspal, in Suffolk. Under his energetic and prayerful action that parish has long been a model parish in the Church Missionary work. In 1843, Stonham first appeared in the list of the parishes which yielded support to the Church Missionary Society. In 1845, its contributions amounted to 40*l.* and upwards, and in that year we trace the beginnings of that thank-offering system which afterwards yielded so abundantly. In the list of contributions for that year appears the following—"First-fruits of a farm in Stonham Aspal, 3*l.* 3*s.*" In 1848, the thank-offerings increased to sixteen in number; in 1850, to twenty-three; in 1852 to thirty-seven; besides thirty-eight under 10*s.* each; and in that year the proceeds from this small agricultural parish had risen to 128*l.* and upwards. From year to year it continued to bear its pleasant fruit, and, in the year 1862-63, remitted 140*l.* and upwards to the funds of the Parent Society.

Thank-offerings are a sunny fruit, pleasant to look upon, as they lie gathered in the basket of Missionary contributions. They are plucked just as the dew of mercy is fresh and full upon the soul: they are gratefully given, and carry with them a special acceptability.

It need scarcely be added that the whole of this Missionary service, in which Mr. Shorting wrought so zealously, was with him a thank-offering to the Lord under a sense of the greatest mercies.

We trust that some of our friends, who know well the working of the Stonham Aspal parish, will draw up, for the encouragement of Missionary friends and Associations throughout the world, some better account than these fragmentary notices.

The other friend who has been called home is Miss Barber, the editor of the "Coral Missionary Magazine."

Some months ago she was at Tunbridge Wells, and the writer of this brief notice had the opportunity of a pleasing interview with her. She has now passed over before us, and has left that portion of the Lord's work, in which she had been so long engaged, to other hands. The useful little periodical which she edited inserts, in its May Number, a brief notice of her death.

"A few days before the issue of the last Number of the 'Coral Missionary Magazine,' the soul of its late honoured and lamented editor, M. A. S. Barber, had taken its flight. We could then give our readers no further intimation of this sorrowful event, than that by which we sought to lead them to praise for her who is 'not lost, but gone before,' and to prayer for those who succeed to her labours and responsibilities. We must still defer to a future period any attempt to present a sketch of the rise, growth, and results of the work of the 'Coral Fund' in her able hands, or of her own life and end. At present we can only briefly point to her example of loving zeal, and self-denying energy. For several years before her death she had been an invalid. With marvellous energy, however, she not only persevered in fulfilling her part in the responsible duties of an important educational establishment, but also superintended the raising and expending of more than 1000*l.* per annum, in the Coral Fund, a task involving correspondence with numberless small contributors, and a large proportion of the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, some in Africa, some in India, and some in America. The

same spirit and energy abode with her to the end. During the last days of her fatal illness the Missionary work was ever in her heart and thoughts, and on her lips. In a letter dictated from her death-bed, she said she had had such delight in her Missionary work for the last sixteen years, that she felt as if she had had a foretaste of the blessedness promised to saints in heaven, where it is said, 'His servants shall serve Him.' Her only fear and struggle (she continued) had been lest the work, in her fondness for it, should occupy her heart as her own work, and not her Lord's.

"May God, dear readers, give us such love and such holy jealousy, so shall we also emulate our departed sister in fruitfulness. 'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.'"

Thus one by one the Lord is calling his servants to pass over the river to the happy shore beyond. The wondrous process never ceases. He is gathering his people in, that in them his own words may be fulfilled—"Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me, for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

The time for service here is daily shortening. While it lasts, how diligently should we use it!

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#### THE AFFGHANS.

BY A DERAJAT MISSIONARY.

THEY are a noble people, those Affghans; very many of them six feet high, or more; and if you saw them in their wide-spreading sheepskins, or in their warm woollen chogas, or cloaks, you would say they were about three feet broad. Their heads, too, are very large, their faces tanned and furrowed with the hard rough life they lead; with a proud and scornful look oftentimes, and a lofty, independent bearing, as if they were the lords of earth. But when you begin to talk, they are sometimes very social, and lively, and hearty, and will give you a good warm shake of the hands, or hold your hand between their two hands, and show that they have much of the generosity of the lion, as well as of his fierceness and boldness. They think they are descended from the children of Israel, when they were sent into captivity across the river Euphrates, and it may be so; but they never could give me any good proof of it when I asked them.

They have sometimes submitted to the dominion of kings, but they make very bad subjects; constantly rebelling, and refusing to pay tribute, always fretting under the yoke, and extremely tenacious of their ancient rights and customs, which they prefer to any written laws of their rulers.

Their own native chiefs are called "Khauns," and under them are smaller chiefs called "Mulliks," and when the King of Cabul wishes to settle any thing with them he does it through the Khauns. They are very particular not to admit any one into their clans, or tribes,

except those who are born in them. When they admit others, it is not to the full rights of the tribes: they only allow them to live among them and protect them, but they do not call them "brothers," only "sojourners," or neighbours. These sojourners work at various trades among them, for the true Affghans are too proud to be tradesmen: they will be soldiers, or merchants, or husbandmen, but not mechanics or tradesmen: they are very seldom servants to Europeans. I had one Affghan servant, but I was obliged to treat him more as an equal than my other servants. He was, however, very much attached to me, and, when I was very ill, would get up all hours of the night to give me lemonade or cold water, and would go almost all day without food if I wanted any thing done for me. He liked very much riding my pony about and exercising him; for the Affghans are great horsemen, like the Arabs, whom they take after in many ways. He used to teach me the Affghan language as well as wait upon me; and, when he taught me, I used to spread a little carpet for him on the ground, and there he sat talking to me and answering my questions. He came to a little service which I had for my servants on Sunday, but he did not like to hear Jesus spoken of as the Son of God: it made him fidgetty and restless, and he twisted about, and said, "No, no; that can't be."

The women are almost all dressed in black, like the ladies in Malta: they are not shut up at home like the Indian ladies, but walk abroad with their faces unveiled; looking like strong, hard-worked women among the English villagers, only holding their heads a little more proudly, and with rather a darker and more sunburnt complexion.

Their language is rough and harsh at the first hearing of it, but when one gets used to it, it only strikes one as being bold and manly, and vigorous, suited to hardy mountaineers, but sweet and harmonious in poetry. A King of India is said once to have asked an Affghan what his language was like, and he said, "O King, its sound is like as if a man should put a number of small stones into an earthenware pot, and shake it up and down, and rattle it with all his might; such is the sound of the Affghan language;" but I always told them I thought this was an unfair account of their language, and that it was not nearly so bad as that.

A great many of the Affghans live across the Suleiman mountains, or in the valleys between them. That at least is their summer home, and a delightfully cool and fresh one it must be. When the cold weather comes on they gather themselves together, men, women, and children, and set out on a journey to India, some on camels, some on horses, some on foot: they have to fight their way through the dark, frowning passes of the hills, which are beset with wild, bloodthirsty robbers; but as soon as they come out into British territory they put down their swords and shields, and take their strong walking-sticks instead; and so they pass on till they come near the river Indus, where they make for themselves little villages of the boughs of brushwood which grow in the jungle, spreading over the roofs black blankets made of the hair of their own mountain goats or camels. The little streets are pretty regular, and carefully marked out, and in the middle of the village there is a large square, or open place, where they build rather a larger house to enter-

tain strangers in. They build also a mosque, or prayer-house, where the Mussulman minister, called a moollah, lives, and he teaches the little boys to read the Korán. They squat down by his side in the dust spelling the words over, and repeating them in a sing-song manner, swinging themselves backwards and forwards, but very few of them ever learn the meaning of what they read.

I had great difficulty often to find their villages out, they are so hidden in the brushwood, and the roofs so low, that only when you come close up to them can you tell where they lie. It was in this way that I got so ill, because I was obliged to wander about so much under the hot sun, besides not being able to get enough proper food. My pony, too, had fallen lame, and the jungle rats had so burrowed into the ground that often I had to walk lest he should stick his foot into one of these holes and throw me. When I found one of the villages I went straight into the little square, where the men sat talking together and smoking, or hearing the Korán read, or saying their prayers, which every good Mohammedan says five times a day. The first question they usually ask is, whether the Christians ever pray, and if they pray the same prayers as they do, and whether we think Mohammed to be a prophet, and whether we believe in the Korán. To which I answer, that we believe as much of the Korán as agrees with the Bible, and all that does not agree we do not believe. "God forgive you!" they answer: "that's quite opposite to what you ought to do.\* You ought only to believe so much of the Bible as agrees with the Korán." Then they ask "Why don't you believe all the Korán?" I answer, "Because some things in the Korán contradict the Bible, and those I can't believe. As, for instance, the Bible says that Christ died for our sins, but the Korán says He never did die: that's a contradiction."

Then they always begin to take the side of the Korán, and to say that however many sins a man commits, yet if he repeat the Mohammedan creed, he is safe of going to heaven. And they say that Jesus is a prophet long gone past, and that Mohammed is come in his place, and is far greater than Jesus, and is the Comforter of whom Jesus said, "He shall send you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."

Sometimes they are very kind and respectful, and say, "We are glad you have honoured us with paying us a visit." One of the Affghans said to me, "Come with us across the mountains, into Khorassan, and stay all the summer with us, and teach us." "But if I go," said I, "you must take me as one of your moollahs, or teachers; else what is the use of my going?" "Oh, yes," said they, "we will take you as a moollah, and we will think of you as one of our brothers." There was another to whom I said, "I am come to you as a friend, to give you some good counsel." "Friend?" he answered; "you are the greatest enemy we have."

A few of the Affghans took some copies of the Gospel; but most of them refused to have any thing to do with the Bible, saying their Korán was quite good enough for them, and that there was nothing in the Bible which was not in the Korán.

The last visit I paid before my illness was the saddest of all. It was

to a village, close to a ferry across the Indus—a very large village; but the people would not hear me, nor talk to me, but went on talking to one another about other things. I asked some little boys to bring me a glass of cold water from the river, as I was very thirsty, which, after some time, they did; and then I wished them good-bye. The last day I was out I tried all the morning to find a village, but could find none, and had to return to my tent without preaching at all.

When we pray, “Thy kingdom come,” let us all remember the Affghans, and pray that these wild, unruly races may place their necks under the feet of Jesus our King. And let us think whether we cannot do something more to teach them that only the blood of Jesus can cleanse their sins, and only the Spirit of God can make their hearts new!

I will end with translating some few lines of their poetry. Except of poetry, there are hardly any books in their language,

The weak ass cannot bear the load of the camel.  
Let not your words be bigger than your power.

What knows the man in health of pain of heart?  
The man in pain knows the heart of the suffering.

They stop not to ask: they do not even look you in the face.  
Back to back they turn from you: such are the friends of this world,

The tall cedar that lifts its head heavenward  
Falls the whole of its trunk to earth backwards.

A too soft and easy life is the greatest of curses—  
The lazy ox is sold to the butchers.

The fool gives his religion, and takes the world:  
This is not the wise man's giving and taking.

Thou, who knowest so well the thieves that rob other people's houses,  
Why hast thou never seized the thief that breaks into thine own?

You might as well try to stop the sea's mouth with a seal of wax,  
As to stop the prayer which proceeds from my loving heart.



#### CHOTA NAGPORE.

ABOUT 200 miles from Calcutta, on the western borders of Bengal, there is raised up on the shoulders of a long line of granite hills a broad tableland. It may be described as a rolling country, now swelling into gravelly hills, now sloping down into swampy hollows, while on every side are extensive woods, where are to be found Indian trees in every possible variety. Not unfrequently, instead of standing thickly together, they spread widely abroad, and give to the country the rich and peaceful aspect of an English park. In the gardens, the coffee-plant, the orange, and the shaddock grow readily, while in the swamps rice is abundant.

As this tableland is 2000 feet above the sea-level, the ascent to it from the plains below is considerable: ridge after ridge, and stream after stream, are crossed, until at length a climate is attained greatly superior

by some that had got round them by other roads. The various paths leading to the retreating Dahomians we saw crowded by Egbas.

The Rev. G. F. Bühler thus gives expression to his feelings of thankfulness to Almighty God, and to those Christian friends who, by their prayers, have given their support to this Mission—

“The battle raged furiously for an hour; then, to our great joy, a messenger passed my house, calling out, ‘The enemy is retreating.’ This one hour’s fight decided the battle. Christians and heathen could hardly believe that such a formidable enemy should be defeated in so short a time. But it was the hand of God, and this is acknowledged by thousands of heathen. It appeared to everybody like a dream. When, at ten o’clock in the morning, hundreds returned from the walls, and fetched provisions to pursue the enemy, the King of Dahomey, the terror of so many thousands, the man who had destroyed scores of towns, had slaughtered thousands of innocent people, and sold tens of thousands into slavery—the man who, in his pride, said, ‘Where is that God that will deliver out of my hand’—the man who had made such mighty preparations, had hired other tribes with great sums of money to help him to take Abbeokuta—the man who had, according to the statement of captives, cleared a piece of land where he would execute the Missionaries whom he should catch in Abbeokuta—the man who wanted to destroy the church which the Lord of Hosts had planted, and favoured, and protected till now—that man suffered such a defeat as has no parallel in the history of Western Africa. The King of Dahomey had, in former years, destroyed most of the smaller towns on his way from Abomey to Abbeokuta, and the few villages which were still in existence were found empty on the approach of the enemy; so that the Dahomians met, according to the statement of captives, not a single soul. Their march to Abbeokuta took them twenty-two days. They had to pass through a country which they themselves had converted into a wilderness; the brooks were dried up, and provisions became very scarce; and how could he have passed Ishagga without remembering how much innocent blood he had shed there, and how he had defied the God of the Christians? He was apparently not aware that his hour was come, and that the Lord would pour out his wrath upon him.

His troops marched in the night; they were tired when they approached Abbeokuta; they had already suffered severely from want of water; many of the prisoners stated they had not eaten any thing for the last twenty-four hours.

“The king was the first who fled to save his life. The fleeing army was soon broken up, and many of their leaders being killed, great confusion ensued. Again and again they endeavoured to check the pursuing Egbas, but this gave the latter only opportunity to make an attack in the flank, and the slaughter was otherwise frightful. Hundreds of Dahomians died from exhaustion: they had no rest, no food, no water, and thus perished miserably. The number of captives brought in for seven or eight days was immense, and cannot be much below 3000, whilst the number of killed was by far greater. They could not take their wounded with them: all of these perished on the way. The Egba young men pursued the Dahomians closely day and night until they had crossed the river Yewa. The villagers on the way did apparently what they could in catching and killing Dahomians. What a frightful judgment! the innocent blood of so many thousands came upon their heads.

“Praise, and honour, and glory be to our gracious God, who has delivered our lives from destruction, and has answered us with mercy and loving-kindness! But I cannot conclude without expressing, in my own name and in the name of thousands of Christians and heathen, our deepest gratitude towards all those who have offered up their constant, earnest prayers at home on our behalf. May the Lord grant unto all everlasting blessings! It is remarkable that so many of the heathen, and especially the chiefs, in their public meetings, have publicly acknowledged that they owe this great victory to the prayers of the Christians. We told them last year how prayers were offered up at home day and night for this town, and now they acknowledge it openly. There is no boasting heard among the people, but a comparatively quiet and happy

rejoicing. The Bashorun said in a public meeting to the people, 'They had seen how their white men had kept to them, and how much they had the welfare of the town at heart;' and then added, 'Let nobody say one word any more against them.' Oh that it might please the Lord to turn their hearts towards Him, that they might acknowledge Him, in word and deed, to be the Lord. The war with Ibadan is a great trouble to them: they wish for peace to pursue trade and agriculture. As the Governor of Lagos is ex-

pected the beginning of next month, possibly something may be done towards restoring peace. Oh that it may please the Lord to hear the many prayers which are offered up for this land. Surely the Lord will do it in his own good time. It is a great comfort to us to know that we, and our flocks, and this country, are daily remembered at home before the throne of grace. We are still much in need of the prayers of God's people. Such a long war necessarily demoralizes the people; but our trust is in the Lord our God."

Another of the Missionaries, the Rev. J. B. Wood, writes thus with reference to the feelings of the people upon this subject—

"You will naturally ask how the victory over the Dahomians is viewed by the Egbas in general. I will give you a brief answer. They regard it as from God, and not of themselves: they say that He interposed and gave them the victory; that He brought confu-

sion upon, and scattered their enemies. They praise the white men much, and the Christians with them, and say that now they are sure that both are their firm friends. I trust this feeling may continue to prevail, and may induce them to attend to good counsel.

Mr. Wood also mentions that a strange and unexpected report had reached him, which we are sure will cause great delight to our friends, viz. that Doherty, our agent at Ishagga, for whom we have mourned as one dead, is still alive.

"Amongst the captives taken was a man named Joseph Madarikan, formerly a slave of Ogubona's. He states that it was not Doherty who was crucified, but a man whose name was Moses Osoko, formerly a member of the Ake congregation, and an Egba man. He built a home for himself in Ishagga, and was in that town when it was taken by the Dahomians. Shortly after hearing Madarikan's report, I heard that one of our converts had held a conversation with another captive, which led him to believe that Doherty was still alive. He came home and told what he had heard. In order to try what truth there might be in what the man said, I sent Doherty's son, who is assistant school-master in this station, to see the man, and try to find out what he knew. Young Doherty's report of what the man said all but convinced me that Doherty was still alive. I next sent for the man, that I might hear for myself what he had to say. He says that

about the third day after the Ishagga captives reached Abomey, his master, whose official name is Imewu delivered into his care a man whom all knew by the name of 'Daddy.' This man afterwards, when they were in the farm, gave his keeper some account of himself. He told him that, nine days before the Dahomians took Ishagga, he had returned from Abbeokuta. I have made particular inquiry, and am told that Doherty did leave Abbeokuta so many days before Ishagga was attacked.

"When Doherty arrived in Abomey he was one chosen to be offered as a human sacrifice. The Imewu interfered to prevent this. He told the king it would be very wrong to offer Doherty as a sacrifice, because there was no doubt he (Doherty) was a British subject, and it might bring ill-feeling between the king and the English; that Doherty ought to be kept till asked for, even though twenty years should pass first."

We are sure that our friends who have already united with us in prayer to Almighty God on behalf of Abbeokuta, will now join with us in praise for His great goodness manifested in this great deliverance.

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*Subscribers and Collectors of one Penny a week are entitled to a copy of this Paper free.*

W. M. Watts, Crown Court, Temp'e Bar.

to that which has been left behind, where, in the cold season, the thermometer is at 44 degrees, with a cloudless sky of pale blue overhead.

The people who are the inhabitants of this tableland are not Hindus, but of the aboriginal races of India, several of whom meet here. The principal race is known to Europeans as the Coles, a name which they never use themselves, as it is, in fact, a term of reproach. "They are an active people, of strong make, slow to learn books, but by no means deficient in common sense, good-tempered, light-hearted, and intensely fond of music and dancing. They live by agriculture, many of them occupying farms of considerable size; and in their large cottages, with stout mud walls, their numerous well-worked rice-baskets and their fat cattle showing signs of possessing substantial wealth." Numbers of them, however, are poor and oppressed.

Their native religion is a simple devil-worship, similar to that which prevails amongst the Shanars of Tinnevely, but the more elaborate idolatry of the Hindus has made considerable progress amongst them.

The way in which Missionary effort was introduced amongst them is interesting. A few German Missionaries, designing to commence a Mission in some land where no effort had as yet been made, were staying in Calcutta. One morning, when taking an early walk, they observed a number of natives of dark complexion clearing the public drains, and on inquiring who these low and degraded people were, they were told that they were Coles from Western Bengal. This led to the commencement of a Mission, the first two brethren reaching the tableland in 1846. They were followed by others, and, as invariably the case in Indian and African Missions, the foundations of the Mission were laid in the death of several of these faithful men. But they persevered: they learned the native tongue, and, after four years, were visited by the first inquirers. Soon baptisms commenced, year by year increasing in number, until, just before the mutiny, the baptized adults numbered between 400 and 500.

Upon this rising work the mutiny broke like a furious hurricane. The Mission buildings were laid waste, the converts hunted from their houses, and, when they hid themselves in the jungles, a price was set upon their heads. The mutineers had resolved on crushing out the British rule and the Christian faith together, and succeeded in putting some of the converts to death, but were arrested in their furious career by the timely arrival of English soldiers. The Missionaries, who, in the first instance, had fled with the English officials, were enabled to return, and resume their duties; and that with so large a measure of blessing, that at the end of 1863 there were in the Mission 3907 baptized converts.

The increase during the last three years has been remarkable. The baptized converts in 1861 were 1900; at the end of 1862, exclusive of those who had died during the year, there were 2685; and at the end of 1863 there were 3907.

But what is especially interesting is, that the increase has been obtained through the zealous efforts of the native church itself. The Missionaries say—"In consequence of the spontaneous activity of the native church, 625 families broke the fetters of heathenism and joined our people in the course of the year.

We regret to find, that, amidst so much that is promising, the Missio-



naries are sadly straitened in pecuniary means. From contributions in India they received last year only 1052 rupees. They say—"Much is before us to do and accomplish, but we have nothing in hand to meet the case." Has the remembrance of the Indian mutiny, its dangers and deliverances, so completely passed away, that Englishmen in India are disposed to give no more for one year's maintenance of this interesting Mission than the small sum of 100?!

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 "NOT NOW."

"*He that had been possessed with the devil, prayed him that he might be with him.*"—MARK V. 18.

Not *now*, my child—a little more rough tossing,
 A little longer on the billows' foam—
 A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness
 And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

Not *now*—for I have wand'ers in the distance,
 And thou must call them in with patient love;
 Not *now*—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
 And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not *now*—for I have lov'd ones sad and wgary,
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile,
 Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow—
 Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not *now*—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
 And thou must teach those widow'd hearts to sing;
 Not *now*—for orphans' tears are thickly falling,
 They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not *now*—for many a hungry one is pining,
 Thy willing hand must be outstretch'd and free;
 Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
 And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not *now*—for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
 And pris'ners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze,
Man's pris'ners, but thy Saviour's noble free-men:
 Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not *now*—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
 And souls are perishing in hopeless sin,—
 Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
 Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in!

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
 And speak that Name in all its living power;
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary,
 Canst thou not *watch with me* one little hour?

One little hour!—and *then* the glorious crowning,
 The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm—
 One little hour!—and then the Hallelujah,
 Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm.

C. P.

Women carrying bread, fruit, or vegetables on their heads add in no small degree to the noise, as well as to the crowd in the bazaars, their shrill cries sounding above every other din. They are not, apparently, thought worthy of keeping shops, but whatever can be borne on the head they may sell; and it makes a greater difference than one who has not seen it would fancy, to see all burdens on the head instead of on the arm or in the hand. At home, a troop of market-women have both hands full, and are usually bent to one side with the weight of a basket on the arm; here they are always erect, and seem incessantly gesticulating with their gracefully-rounded brown arms, (I speak of those who are not arrived at age and decrepitude,) and tinkling their silver bracelets, while huge trays or heavy water-pitchers are skilfully poised on their heads. The greater number have their faces hidden all but the eyes, still a good many of the lowest class are unveiled, or at most have only a corner of their head-veil drawn across the mouth, and held in their teeth while passing along a public place.

Sometimes, in the midst of all the bustle, a wedding-train passes, Moslem weddings being celebrated in the daytime; and a Christian must take care not to get entangled in the train, as this would give offence. The poor little bride, smothered in scarlet shawls strung with jewels, till she looks more like an idol than a human being, staggers along under a silken canopy, while her black-robed female relatives support her on each side, and a large company of both sexes follow with a band of native music.

The variety of races and complexions among the crowds here is at first quite bewildering, but in time the eye learns to distinguish each of the principal ones, at least. These are the Caireen, or Moslem-Egyptian, the Copt, the Nubian, the Arab, the Turk, the negro, the Abyssinian, and the Jew. As to the mixed multitudes of Greeks, Italians, Maltese, and others, they go under the general denomination of Franks, and are, unhappily, too often designated by the natives as the people who drink, and who eat pork. If a fracas takes place, or a drunken man is seen, or a pickpocket apprehended, it is sure to be one of these mis-called Christians.

The most picturesque and remarkable of all the moving figures of the Eastern crowd is, undoubtedly, the Bedouin Arab. Strong, but wiry and slender in frame, graceful in his movements, as he follows his stately camels, or stops to purchase cotton or provisions in the bazaars, his striped abba, or white burnouse, hangs easily in heavy folds over his shoulder, and his dark skin, and prominent features, and keen black eye, all mark the unchanged son of the desert, who belongs not to the city, but passes through it, indifferent to its conveniences and luxuries, and despising its customs like his ancestors.

Such is Cairo. What a busy place; and what a mingled population. This is one of those confluences of tongues and nations, concerning which the Scripture says—"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."



TIDINGS FROM TRAVANCORE.

IN January last our Mission in Travancore was visited by the Bishop of Calcutta, during the course of his metropolitan visitation. On Saturday, the 23d, the capital of this native kingdom, Trevandrum, was reached; and the Bishop was immediately visited, at the house of the British Resident, by the Dewan Madhava Rao, to whose enlightened administration much of the prosperity of Travancore is owing. In the evening the bishop proceeded to visit the Maharajah at his palace. We must, for the information of our readers, give his names in full, as they appear in the Travancore almanac. They are as follows—"His Highness Shree Palmanabah Dausa Vunchee Baula Rama Vurma Kulashagara Kireeda Pati Munnerag Sultan Rama Raja Bahadur Shamsir Jung." Most of these names are intended to ensure to the Prince the special protection of Vishnu. May he be brought to the knowledge of Him who is the true Preserver of all who trust in Him, and thus become, not the servant of Vishnu (Palmanabah Dausa), but the servant of Jesus Christ!

The visit of the bishop was returned on Monday morning by the Maharajah, and the first prince of Travancore. The latter gentleman, being fond of reading, and well acquainted with Sanskrit, conversed with much good sense on the subject of the Sanskrit Professorship at Oxford.

A visit to the Maharajah's school was interesting; the more so, that by his express desire the Bible is freely taught in this school to all the upper classes. Certainly it does seem strange that that should be done by a Hindu prince which is not ventured to be done by the Christian Government of India.

The bishop and his party next proceeded to visit the Church Missionary stations. The first reached was Allepie, where there is a native congregation under the pastoral charge of an ordained Syrian, the Rev. Oomen Mamen. May it become like the lighthouse which the Maharajah has erected at this sea-port, the lamps of which are on the newest and most approved of model, so that the light is visible for twenty-eight miles.

Cottayam was next reached, a place beautiful with vegetation, as rich and tropical as that of Ceylon. Here are two colleges, one of the Church Missionary Society, the other of the Syrian church; the first flourishing and full of pupils, the latter deserted. Besides the college, there is the Cambridge Nicholson Training Institution, where future schoolmasters are trained through the medium of the Malayalam language, by the Syrian clergyman, the Rev. George Matthan.

While the bishop was at Cottayam, some of the slaves, amongst whom Christianity has been making such progress, walked from a considerable distance to hear him preach. They afterwards visited him, and showed by their answers to his questions that they fully understood him. These were until recently the most degraded of the population of Travancore; but they have been emancipated by their Government, and Christianity, having been introduced amongst them, is freeing them from the bonds of sin. Yet even thus, so despised are they by the upper castes, that a Brahmin official, who came to announce the approach of these slave visitors to the bishop, retreated from them with

horror to a distance at least of twenty yards. The improvement, however, which Christianity is accomplishing in their character is becoming so increasingly manifest to the heathen around, that their heathen employers urge them to send their children to the Missionary schools because they learn there to become honest, useful, and good servants.

May the Gospel spread amongst the wooded hills of Travancore, and make glad the heart of the wild Araan and the degraded slave, until the proud Brahmin, the haughty Nair, and the prejudiced Syrian, in the changes which they witness, be compelled to acknowledge the Gospel to be "the power of God to salvation!"

A DAY AMONG CANNIBALS.

(From the "*Missionary Herald*.")

UNDER this heading, recent Sandwich-Island papers publish a narrative of an adventure by a whaler at the Marquesas Islands, which is not only of thrilling interest in itself, but well exhibits, in one aspect, the great advantages which commerce may and does derive from Christian Missions, from the presence and influence among savage tribes of Christian Missionaries. The value of this case, as a testimony to the happy influence of Missions, is certainly not diminished by the fact, that the man who so nobly used all his influence, ready to sacrifice every thing he had, in the effort to save the life of a stranger, was a Missionary, not from England or the United States, but from the Sandwich Islands, himself a fruit of modern Missions. It appears that the American whaleship "Congress," which sailed from New Bedford in June 1863 for the North Pacific, arrived before the harbour of Puamau, on Hivaoa, Marquesas Islands, January 13, and commenced trading with the natives. Mr. Whalon, first officer, went on shore for purposes of traffic, and passed up the valley with a chief, when the natives commenced chasing pigs, and, at the same time, shouting, apparently for the purpose of calling the people, who came "rushing from all parts of the valley, armed with hatchets and knives." The narrative states—

"Mr. Whalon, fearing that they meant no good, proposed to the chief to return to the boat; upon which the latter stepped up to him, suddenly seized his hat and placed it upon his own head. This he thinks was a well-known signal among them, for he was instantly seized by a score of natives, thrown down and stripped naked, his hands and feet bound with ropes, which the chief had in his hands, but which he supposed were intended to tie the pigs.

"The natives then proceeded to tear up his clothes into small pieces, and cut the buttons off, making a distribution among the crowd. After this they paid their attentions to their prisoner by pinching him severely, bending his fingers and thumbs over the backs of his hands, wrenching his nose, and torturing him in every imaginable way. They would strike at his head and limbs with their hatchets, always missing him by a hair's breadth. For about three hours they continued to amuse themselves and torment him in this manner. He supposed this was the custom preparatory to being killed, as it doubtless is. Some of the natives tried to entice the ship's two boats to come to the shore, and Mr. Whalon's

boat-steerer was on the point of landing to find him, when they were warned off by a young Marquesan girl, belonging to the family of the Hawaiian Missionary, Kekela."

This girl had previously tried to warn Mr. Whalon against going inland with the chief, but she could not speak English, and was not understood. One of the Hawaiian Missionaries, whose name he did not learn, having heard of the trouble, now came, but was unable to converse with Mr. Whalon. A German carpenter also soon arrived, and, being unable to procure his release, promised to stay by and do what he could to save him. At night he was put in the house of a chiefess, who had tried in vain to procure his release, and in the morning the natives again assembled, noisy for their victim.

"All his hopes of relief had now fled, and he began to look for death as certain, as the chiefess would soon be called on to release him. About this time, which was early in the morning, the German, hearing the natives speaking of the arrival of the Hawaiian Missionaries, Mr. Kekela and wife, in the neighbourhood, despatched the other Hawaiian for him; and the natives, finding that Kekela had been sent for, hastily untied the hands and feet of their prisoner.

"Kekela and his wife are Hawaiian Missionaries, sent out from the Sandwich Islands, and supported by the Hawaiians. They live in a neighbouring valley, but, at the time of the capture of Mr. Whalon, were on a visit to another island. Kekela soon arrived, with the chief under whose protection he lives, and instantly commenced remonstrating with the natives for their inhuman treatment, and besought them to release him. They demanded a ransom, and, after a council among themselves, decided to release him for a whaleboat and six oars, upon which Kekela told them to take his boat. At this offer, however, Kekela's chief demurred, as this would deprive their settlement of their only boat. The discussion now waxed warm between the two chiefs, during which Kekela declared that he was ready to give up any thing and every thing he possessed, if he could but save the foreigner's life; an instance of disinterested philanthropy, which the annals of Missions cannot surpass. After some further parley it was agreed to give a musket and some other trade in exchange for Mr. Whalon, which was immediately done, and he was led beyond the boundary which separated the domain of the two chiefs."

Mr. Whalon was now taken to the house of Kekela, and was "astonished to find a pleasant, airy cottage, furnished in a neat and tasty manner, much after the style of a New-England farm-house, surrounded by a garden, where flowers, trees, and vegetables grew abundantly."

"Mr. Kekela assured Mr. Whalon that, had the natives demanded all he had, he should have given it to release him. In conversation with Kekela regarding the progress which Christianity was making among the people, Kekela stated it as his opinion that his efforts among the adults were not encouraging, but that among the youth he had promise of great success, having now forty regular attendants on divine worship on the Sabbath. Mr. Whalon bears testimony to the upright Christian character of Kekela and wife, and of the great influence which they have over the natives in their settlement. Kekela is a most industrious man, thus setting a worthy example to the islanders.

"Mr. Whalon's emotions on reaching the ship can better be imagined than described. He had been rescued from the savages and returned to his vessel through the efforts of a native Hawaiian, a stranger, who had been prompted to act in his behalf by the teachings of the Christian religion, of which he gave the most exemplary evidence. During twenty-three years' voyaging around the world, he says he has never passed through a more eventful cruise than this one, nor anywhere met with strangers who have won his gratitude and affection as these humble Hawaiian Missionaries, living on the Island of Hivaoa, to whose efforts alone he owes his life. Nothing that he could give to them could cancel the debt he owes, and he says, whenever Kekela stands in need, let him know, and he shall share with him. Of course both Captain Stranburg and Mr. Whalon rewarded Kekela and his chief with such gifts as they had at their disposal, and they returned to the shore.

"Speaking of Mrs. Kekela, Mr. Whalon said he was surprised to find a native Polynesian so courteous, kind, and polite, and so well educated. Her manner and conduct at all times were lady-like. It is the best commentary on the transforming power of religion. Kekela and his wife could speak broken English just enough to be understood, and supplied all his wants.

"After Mr. Whalon had been released, and escaped to Kekela's house, he inquired the cause of his seizure by the natives, and learned that it was done out of revenge for the kidnapping of Marquesans by the Peruvians, who had stolen a cargo of men and women from this and the neighbouring islands. Some of these kidnapped natives had been returned by the Peruvian Government, but many had died on the passage to or from Peru, while others had had various diseases, including the small-pox, which they brought back to the group, and it was spreading over the islands. The Marquesans were so incensed with these outrages of the Peruvians, that they took vengeance on any foreigners that might fall into their power, regardless as to who they were."

THE HEAVENLY MARINER.

Through tribulations deep
The way to glory is;
This stormy course I keep
On these tempestuous seas;
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
Freighted with grace, and bound for heav'n.

Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blustering winds and surging waves.

When I, in my distress,
My anchor, Hope, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast.
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

If a dead calm ensues,
 And there's no breeze from heav'n,
 The oar of prayer I use,
 Till better times are giv'n;
 And strive and toil for many a day,
 Although I make but little way.

But when a prosp'rous breeze
 Springs up and fills my sail,
 My vessel goes with ease
 Before the pleasant gale;
 And runs as much an hour or more
 As in a month or two before.

Hid by the clouds from sight
 The sun doth not appear;
 Nor can I in the night
 See aught my soul to cheer;
 But though I cannot see, I know
 He's near, and will not let me go.

As at the time of noon
 My quadrant, Faith, I take,
 To view my Christ, my Sun,
 If He the clouds should break.
 I'm happy when his face I see,
 I know then whereabouts I be.

Ere I reach heaven's coast
 I must a gulf pass through;
 What if my soul were lost
 When I this passage go?
 But no, death's waves can't overwhelm,
 When my great Lord is at the helm.

This gulf once safely past,
 Though rough it is, but short,
 I shall be home at last,
 Safe anchor'd in the port.
 Once landed on that happy shore,
 My bark shall cross the sea no more.

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DEATH OF MAR ELIAS, THE NESTORIAN BISHOP.

THE venerable Mar Elias has entered into rest. He fell asleep in Jesus December 6th, Sabbath morning. He was more than eighty years of age, and, until within a week of his death, remarkable for his vigour, walking on foot to town to attend the monthly concert, a distance of five miles, and visiting to the last, as he had done for many years, the villages of his diocese. He was seriously ill but three days. His mind was clear; and, though greatly prostrated, and his words few, what he said showed the ruling passion strong in death—"God's word," "God's work." When the young men, now God's standard-bearers in the village, asked for his dying charge, it was—"See to it that ye hold fast to God's word;" a charge deeply solemn and impressive, coming as it did from the lips of one who, for so many years, had made that word his staff and constant song.

An immense concourse gathered from the surrounding country, far and near, to do honour to his memory. Dr. Perkins preached from the text, "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." The services of that day will be long remembered for their deep solemnity. As the people bore him to the grave, and now and then halted to sing a plaintive strain, or chant a psalm, a well-known book lay upon his bosom. It was "Green Pastures," issued from our press many years ago; a book which holds a place second only to the Bible in the homes of many pious Nestorians."

While our good old bishop was not an educated man—his knowledge in books extending little beyond the word of God—and had but ordinary intellectual ability, he was still one of the most deeply interesting characters among the Nestorians. There is no name among them that will be more fragrant, none that deserves a more honoured place in the annals of his church.

His vow of entire consecration to the service of God, when about forty years of age; the singularity of his position here thirty years ago—devout, spiritual, God-fearing, and active, when a deep night hung over his whole people—like a lofty pillar, or mountain beacon, whose summit had caught the first beams of the sun, which was soon to flood all below with its glory; his prophetic anticipation of the coming of Missionaries; his joy in welcoming them; his peculiar attachment to them and their families; his true-hearted devotion to them as God's ministers, and to their work, through a long series of years and through all kinds of vicissitudes; the charming simplicity and guilelessness of his character—open and ingenuous as a child; (starting suddenly from his seat one morning, just as we were about to sing at family worship, and crossing the room, he whispered, "Won't you sing this morning, 'On the Cross,' I think it is very beautiful;") his wonderful love for the word of God, making it his meditation by day and by night, not able to pass two or three hours consecutively without drinking from this well-spring of life; (how often have I seen him searching restlessly about the room for a Syriac Testament, as if he was famishing with spiritual hunger, while his own Bible illustrated this characteristic, so full of marks indicating those noted passages which had been to him Gileads, and Bethels, and Ebenezers, as he travelled on to the city of God;) the childlike gentleness of his character, though, when stirred in God's behalf, he showed a lion-hearted courage, tearing down the pictures and images which papal hands had stealthily hung on the walls of his church, and pitching them indignantly from the door; his love of sound doctrine, holding forth the word of life in his humble way, always and everywhere, his face never so full of spiritual light as when he would come in and rehearse a conversation he had just had with some Mussulman friend, to whom he had opened the Scriptures, and talked of the kingdom yet to fill the whole earth—the brotherhood of all races—the one flock and the one Shepherd; his suffering, silent patience—that of a gentle, sensitive nature, in a land of cruel wrong, under heavy burdens, borne uncomplainingly for many years; his wonderful spirituality, all things earthly being but the types of the heavenly—the one, by resemblance or contrast, constantly suggesting the other, so that he could not be reminded that he was late to tea without the

quick reply, "May I not be late at the marriage supper of the Lamb," or "Jesus will gather us all in, in season;"—all these traits of singular and Christ-like beauty combined to make a character which, in this weary land, was a constant rest to the toil-worn Missionary—an influence for good, silently but continually streaming forth into the darkness of spiritual death hanging over the people. God, who accurately weighs all men and means, only knows how much his cause and kingdom in Persia has been advanced by the true-hearted, firm support of Mar Elias, than whom the Nestorian church never had a more devout, spiritual, and evangelical bishop.

Having lived a long life, beautiful and redolent with the grace of Christ, he was gathered, like a shock of corn fully ripe, to the innumerable company of holy men, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. He sleeps in the shadow of the church he so much loved; and there is no one of the hundreds passing and repassing through that door that will not bless his name and memory. For the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.—*American Missionary Herald*.

THE UMBEYLA FORCE.

SOME few months back, a British military force was engaged in a struggle with the Eusufzaies, a Pathan tribe on the north-west frontier of the Punjab. Other tribes sympathized with them, such as the inhabitants of the Swat valley, &c., and at one time it seemed as though the whole of these mountain clans were about to rise up against us in one powerful combination. Happily, however, the danger was averted. Decisive action on our part, although not without considerable loss of life, brought on a favourable crisis, and the tribes were led to sue for peace.

But it is well to record the God-fearing spirit in which these operations were carried on. The Rev. W. G. Cowie, Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta, who acted as Chaplain to the Forces, has communicated some interesting facts to the editor of the "Calcutta Christian Intelligencer." He has forwarded two letters "which were circulated amongst the officers, and read to the European troops, of the Eusufzie Field Force in November and December last. They were written by Colonel Reynell Taylor, C.B., the Bayard of the Punjab, and met with a hearty response from the majority of those to whom they were addressed.

"The first was circulated on Sunday, the 20th of November 1863, when the force was on the defensive at the head of the Umbeyla Pass, waiting for reinforcements, two days before Mr. Cowie joined. Up to that time, the late Rev. Isidor Loewenthal, the learned and excellent Missionary to the Affghans, had kindly and most efficiently acted as chaplain of the column. On Sundays, when possible, he had read the service of the Church of England for the 101st Fusiliers, and held a Presbyterian service for the 71st Highlanders. Colonel Taylor's second letter was circulated amongst the officers of the column on Christmas day, the day after our return to the plains, and was read to the troops at church parade on the following Sunday, 27th December.

THE WAHABEES.

THERE is considerable uneasiness to be traced at the present time throughout the vast body of Mohammedanism, showing that it has not altogether lost that ancient virulence which made it for centuries the scourge of the nations. Like water in a pot, under which fire has been kindled, it



AN AFRICAN WAHABEE AND OFFICIAL.

appears to seethe, and ever and anon, as it boils over, scalding drops fall in different directions. Some years ago there was an *emeute* on the Arabian coast; then we had the mutiny in India, no doubt in a great degree promoted by Mohammedans; more recently we have had a war with Mohammedan tribes on our north-west frontier beyond the Indus, the focus of disaffection being in the fanatic colony of Sitana. The people of this place are the remnant of the followers of an extraordinary adventurer named Syud Ahmed, who, gathering a handful of warlike devotees from various parts of India, raised a rebellion in Peshawur, and for a time possessed himself of it, but was eventually defeated and slain by Sheer Singh, the son of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh. Most of his followers dispersed, and the remainder settled at Sitana. These people disquiet and arouse the bigotry of the Mohammedan tribes around, and intrigue with Wahabees and such like fanatic religionists in various parts of India; and it appears now that there is a knot of malcontents at Patna, who are in sympathy and communication with them.

Again, in North Africa the Arab tribes, under some secret impulse, are in insurrection, and causing much trouble to the French and other authorities along that coast. And, finally, the most tolerant of the Mohammedan powers, that of Constantinople, which has been prevented from falling to pieces only by the aid of the Western nations, has just violated its own solemn undertaking that there should be no persecution for religious opinions in Turkey, by shutting up the rooms of the Protestant Missionaries, confiscating their books, and placing in prison the Turkish converts, from whence, at the date of the last despatches, they had not been liberated. That Government also proposes to restrict the action of the Missionaries by prohibiting every thing like aggressive movements, and especially all controversy on the subject of the Mohammedan religion. Certainly all unbecoming and irritating controversy is to be deprecated; but it need not be forbidden, for the Missionaries have never used it; but open, candid, fair, discussion, this must be left free, for otherwise, in the presence of Mohammedanism, Christianity cannot be taught at all: for Mohammedanism was from the first a direct attack on Christianity, which it affirmed to be only an inferior and preliminary arrangement, intended to introduce the superior and final dispensation of Mohammedanism; and therefore Christianity, in the presence of Mohammedanism, is at once put on the defensive, and if it may not defend itself, it is virtually silenced.

It is manifest, therefore, that there is a world-wide fermentation on Mohammedanism, and we believe that it may in a great measure be traced to the action of the Wahabees, a Mohammedan sect, whose place of political power ranges across the Arabian peninsula, eastward from Mecca, toward the shores of the Persian gulf. Along this belt of upland country are large cities, with populations so fiercely fanatical, that to be recognised as a Christian is to the traveller certain death. Here is the empire of the Wahabees. Of their origin and peculiar opinions we shall speak further in another paper.

MADAGASCAR.

SINCE the death of the persecuting Queen Ranavalona, this country has passed through several unexpected changes.

The Queen was succeeded by her son Radama, of whom Mr. Ellis spoke so hopefully in his "Narrative of Visits to Madagascar, 1853—1856." During his sojourn at the capital, the Prince frequently conversed with him, and Mr. Ellis was thus led to entertain favourable opinions of his understanding and capacity, of the humanity of his feelings, and of his anxiety for the welfare and prosperity of his people. One fact related concerning him is deeply interesting. Just before Mr. Ellis arrived at the capital, an attempt had been made upon the Prince's life. One of the idol-keepers concealed himself in the narrow way where the Prince was expected to pass, and made a thrust so near him that the Prince either seized or dashed the weapon aside with his own hands; but when his attendants would have put the man to death, he interposed, saying, "God is the sovereign of life. He has preserved my life, and it is not necessary for its continued preservation that I should destroy the life of this man. Let him live, but be sent away."

His accession, therefore, was hailed with delight, while the removal of all penalties which, under the previous reign, attached to the teaching and profession of Christianity, augured well for the future. But all these expectations were grievously disappointed. However favourably disposed towards the Christians, he was not himself a Christian. There were irregular passions which he had not learnt to subdue. The adulation he met with gave them rapid development. Unable to govern himself, it soon appeared that he was unfit to govern his kingdom. Such, as it is stated, are the causes which led to his dethronement, and, as it is generally supposed, violent death.

His wife was chosen as Queen, but with modified powers. The sovereign is to be no longer absolute, or to be alone the law, but the nobles and heads of the people, with the sovereign, are to make laws. Under the new Government, there is no impediment offered or allowed to the free action of Christianity, and the native population are free, if so disposed, to receive and profess it, and persuade others of their countrymen to do the same. Hence the Gospel is spreading. The five chapels "are crowded every Sunday, while two more are being erected. Both adults and children are eager for knowledge," and the village populations in the vicinity of Antananarivo appear ready to receive instruction. One of the Missionaries speaks of a new chapel recently opened, built of clay, the walls two feet thick and eleven feet high; the roof made of rushes, and the size of the interior fifty-nine feet by forty, the structure being spacious, clean, light, and comfortable. On the Lord's-day on which it was opened the number of persons was counted as they went out, and they were found to be 1500.

On Christmas-day there was at the capital an imposing spectacle. In a natural amphitheatre in the heart of the city, "no less than 7000 Christians were assembled. Some were standing, or leisurely walking to and fro; others sitting under umbrageous and fruit-bearing fig-trees. Fathers and mothers, with their children, were there, young men

and maidens, pastors and their spiritual flocks, all in their holiday attire." Being formed in procession, they came, marching four abreast, to the palace. "Amongst the front ranks were civil and military officers of 13th and 14th honours, officers of the palace, as well as others of lower rank, mingled with pastors, preachers, and followed by the whole body of Christians." Arriving on the ground before the palace, they formed themselves in front of the balustrade, within which the royal seat was placed, and hearty were the greetings when the Queen came forth from her palace, and took her seat. On her left were the members of the royal family and officers; on the right, the ladies in waiting, the ministers and members of the Government. After the singing of the national anthem and of a hymn imploring a blessing on the Queen, an officer, advancing to the front, tendered to the sovereign the salutations of the Christians, and presented the customary *hasina*; after which "Rainimamonjisoa, an intelligent, gifted, and influential officer, who is also aide-de-camp to the Prime Minister, stood forward, and, in the name of his fellow-Christians, addressed the Queen with much readiness and force, assuring Her Majesty of their loyalty, and gratitude for their privileges, of their devotedness to the Government, and earnest desires to promote the welfare of all classes. The Queen made a short and approving reply, and, by gestures, as well as words, assured the vast assembly of the satisfaction which their presence and declarations of attachment had afforded." The Christians having again sung the national anthem, the Queen re-entered the palace amid their cordial greetings, and the assembly broke up.

SYSTEMATIC PRAYER AND EFFORT.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions, in consequence of the civil war and the drain upon the resources of the country, is in danger of a heavy deficit to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. In these circumstances it has issued an appeal, asking for increased contributions. This has drawn forth the following letter, which is well worthy of perusal. We are persuaded that it indicates the true resource under like circumstances.—"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Such prayer from a few would bring down a blessing on the many, and thus refreshed and fertilized, the churches would yield the more abundantly. Let us urge upon our readers the desirableness of systematic prayer: it would lead to systematic beneficence, such as the Apostle Paul recommends when he says—"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him. The letter is as follows—

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find — dollars for the American Board. I had a strong desire to remit this sum long before, but was not able. By avoiding all superfluities, and even some necessities of life, I am enabled now and then to send you my mite, and in practising this self-denial for my Master and Saviour, I feel myself abundantly blessed.

"For several years my mind has been deeply impressed with the importance of three things that must be more widely promoted and cultivated in all the churches, viz. Self-denial, Systematic Prayer, and Systematic Beneficence. When these graces shall be more fully developed in the habits and practice of ministers and churches, the treasury of your Board will always be kept full; and the operations of the Board's Missions will not only be sustained on the present scale from year to year, but will be more and more enlarged and extended.

"In regard to self-denial, Christians must learn to practise this in conformity with the precepts and example of their divine Master. In regard to systematic prayer, it is most needful and valuable. I know a minister who, some years ago, adopted a plan of prayer in which he wrote down seven objects that he resolved to pray for on the seven mornings of the week, in his closet, another class of objects for the seven evenings in the week, and, during the last three years or more, another class of seven objects for the seven mid-day seasons. 'Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud, and He shall hear my voice.' Thursday mornings his object was, the more rapid progress of Christian Missions through the world; and on Saturdays he would pray for the several Missions of the American Board. He would take one in the morning, another at noon, and a third in the evening; resolving, if possible, that nothing should hinder or unfit him for the duty. In doing this, he would pray for every Missionary and his wife employed in a certain Mission; for every native pastor, teacher, catechist, colporteur, and helper; for all the native churches, and for every church officer and church member, male and female; for all their dayschools, academies, and colleges, and for all the children and youth educated in them; and he declared that he enjoyed so much of the presence of God's Spirit, that it was literally a little heaven to his soul. This is systematic or set prayer, for set objects, at set times. Now if every minister and pastor over the churches connected with the Board would do this, how much would it cultivate and deepen their personal piety, spirituality, and usefulness. And further, in this way they would be stimulated to cultivate a habit of love for systematic prayer among all the members of their churches. And what pastors and churches would do at home, the Missionaries and their churches might do abroad; and thus there would come to be a general and united concert of prayer, not merely once a year, on the first week in January, but from week to week, and from day to day. What a beautiful practical comment would this be on Psalm lxxii. 15—'Prayer also shall be made for Him continually; and daily shall He be praised.' Moreover, when such a plan of systematic prayer is adopted, systematic beneficence will naturally and easily follow. The two things will admirably work hand in hand together. May our Heavenly Father hasten the accomplishment of all this in due time!"

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 DR. KING, THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY AT ATHENS, ADMINISTERING THE LORD'S SUPPER TO THE KING OF GREECE.

LAST week an event transpired which was to me most unexpected. The King sent for me to administer the communion to him in the palace it being the Easter week of the Greeks.

Early on Friday morning, May 13, the marshal of the palace called on me, mentioned the desire of the King, and asked if I would be willing to perform the service. Though I was still feeble in health, and had fears lest I should not be able to perform it without serious injury, I thought it my duty to give my answer in the affirmative. The next morning, at half-past ten, the King's carriage was sent for me, and took me to the palace, where I performed the service in his chapel.

Two or three minutes after my arrival the King entered, and, as I bowed to him, he came and gave me his hand in a cordial manner. He was arrayed in his royal attire, accompanied by the marshal of the palace, and his Danish aid in uniform. His counsellor, Count Sponnek, and Professor Koeppen, his teacher, were also present.

The King and the others being seated, I stood in front of the altar, and made an address, appropriate to the occasion, of about half an hour. To this they all gave the strictest attention, and, during a part of it, the King seemed to be moved even to tears. After the address, I used the consecration prayer, when the King came and knelt down on the step before the altar, just below where I stood. The others who were to receive the communion also came and knelt on his left, and I gave them the bread; after which I took the cup and gave thanks, they still kneeling, then gave them the wine, and concluded with the benediction. The King then arose, gave his hand in the most cordial manner, and retired from the chapel. The others did the same, and retired with him.

His carriage was in waiting for me at the door of the palace, and conveyed me back to my dwelling. I was enabled to go and come, and perform the service, without the slightest inconvenience or injury to my health. It seemed as if God had helped and strengthened me for the performance of what I considered an important duty.

*American Missionary Herald.*

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### THE HARVEST HOME.

“That both he that soweth, and he that reapeth may rejoice together.”—John iv. 36.

FROM the far off fields of earthly toil  
 A goodly host they come,  
 And sounds of music are on the air,—  
 'Tis the song of the Harvest-home.  
 The weariness and the weeping—  
 The darkness has all passed by,  
 And a glorious sun has risen—  
 The Sun of Eternity!

We've seen those faces in days of yore,  
 When the dust was on their brow,  
 And the scalding tear upon their cheek:  
 Let us look at the labourers now!  
 We think of the life-long sorrow,  
 And the wilderness days of care;  
 We try to trace the tear-drops,  
 But no scars of grief are there.

There's a mystery of soul-chasten'd joy  
 Lit up with sunlight hues,  
 Like morning flowers most beautiful,  
 When wet with midnight dews.  
 There are depths of earnest meaning  
 In each true and trustful gaze,  
 Telling of wondrous lessons  
 Learnt in their pilgrim days.

They've seen the safely garner'd sheaves,  
 And the song has been passing sweet,  
 Which welcomed the last in-coming one  
 Laid down at their Saviour's feet.  
 Oh! well does his heart remember,  
 As those notes of praise sweep by,  
 The yearning, plaintive music  
 Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does *He* know each chequer'd tale,  
 As he looks on the joyous band—  
 All the lights and shadows that cross'd their path,  
 In the distant pilgrim land;—  
 The heart's unspoken anguish—  
 The bitter sighs and tears—  
 The long, long hours of watching—  
 The changeful hopes and fears!

*One* had climb'd the rugged mountain-side;  
 'Twas a bleak and wintry day;  
 The tempest had scatter'd his precious seed,  
 And he wept as he turn'd away.  
 But a stranger-hand had water'd  
 That seed on a distant shore,  
 And the labourers now are meeting,  
 Who never had met before.

And *one*—he had toil'd amid burning sands,  
 When the scorching sun was high:  
 He had grasp'd the plough with a fever'd hand,  
 And then laid him down to die:  
 But another, and yet another,  
 Had fill'd that deserted field,  
 Nor vainly the seed they scatter'd,  
 Where a brother's care had till'd.

Some with eager step went boldly forth,  
 Broad casting o'er the land;  
 Some water'd the scarcely budding blade,  
 With a tender, gentle hand.  
 There's *one*—her young life was blighted,  
 By the withering touch of woe;  
 Her days were sad and weary,  
 And she never went forth to sow;

But there rose from her lonely couch of pain,  
 The fervent, pleading prayer;  
 She looks on many a radiant brow,  
 And she reads the answers there!



Yes! sowers and reapers are meeting;  
A rejoicing host they come!  
Will you join the echoing chorus?—  
'Tis the song of the Harvest-home!

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LEPER ASYLUM.

FOR those afflicted persons who are the victims of the modern leprosy, or Lazarus sickness, asylums have been formed, under the care of the British Government, at the Cape of Good Hope colony and at Calcutta: besides we know not where else; and if any of our readers have any information to give us on this subject we should gladly receive it.

In the Cape colony the hospital for lepers was first formed at Hemel en Aarde, about twelve miles from Calcedon, and a short distance from the sea. It was in 1824, under the administration of Lord C. H. Somerset, that this humane measure was adopted, and at his request a Moravian Missionary and his wife stationed themselves at the hospital to care for the souls of these poor people. In 1846 the hospital was removed to Robbin Island, Table Bay, where it remains, the United Brethren continuing to supply the pastors. We do not think the change of locality to be for the better. The aspect of the island is one of extreme sterility; and there the lepers are isolated, with nothing around to divert their thoughts from themselves and their sickness. These creatures want something cheerful around them; whereas there is only what is calculated to depress and harden the feelings. In a sick room, which the patient never leaves, feeling hearts and tender hands will introduce flowers and whatever may be culled of what is bright and pleasant from without; and we are inclined to think that what is cheerful and pleasant in nature is more congenial with the Gospel than what is harsh and gloomy.

The last report from Robbin Island which we have seen (June 1863) is not encouraging; and the Missionary laments that the tone of feeling which prevails is not such as might be expected from those who, for the most part, have but a short time to live. Grants having been made for new buildings, there is no prospect that the establishment will be removed to the mainland.

At Calcutta there is also a leper asylum, and to the poor sufferers within its walls the attention of our Church Missionaries have now for some years been very earnestly directed, and, we rejoice to say, with much of happy result. In the year 1861 seven of them were brought into the Christian fold, and in the next year seven more—six Hindus and one Mussulman. The conversion of the latter was particularly interesting. Two years previously he had been in the Medical College hospital, where also there happened to be one of our Christian boys. This poor child used to go to the bedside of

the Mussulman to read the Bible to him, in his simple way endeavouring to lead him to Christ. After a while the boy died; but his works followed him. The Mohammedan could not forget what he had heard from his lips, and for two years continued to study the Bible without any human teacher. The result was his being brought as a poor sinner to Jesus for mercy; and he became the fourteenth convert from among the lepers, who, by baptism, made public profession of faith in Christ.

Our readers will now be prepared for the following very interesting report of what has been accomplished during the year. The Rev. J. Vaughan states—

The Lord's work amongst the poor sufferers here has steadily progressed. No one can visit and talk with the converts without a conviction that it is his work truly. They display now and then weakness of character, but it is evident that the root of the matter is in them. Some months ago I opened a school amongst them. A number at once commenced to learn; and now several can read who before did not know a letter. This acquisition is a gracious boon to them; for, as they have no fixed duties, their life is one dreary monotony. If they have no mental employment, they can but sit and watch the progress of that loathsome disease which, sooner or later, must destroy them. Reading, therefore, is to them a great relief. I have also furnished them with a library containing religious and other interesting books.

The library is placed by the cot of poor Daud: he can never leave his bed, hence it was needful that the books should be within his reach. This young man is a very happy and really intelligent Christian. He has got a little desk attached to his bed; and there he spends his day, now reading his Bible, now studying a commentary, now perusing a biography. He also dots down his reflections on paper, and amuses himself with writing Christian hymns.

Once in the day he conducts the devotions of his brethren: he imparts to them instruction, watches over their deportment, and is, to all practical purposes, as their pastor.

It is very pleasing to note the rise in the moral standard of the converts. An illustration occurred the other day. I announced my intention of giving them the Lord's Supper on the following Sabbath. The intelligence gave them joy, for this ordinance is to them a matter of great solemnity and importance. Presently two or three, with anxious faces, began to whisper to Daud. He explained this circumstance by telling me that one of their number, the last baptized, had been guilty of falsehood, and they thought he ought to be excluded from the communion. The erring brother was present. He, with great simplicity, admitted that he had, in a trifling matter, prevaricated; but he said he could not see that to be such a grave offence as they represented. Who that knows the universality of this vice among heathen will much wonder at a new convert taking such a view? I spoke to him seriously, and requested the rest to use their efforts to bring him to a better mind. The matter of communicating was left an open question.

On the Sunday, when all had come together, I appealed to Abhilash, inquiring his present view. The poor man, in a most simple and humble spirit, admitted that he had obtained better light; that he now saw that he had committed a grievous sin against God, and stated that he had with contrition implored his pardon. His brethren expressed themselves satisfied, and so he partook of the sacred rite with them.

During the year four have been baptized—one woman and three men. The case of one of the men is remarkable. Four years ago, when I began the visitation of the asylum, this man showed considerable attention. His interest increased, and at length he confessed his faith in Christ. I hoped he would seal that confession speedily by baptism. This was not the case. Months and years passed over, yet he lingered; one after another of his friends joined the Christian ward, yet Attaram hesitated. I greatly feared for him. Still his conscience remained tender; this gave me hope. He always looked wretched, and it was evident the Spirit had not left him. Within the last few weeks he has broken through his reluctance. I found him one day sitting by Daud's bed. He said he dared not delay any longer: he felt he had sinned greatly against God by hesitating so long. He declared he felt himself the greatest sinner on earth, and only hoped for mercy through the merits of Jesus. On the following day he was baptized.

May He who of old said to the leper, "I will: be thou clean," continue to bless the labours of his servants, and cleanse many of these poor sufferers from the leprosy of sin, that when death comes it may be to them a happy liberation from a diseased body to the presence of their God and Saviour!

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#### THE ORPHANAGE AT SECUNDRA, AGRA.

In 1838-39 there occurred in the North-west Provinces of India a fearful famine, so fearful, that in six months no less than 14,000 persons died in the hospital of our Relief Society at Agra. Hundreds of children were left not only orphans, but entirely destitute. Some of them were collected together at Agra. The difficulty was, where to lodge them. At length a house was found where least it would have been expected. At Secundra, a little distance from the city, and near the tomb of the great Akbar, two large tombs were converted into homes, the one for boys and the other for girls. As the children grew up to man's estate, the Christian village was formed round the tomb, and by degrees there grew up, as the means of support to the Christian families, a printing press, which became the largest printing press in India. In 1842 a church was built through the contributions of friends.

Such was the state of things when the mutiny of 1857 broke out; and the native Christians, with their wives and children, fled with the other Europeans to the Fort of Agra, a formidable place, standing, with its huge tower-bastions of red sandstone, on an elevated position. Here they proved to be of great use, for the Hindu and

Mohammedan servants having fled, they were enabled to supply their place. Some baked the bread, some had charge of the guns, some were set over the workmen, and others were employed as servants. They were far more useful than the heathen servants could have been, for they were Christians, and could be trusted. Allahabad having been made the seat of government for the North-western Provinces, these native Christians have been transferred thither, where they are employed upon the Government printing-press.

But Secundra is again an orphanage. Three years after the mutiny there came upon the very districts where it had raged, and where so much blood had been shed, another fearful famine. Again, as its result, orphans in great numbers were left destitute; and again many of them have been gathered into the old premises at Secundra. Some of the printers who had gone to Allahabad having offered to return to Secundra, and setting up a printing press at their own cost and risk, to give employment to as many as they could, their offer has been accepted, and now the events of the past are being acted over again.

What the orphans are when they come into our hands, our Missionary, the Rev. C. T. Hoernle, informs us—

Our orphans are, with few exceptions, from the lower grades of the Indian population. How low the condition of the Hindu villagers is, our friends in Europe cannot form the remotest idea. It is only by itinerating a good deal in the cold season that the Missionary learns something of it. It is far below the condition of the villagers in the remote districts of Europe. Many of them are very little exalted in their aspirations above those savages in East Africa, of whom it is related that a Missionary, after speaking to a number of them of heavenly things, asked the most thoughtful of his listeners what he would now desire, and received the answer, that "lying with his friends round a large fire surrounded with full flesh-pots" was the highest and dearest wish of his heart. The desires of these poor villagers rise indeed little higher than their mere animal existence. Their language, too, is vulgar in the extreme, although to the Missionary the worst part of it remains fortunately unintelligible.

Our friends must try to stoop down a little into these dark and low places of India, from which their *protégés* have been rescued in this and other nurseries. They must be followers of the lowly Jesus in this respect also. And who stoops so low as He did?

They ought also to see these orphans when they arrive here; some, especially the smaller ones, having often no covering except dirt, others a few filthy rags, which are burnt as soon as the barber and the bath have done their work and made them fit for clean clothes,

But these dark sides of the picture ought to be relieved by some bright features. And there are indeed some beautiful sights, which our friends would greatly enjoy; such as seeing them sitting in long rows at their meals, with their new brass plates before them, and waiting till they are all filled, and till one of them has said the blessing, in which the poor

are always remembered, then enjoying their simple food with a good appetite.

Another bright picture is to see the double line of our girls, in their simple but clean dresses, winding along slowly to our little church at the sound of the gong, and the boys to the same destination from another direction.

But brightest of all is the sight, when they are bowed down before the throne of grace, repeating the responses with apparent earnestness, and also singing with a heartiness which is almost too much for European ears to hear.

In July last the Orphanage was visited with the scourge of the cholera, nor did it depart until it had swept away twenty-nine of the orphans.



#### MISSIONARY EFFORT ON THE YANG-TSZE.

A MISSIONARY from Canton writes—

Our monthly concert last evening was unusually interesting, principally on account of the report of Rev. J. Cox, Missionary from Hankow. He has been there more than a year, and, in the face of many difficulties, commenced a station for his Society, and opened a chapel, in which there is now constant preaching of the Gospel, unmolested. He has also travelled several hundred miles to the south of Hankow, on the usual route to Canton, and a considerable distance west of Hankow, up the Yang-tsze river. In several places he found a strong antipathy towards foreigners, arising from the strange proceedings of Roman-Catholic priests. In not a few places they had seized land on which to build their churches, without any payment for it, alleging that it was to indemnify them for persecutions and confiscations of the property of their native converts, 150 years ago. The present generation of Chinese, knowing nothing of the truth of such assertions, denounce such seizures of their land as downright injustice. A large parcel of ground in Canton, formerly used as the site of the Governor's palace, which was burnt in 1857, has been taken by the French Roman-Catholic priests under the same pretext, and a large cathedral, with the usual accompanying buildings, is now going up. God's blessing surely will not rest on a cause which is carried on by injustice, and its foundations laid in robbery. I am thankful that all the Protestant chapels in Canton, and all the preaching rooms, stand on ground rightfully leased or bought from the native owners. Hankow is a most inviting Mission field, the central city for a large traffic, and visited by many travellers from Northern and Western China.



## THE GALLA TRIBES.

From South Central Africa these tribes broke like a flood upon the empire of Abyssinia, then weakened by its wars with Mohammedan Arabs, and swallowed up large portions of it. Vestiges of the former extent of this empire are to be found in the isolated portions of Chris-



CAIRINE LADY WAITED UPON BY A GALLA SLAVE-GIRL.

tian tribes, which, like mountain peaks amidst a surrounding deluge, maintain a precarious independence amongst the Gallas.

During the present century the tide of victory has been on the whole in favour of the Abyssinians, portions of the alienated countries having been recovered. But constant depredations are going forward. Now the Gallas break in with a bloody raid, and waste the land; then the Abyssinians, collecting their forces, exact a fearful retribution, and bring back many slaves, which, sold from one master to another, drift down, some of them, as far as Cairo, and become attendants in the harems of the wealthy.

The reaction of the Abyssinians against the Gallas is to be ascribed to the feuds and divisions amongst the Galla tribes themselves, which have weakened their power, and enabled the Abyssinians, weak as they are, to assume the offensive.

The Galla is tall and athletic. His manly figure is wrapped in a toga, while his savage, wild, and fiery features are rendered still more ferocious by thick bushy hair, streaming over his shoulders in long raven plaits. He delights in grease and butter, and, when about to set forth on some raid, applies them unsparingly. Then, mounted on his horse, with which he seems to form a part, with spear, sword, and buckler, he scours the grassy savannahs which he has wrested from the Abyssinian.

The Gallas possess the finest breed of horses in Ethiopia. They are a pastoral people, and abound in flocks and herds. Their climate is fine, and their soil rich and well watered. Whilst the women tend the sheep and oxen in the field, the men plough, and sow, and reap. The Galla females are remarkable for their beauty. They wear a short leathern petticoat, embroidered with a flounce of white cowry shells, and clasped round the waist by a zone of coloured beads. To this the wealthier classes add a flowing cotton robe. The hair is braided in a number of small tresses, which fall over the shoulders after the manner of ancient Egyptians.

Their cabins are thatched and conically shaped. They are grouped in clusters, and are surrounded by a stone wall, to guard against surprise.

Portions of the Gallas have been proselytized to Mohammedanism; but the great mass of the tribes remains heathen. Their religion appears to be a kind of demon worship. Sacrifices are made of goats, and they burn the fat, caul, and entrails, from which the priest divines whether the warriors will be successful or otherwise in battle: then commences a feast, with intoxication, until midnight.

When in Abyssinia, the attention of the Rev. Dr. Krapf was directed to this people, many of whom were brought in as captives by the armies of the king. He felt desirous of commencing among them a Christian Mission, and it was with the hope of reaching them that he proceeded to the east coast of Africa. As yet, however, all such efforts have been unsuccessful, and they lie beyond the circle of Christian Missions.

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#### THE YOUNG MEN OF INDIA WHO HAVE PASSED THROUGH MISSION SCHOOLS.

MISSIONARY colleges and schools have been long in action throughout India; and in this they differ from those maintained

by Government, that while they give a good secular education, there is no reserve on the subject of Christianity, but it is openly and avowedly taught.

What, then, have these Institutions done, and what fruits have they yielded? There have been from amongst them many conversions to Christianity, and many precious youths have been won over to Christ. These young converts have had, many of them, to pass through the severest of ordeals: they have been put into that position that they have been obliged either to part with Christ, or all that was dear to them on earth—father, mother, sister, and brother. They have had to resist the importunities of fathers, the wailings and agonized entreaties of mothers, praying them not to become Christians, that is, to part with Christ rather than part with them. Some have yielded in the struggle; others have held on, and, amidst agony of mind, have overcome.

But these are, after all, but a few of those who have shared in the advantages of Missionary education. What has become of others? The following observations, by a Missionary in India, throws some light upon this question—

Some time ago a Missionary was preaching not far from Madras, and some Brahmins began to oppose the statements he made. A young man, with the mark of Vishnu on his forehead, then pressed forward to the side of the Missionary, and assisted him very effectively to answer the Brahmins, and uphold Christianity. After the discussion, the Missionary asked the young man who he was, and was told that he was then a student in the Government Medical College, but that he had been for some years a pupil in our Institution, and the convictions he had expressed, and the arguments used, had been learned there; and he added that he hoped one day openly to profess himself a Christian.

Every Missionary connected with these Institutions could point to scores—some of them to hundreds—of old pupils, now settled in life, and occupying important positions, who are intellectually convinced that Christianity is true, and would hail with joy a general movement in its favour. The Hindus are generally a timid race, singularly unfit to stand alone and brave the brunt of the odium and reprobation which follow breaking caste. Their natural genius leads them to act in masses; and, as every year is increasing the number of those who are convinced that idolatry and caste are wicked and vain, and that Christianity is from God, we have reason to hope that much more has been done by Missionary labour in India than, up to the present time, has yet shown itself in an open profession of the Christian faith.

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#### PEACE IN DEATH.

GOOD men at home, and good men abroad, mourn over the Maori war. It seems so strange that two races, together numbering not 150,000, should engage in a deadly war about land, of which there are millions around that have never been brought under cultivation.



Yet so it is. The first colonists landed, and were permitted to form settlements through the sufferance of the natives. They obtained land, great quantities for a nominal value, the natives bartering away large blocks for a few Jews' harps. The colonists increased. Many of them were needy men. They had grants of land, valuable if improved, but they had no capital. They wished for the lands which the natives retained in their own hands, and which they conceived would better answer their purpose. They began to regard the natives as in their way, and hindering them from the possession of a rich heritage. The natives were written down, talked down. It is true they were bringing their lands under cultivation, and making great efforts to rise in the scale of social life; but they had not that encouragement from the Colonial Government which ought to have been promptly and liberally given. On the contrary they were excluded from the elective franchise. Classified as British subjects, and yet shut out from the rights of British subjects, they were practically dealt with as an alien race, so much so, that while law and order were introduced into, and maintained in the colonial districts, the native districts were left without law, and in disorder, so much so, that if crimes were committed there, the colonial authorities took no cognizance. The native proprietors were not allowed to sublet their land and raise an income upon it, unless they obtained a Crown grant for that which had been transmitted to them from their ancestors. Many of them came in and sold large portions of their property to the Crown on condition that they received Crown grants for the rest. The Government took possession of what the natives surrendered, but the Crown grant, which had been promised, it carefully abstained from giving, and that in many instances. The native proprietors were not permitted to alienate any portion of their lands, except by sale to the Government, which gave them the lowest price, and then sold at a great advance, so that the profit on land purchased and sold became an important item of revenue. Even if the chiefs wished to endow their own native pastors, and provide for their maintenance, it was not permitted. Gradually the natives lost confidence in the Government, and distrusted their intentions. It seemed as though there existed a wide-spread conspiracy to oust them from their lands. They learned to look upon themselves as a race doomed to beggary and extirpation. Their national existence was threatened. They are a sensitive and brave race, and they have taken up arms, as they consider, in defence of their properties and lives. England has felt keenly the aggression upon Denmark; yet the Germans have not acted more wrongfully by the Danes than England has by the Maoris. We have felt for a brave people unequally matched against overwhelming adversaries, and vainly struggling to stem the tide of invasion; and yet such is the position of the Maoris.

Meanwhile it is intensely painful and humiliating that England's choicest troops are sent out to fight the colonists' battles, and are suffering severely in the conflict. Choice officers and brave soldiers are falling fast. Regiments, that have gone through the shock of the Crimean war and the horrors of the Indian mutiny, are now pitted against the Maoris, and, in doing battle, they have not the sustaining thought that they are engaged in a good cause. They have a secret conviction that they are used as instruments to consummate a wrong. The mercenaries brought over from Australia fight because, if they survive the war, they are to have land for their hire; but the British soldier has no such prize in view: he fights because his general orders him so to do, but he has no heart for it, and would rather shake hands with, than shoot down, the Maori.

But when the battle is at its height, and the rifle bullets are flying fast, and brave men fall, what a difference it makes when the dying soldier or sailor can commend himself to Jesus, as a Saviour whom he has sought and found in his time of health! We trust there are many such cases. We know of some. Here is one of them, a most touching instance—

On the afternoon of the 20th of last November, the order was given by General Cameron for the attack on the Maori position at Rangiriri. The enemy was strongly entrenched, well armed, and numerically superior to our troops. The night was rapidly setting in. All our previous assaults, though gallantly made, had been repulsed with heavy loss in men and officers, when Captain Mercer was selected, with thirty-six of his artillerymen, as a kind of "forlorn hope" to storm the stockade. Poor fellow! nothing could exceed the "élan" and dash with which he led a gallant band, under a deadly and withering fire, to the assault, and when rushing onward at the head of his men, to grapple with the foe, he received his death-wound. A shot struck him on the face, tearing away the tongue, shattering both jaws, and inflicting a fearful gash. Where he fell, there he lay all night, resting his poor mangled head on the lifeless body of one of his brave gunners: the "terrain" was so completely enfiladed, and the fire of the enemy so deadly, that no one could attempt to rescue him and live; therefore he lay all night as I have described—a dead soldier's body for his pillow, in front of the stockade, till next morning, when the Maoris surrendered, and he was brought in. Intelligence of her husband's sad state was despatched at once to Mrs. Mercer, who immediately started off, and travelled forty miles in great haste, though the poor lady was expecting her confinement, to see her beloved husband ere he breathed his last. When she arrived in camp, her grief was heartrending to witness, and caused many a rough soldier to brush away a tear. Poor Mercer, on seeing it, appeared to suffer more on her account than on his own, and, rallying a little, made signs for writing materials, and a pencil being put in his cold and clammy hand, he wrote—"My darling, do not grieve for me: I have peace, the most perfect peace, in Jesus; deep, deep as a river: He doeth all things

well." Immediately afterwards his spirit ascended to his Saviour, whom he loved so well, and had been a devoted follower of for several years. Thus died a gallant soldier and a pious Christian. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

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NATIVE GIRLS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, MADRAS.

THIS school was formerly conducted by Miss Giberne. Since that lady's departure for England it has been under the management of Miss Schaffter. The following report, drawn up by that lady, contains some interesting intelligence.

On my first undertaking my duties in this school in March last the number of boarders was 29, and the day-scholars 3. At present the number of boarders is 28, and the day-scholars 16. Forty-four is the number now in the school, girls of different class and religion, varying from the ages of fifteen to four. Many of the girls are making decided progress in their studies, and the prospect of a Government examination has in no small measure stimulated them to greater diligence. Of their spiritual state I am unable to say much, owing to the reservedness of their character. Their general behaviour is very good; they are obedient and tractable, affectionate in their dispositions, and anxious to please. I am also much pleased to see the nice influence exercised by some of the elder girls over the younger ones. I have reason to hope that the Spirit of God is working in the hearts of one or two of these dear children; and a circumstance that has transpired leads me to be especially hopeful of a little girl, about the age of eleven years. A few weeks ago, while giving a Scripture lesson to my class on the sufferings of our Saviour (Luke xxiii.), I endeavoured to point Him out as a personal Saviour. The above-mentioned little girl was listening with an unusual interest, and soon I remarked tears rolling down her cheeks. I asked her why she was crying: she looked round the class, hung down her head, and seemed reluctant to answer. I did not press the question then, but when lessons were over, and I had dismissed the class, I detained her, and wished to know the cause of her distress. I had to repeat the question several times before I could get her to answer. At last she replied, "It pains me to hear what the Saviour has suffered." This afforded me a good and longed-for opportunity of talking seriously with the child about her soul, and then I dismissed her with a prayer that she might indeed early be taught by the Spirit of God, and become a true and earnest follower of the Lord Jesus. I am watching her with peculiar interest: her love for God's word, and earnestness in spiritual things, make me hope that a work of grace is indeed going on in her heart.

Little Esther.

Little Esther was the daughter of baptized parents, and was admitted into the school about Christmas 1861, more than a year before my arrival. I found her shy at first, but this soon wore off, and often she has crept behind my chair while the others were at play, preferring a quiet talk to joining her merry companions. Her disposition was a very sweet one: she was always ready to help her schoolfellows. It was

beautiful to see her love for God's word. The Gospels were her special delight; and after her lessons were over, and when the girls ran out in the garden for an hour's exercise, little Esther would usually be missing, and would be found by herself, reading her Bible, or else with an old Christian woman, who, she knew, liked to be read to. She seldom could hear of our Saviour's sufferings without being much affected; and once, when the usual prayer before lessons had been omitted, I overheard her saying to the teacher, "If you please, we have forgotten to pray."

Little Esther had lately several attacks of fever, which ended in dropsy. On Saturday, February 13, she became ill, but not, to our idea, seriously; but on Monday she was so much worse, notwithstanding all our care, that her mother, in great distress, begged to be allowed to take her home. The dear child lingered for four days, and then her ransomed spirit went to live for ever with her Saviour. Her poor mother came to me two days ago, and gave a very touching account of her last moments. On her way home she said, "Mother, I shall never return to school again." "Why," said the mother; "are you not happy there?" "Yes," said Esther, "I am very happy: it is not that, but God is going to take me away. I want you, when I am gone, to go to Missy" (that is myself) "and the schoolmistress, who have my work-box and some money: I want you, mother, to put the money in the Missionary-box, and to keep the other box yourself." By the time they reached home, the little invalid was in great pain, and the mother added, "I and other relatives stood round weeping, for we felt we could do nothing to alleviate her sufferings; and Esther turned round and said, 'Do not cry so: Jesus, you know, suffered much more pain than this, and I am better now.'" On Friday, at ten o'clock, she called her friends around, bade farewell to them all, making salaam in native fashion, and then asked her mother to let her little brother read Hebrews xii. He had read as far as the eighth verse, when she clasped her mother's neck, and said, "Mother, the Saviour is calling me." She closed her eyes, and all was over.

"Many shall come from the east, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

THE ORPHANAGE AT SECUNDRA, AGRA.

(Continued from page 108.)

WE shall conclude our notice of this Orphanage with the following account of Christmas-eve, 1863—

Several kind lady friends at Agra had collected money for the occasion, about 20*l.* in English money, which enabled us to gladden the hearts of our orphans by a little fête on Christmas-eve. The boys' school-room, which was the only place, excepting the church, large enough to hold us all, had been decorated with garlands, flowers, and texts of Scripture, round the walls. Five long rows of plates, filled with some oranges, nuts, and sweetmeats, were arranged down the middle of the hall, and the centre was occupied by that most wonderful of all trees to children, a large Christmas tree, hung all over with ornaments and small presents, coloured flags, little pictures embossed with gold (from the

Tract Society), golden nuts, oranges, marble-bags for boys, and little boxes with beads for girls, &c., and brilliantly lighted up with wax lights. Our visitors from Agra, having arrived and occupied one end of the hall, the stream of orphan girls began to pour in through the door, and filled up one side of the room, and after them the boys, who filled the other side.

Our readers can imagine that they looked their best, having just received a new set of clothes, the boys' clothing of our own weaving, and all of our own making. Some Hindustanee hymns, printed nicely in our own press, were then distributed, and as soon as the children had feasted their eyes a little, the girls began a sweet Christmas song, translated from the German, calling all children to come to Bethlehem and see what a wonderful gift our heavenly Father had given us there in the lowly manger. Some minutes afterwards they sang a second hymn, and were then catechized by our senior Missionary in the wonderful history which that night called to our remembrance. Then, after finishing with a hymn, in which all joined, the stream of girls was set in motion again, each of them carrying away in her veil (not of the fine texture of European veils) the contents of the plates before mentioned. The visitors had plenty to do for some time to let none of them pass out empty. The boys followed, the tree was rifled of some of its fruits, and, the visitors having departed, the lights were blown out. We must not omit to mention, that of the money collected only about one-fourth was spent in the above-mentioned knick-knacks, three-fourths of it being destined for a more useful purpose—the purchase of about 280 brass plates, some of which were placed in the rows in the hall, and glittered like gold. The others were not then finished. These brass plates are to be used by the children at their meals, in the place of the earthen plates now in use, which are, it is true, very cheap, but the many hundreds of which broken every year cost a considerable sum.

As to their spiritual welfare we are of course continually engaged in ploughing, weeding, sowing, and watering. The soil is hard and barren, the weeds strong and deep-rooted. True, trees are growing up all around us, leaves come out, and here and there a blossom, but fruit we see as yet none. It is not absolutely necessary that we should see it. If the Lord of this vineyard comes to gather the fruit, we shall find that our labour has not been in vain, though now it very often appears so to us. Let our friends, the friends of our orphans, not fail us the dew of their prayers and intercessions.

A HINDU DEVOTEE.

BY A MISSIONARY.

THIRTY miles north-east of Sholapur, at Tulazapur, is the great temple of the goddess Bhowani, and twice in the year the place is thronged by men and women of every grade, who come to pay their vows and offer sacrifice to the idol. Besides this, at every full moon long trains of pilgrims may be seen flocking thither, and such is the faith of the people in the healing power of the goddess, that the sick are resorting there constantly in the vain hope of some relief. The temple at Punderpur is

still more renowned. Not to speak of the myriads who go there at the great festivals, I have frequently met persons who make a pilgrimage thither every month, from a distance of fifty or a hundred miles, and the practice is kept up for many years. One man, who had apparently come from a distance, I saw near Barsi, making the journey by prostrations, measuring his length upon the ground. It was under the burning sun of noon-day; and, hardly able to proceed, he seemed the very picture of despair.

But a case still more remarkable was that of a man performing the journey by rolling himself upon the ground. We came up with him one morning, two miles east of Wairag. I asked him where he was going, and why he was thus torturing himself. He at first did not seem to hear me, but at length, stopping, he lay exhausted upon the ground, and answered in a faint voice that he was going to Punderpur. After some further questions, as I remonstrated with him upon the folly of such a course, he raised his head from the ground, and, half reclining, said that he had come so far already that he could not desist now. He stated that his village was near Chandrapur, 450 miles to the east of here; that he had spent fifteen months on the way thus far; and that it was only forty miles more, and he wished to complete the pilgrimage. He was accustomed to go about a mile each day. He would then note the place where he had stopped, and, walking back to the nearest village, would remain until the next day, receiving his food from the villagers. Then he would return, and, from the place left the previous day, would begin again his toilsome pilgrimage. If he came to a river that could not be passed in this manner, he would go back a distance equal to this space, and roll over the ground a second time. He had for clothing only a coarse cloth bound tightly about his loins, and another about his head, and thus, almost naked, over roads extremely rough and stony, exposed to heat and cold, sometimes drenched with rain or covered with mud, for a year and three months this poor man had been rolling himself along towards the shrine of Vitoba. I have seldom felt greater pity for any human being; yet it was not a sense of sin, or a desire for pardon, that induced him to undertake this painful journey. At first I thought, Surely this is one of those weary and heavy-laden ones, to whom the Saviour's invitation, "Come unto me," will be most welcome. But it was evident, upon further conversation, that he was urged on by no higher motive than a selfish pride. He sought chiefly the applause of men, and a reputation for holiness, and he could see no beauty in the Saviour of sinners, that he should desire Him.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Gal. vi. 14.

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."—Romans i. 16.

THE Cross! Oh, what attractive power
Lives in its hallowed name,
Nations and tribes of every age
Its energy proclaim:

Long since on Judah's crowded hill,
 Beneath a blushing sky,
 Myst'ry of myst'ries—Jesus bled !
 Emmanuel stooped to die !

Ages have rolled their burden'd breath
 Adown the stream of time,
 And thousand deeds of high import,
 Done in that Eastern clime,
 Have perish'd ; but *this* wondrous tale,
 Repeated o'er and o'er,
 Hath won the ear and heart of man,
 On every sin-struck shore.

Still shall that wondrous tale be told,
 The "spacious earth around,"
 Till every son of Adam hears
 Its peaceful, blissful sound ;
 And every knee before that cross,
 Shall yet in prayer be bent,
 Acknowledging no other name
 For man's salvation sent.

Thou precious Cross ! Oh, may my heart,
 Feel thine attractive power,
 Amid the flattering smiles of earth,
 As in its dreariest hour :
 And when around death's well-strung bow,
 My feeble heart-strings play,
 Thou bleeding Cross ! thou dying Lamb !
 Be thou my only stay !

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 JAPAN.

THE following narrative of Japanese affairs, and the present aspect of the islands in relation to foreigners, is interesting. Written by one of the very few Missionaries who hold on, in the hope of better days and enlargement of the work, it affords information that elsewhere we should in vain look for. It is dated Nagasaki, January 1864.

About the middle of April the news reached us that the British Government had sent a fleet to Yeddo, demanding redress and indemnification for various grievances, such as incendiary attacks on their Legation at Yeddo, the murder of some British subjects, &c. These demands were made on the 6th of April, a categorical answer to be returned twenty days after. The news did not at first startle us, for it had been rumoured for some time previously, and it was generally supposed that, in the face of such a force as was sent against them, the Japanese Government would, perhaps reluctantly, yet certainly, accede to the demands. But in this we were to be sorely disappointed, as every later message from Yeddo indicated that such would not be the case ; and, as the 26th drew near, it became quite evident that the Japanese would not tamely submit at once, but would make at least an attempt to evade, if not forcibly to resist, the foreign aggression, in either of which cases war would be the probable result. But we were to be disappointed in another respect. On the

2nd of April, a native friend, whom I had known a long time, and whose sincerity I could trust, came at night, and warned me of the danger we would incur in our exposed position in the native town during the present agitated state of feeling in the country. It was positively expected that Roönin would come, and would cut down foreigners at the first opportunity, without distinction of rank or nationality. Under these circumstances we thought it advisable, at least for a while, to vacate our house; and accordingly, on the 27th of April, removed to Desima, where we were kindly received into the family of a Dutch resident of the island.

The harbour and settlement were at this time in a remarkably defenceless condition. There were but two men-of-war in port, an English gun-boat, and a surveying-ship, which would be as nothing in case the Governor's expectations of a hostile outbreak should be realized. In fact, the British Consul was instructed to evacuate the place, as being untenable, as soon as hostilities opened. Several meetings of the residents were convened for the discussion and adoption of such united measures as would promote their mutual safety. It was resolved that the residents of the several quarters of the settlement should sleep in one house respectively; a patrolling guard was organized; day and night signals, as well as other arrangements for an expeditious embarkation, were agreed upon with the captains of the merchant vessels in port, and whatever was thought necessary in case of a sudden attack by lawless bands, which were then supposed to be near, and probably were. In these threatening circumstances, the place was generally considered unfit for women and children to be in, and we reluctantly made up our minds to leave. On the 13th of May we sailed; by which same opportunity all the remaining foreign ladies (five) and children (seven) departed. It was indeed with heavy hearts that we abandoned our post of duty; nor was the prospect of a family meeting a Shanghai summer, with its attendants of heat and sickness, at all a cheering one. My pupils and teacher took an affectionate leave of us, and expressed their hearty wishes that we might soon return. After reaching Shanghai I was on the point, more than once, of returning alone; but the political sky in Japan was so continually changing—sunshine and clouds, with a predominance of the latter—that we were kept in a continual suspense, until we finally saw our way clear to return all together.

We arrived at Shanghai on the 18th of May. Towards the end of June, Japanese affairs assumed so peaceable an aspect that we felt justified to return; and accordingly, a free passage being kindly offered us by Messrs. Olyphant and Co., we embarked on the 1st of July. We actually started, overjoyed at the prospect of returning to our chosen field of labour. But we were to be disappointed this time; for as we lay waiting for some more passengers to come on board, about three miles down the river, the American steamer "Pembroke" passed us on her way direct from Japan, with the news that she had been fired into from some batteries near Simonoseki, at the entrance of the so-called inland sea, the place where, a little later, a Dutch and a French vessel were treated in the same way. Our craft was of course detained for the present, and we returned, to await further developments.



My time in Shanghai was principally occupied by the prosecution of such of my studies as could be pursued without the aid of a teacher, so that it was not altogether a loss. I also got a little Japanese tract engraved and printed, chiefly for the purpose of trying, by experiment, whether and how Japanese text could be executed by Chinese woodcutters. The result was quite satisfactory, and showed that if we could not get Christian publications here, we could in China nearly as well and cheaply.

On the 15th of August was fought the engagement at Kagosima, the capital of the principality Satsuma, about which so much has been said in the papers, that an allusion to it may suffice here. This affair may be considered as the turning-point in the difficulties, for since then no disturbances have taken place, and a feeling of peace and safety was gradually restored. The Japanese, however well they behaved in meeting a European foe, seem to be satisfied that they are not yet able to cope equally with foreign navies and troops; and by the time they are, as sooner or later they will be, we may safely trust that their antiquated prejudices against foreigners will have passed away, and will be looked back upon by themselves as upon other of their ancient superstitions.

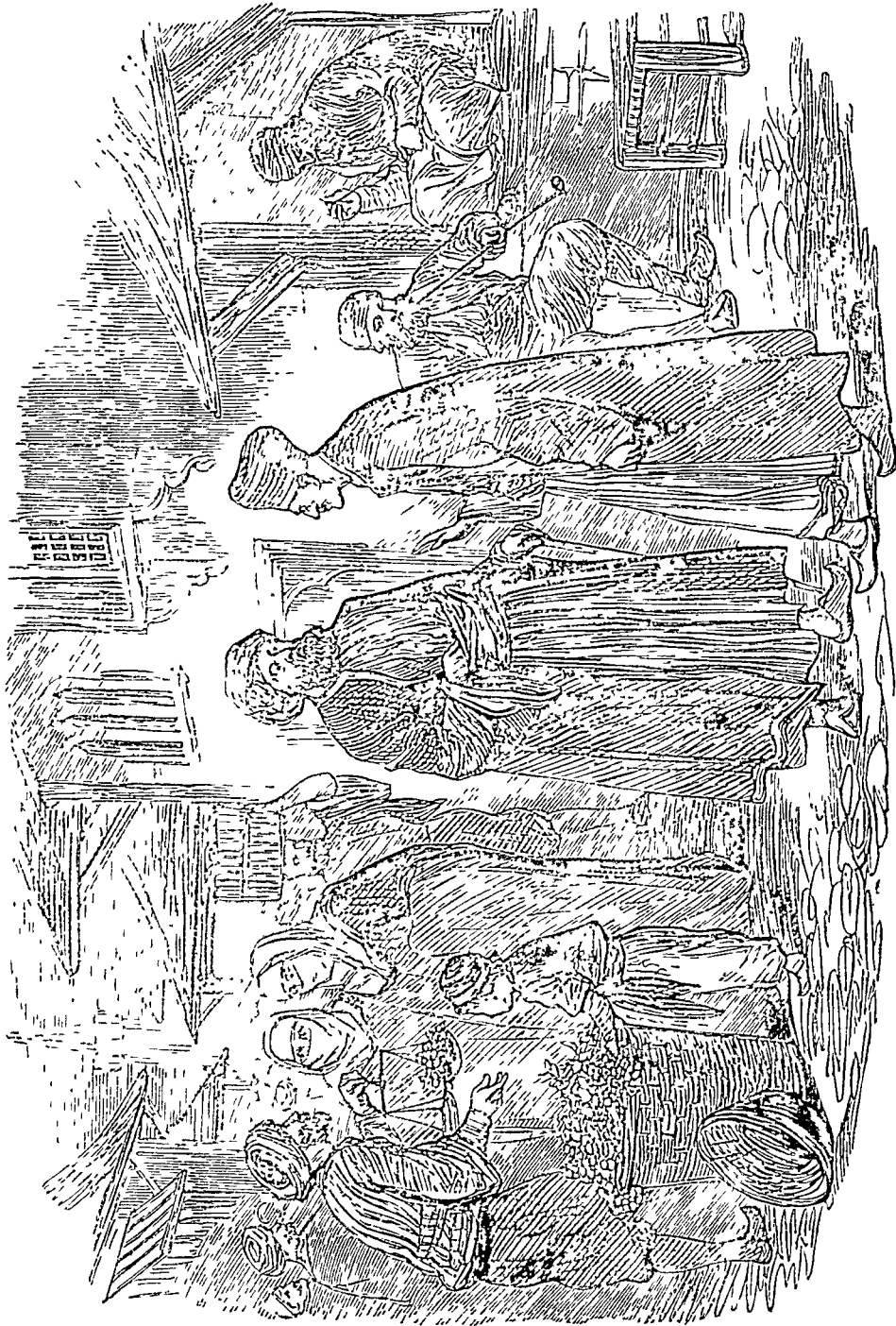
On the 4th of October we finally set sail again from Shanghae; and on the 13th our feet once more stood on Japan soil. We thanked the Lord, who had safely brought us through many dangers, and permitted us to serve Him anew in our appointed place. We took our temporary abode on Desima, and continued there to the end of the year.

Many native friends came to express their joy at our return, and among them, most welcome, two of my former Bible students returned to resume their reading lessons. One of these has read through and translated the Gospel of John, and is now carefully going through it a second time, in order to correct what mistakes there may be in his former translation. The other one is reading Matthew, about one chapter every other day. But the most promising pupil I had was, during my absence, promoted to a higher office in his native town, where, however, I am assured by a mutual friend (the Matthew reader), he, with four others, continues to "search the Scriptures." From time to time I have an opportunity to inquire after him, and to send him books, as a return for some of which he lately sent me the Gospels and Acts in Chinese, all through furnished with Japanese syntactical marks, and likewise a portion of Martin's Evidences. These, by way of comparison, are an auxiliary in translating into Japanese.

The events of the past year have been of greater interest from a political than a Missionary point of view. Judging, however, by the modern history of other Asiatic countries, where similar events have uniformly been followed by great advantages to the Missionary cause, we also may confidently look for these. Already rumours of the opening of the whole country are current among the people; thus their hitherto narrow minds become accustomed to what must surely follow in due time. Then there will be room and an unavoidable demand for any number of Missionaries.

## HINDRANCES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Our Missionary operations at Constantinople have been abruptly interfered with by the Turkish authorities ; our Mission rooms, to which inquirers were wont to come, closed ; books and manuscripts in the Turkish language carried off ; and several of the converts cast into prison.



STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Strong remonstrances have been urged against these arbitrary proceedings, and they have been to some extent rescinded, but not entirely.

The rooms have been reopened, with apologies; but the books and manuscripts carried off have not been restored, while of the converts arrested some, but not all, have been liberated. Three have been detained; one, Achmet, of Cesarea, is in prison at Constantinople; two others have been sent into exile, one to Magnesia, and the other to Aiden. The only crime alleged against them is, that, availing themselves of the liberty to do so conceded by the Hatti-humayoun of 1856, they renounced Mohammedanism and became Christians.

But this, although bad enough, is not all. The Porte has been laying down rules for future proceedings, the object of which is to deprive Missionary work of all aggressive action, and so to cripple its proceedings, that to attempt to carry it on under such restrictions is not worth while. The authorities decided that no Bible Colportage should be permitted. The Missionaries were neither to speak or write any thing against Mohammedanism. The false religion under which the nation suffers was not to be interfered with. No attempt was to be made to convince a Turk that Mohammed could not save him. The Missionaries might remain, if they pleased, and if Turks sought them out for the purpose of conversing with them on the subject of Christianity, they were at liberty to speak, but they must not seek to unsettle Turks in their faith.

But the reactionary party at Constantinople has entered the field too late in the day. The Turkish mind is unsettled, and that to a large extent, so much so, that a large body of Turks, just before these events, had applied to the Government for liberty to become Christians, and to have a mosque granted to them as a place of worship. This movement is entirely disconnected from the Missionaries. But it is said to have so alarmed the Government as to have led to these arbitrary proceedings.

The spirit of inquiry has commenced amongst the Turks, and violence cannot stop it. The Christian Scriptures have been largely read. Many from amongst the Turks are distrustful of the truth of Mohammedanism, and are looking, some in the direction of Christianity, and some towards infidelity.

But these proceedings of the Turkish Government are in direct violation of the engagements which it entered into with the Western Powers at the close of the Crimean war. Turkey was saved from the grasp of Russia by the interference of France and England. It cost the Western Powers much to accomplish this, much of life and money.

With the first prospects of peace, the representatives of the Western Powers drew up a note, which was presented to the Porte. It stated that the time had arrived, when, in consideration of the services rendered by the allies, as well as in regard to the interests of their own country, the Turkish Government should be prepared to make such changes in the institutions of Turkey as might improve the condition of the rayahs, or non-Mussulman portion of the population. These demands were favourably received, and, on February 18, 1856, an imperial document was published, which, amongst other undertakings, stipulated this—"All religions can be exercised freely throughout the Ottoman dominions: no

one shall be molested on account of his religion ; and no one forced to change his religion." In direct violation of this stipulation, converts from Islamism to Christianity are molested, and that so seriously as to be cast into prison and sent into exile. Will the Western Powers permit this violation of the most solemn undertakings ? Had it been interference with the proceedings of Romish Missionaries, France would have acted vigorously. Will England act as vigorously to protect the rights of Protestant Missionaries and their converts ? We shall see.

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#### INUNDATION AT MOOLTAN.

WHERE is Mooltan ? some one may ask. That is one use of Missionary information. It comes home from distant parts of the world, and makes us acquainted with names and places, which otherwise we should know nothing of, but which we ought to know of, because our fellow-men are there exposed to the same trials with ourselves, but without the same advantages ; for we have abundant opportunities of becoming wise unto salvation, but they have few or none.

Mooltan is a city in the southern part of the Punjab, or land of the five rivers, and not far north of the great channel called the Punjnd, where the five rivers meet, and which afterwards joins the Indus. The city is about three miles east of the Chenab, by whose inundations it is occasionally visited. This will prepare us for the letter of our Missionary, the Rev. H. S. Patterson.

Mooltan rises on a mound in the midst of ruins of tombs, mosques, shrines, which shows how extensive it was in former days. Even now its population is upwards of 80,000 ; its bazaars and shops are extensive, and well supplied with all articles of traffic and consumption. It has its manufactures of silks, cottons, shawls, brocades, &c., while the banks of the Chenab in the vicinity are highly cultivated.

We have at Mooltan two Missionaries—the Rev. G. Yeates and the Rev. H. S. Patterson. Missionary tours are made through the surrounding country, the neighbouring melas and the resorts of pilgrims visited. Last month we received the following letter from Mr. Patterson, dated August 13th—

It is with solemn feelings that I write you these few lines, chiefly about a matter of which you doubtless will have heard something. The flood which has visited Mooltan this year has been truly terrible. Its extent no one as yet knows, but it comes from Lahore, 200 miles distant, and covers all the country around Mooltan. As is the population, we may say, so many are the sufferers, more or less. The whole suburbs are under water : from the Commissioner to the poorest hut around the city, no one scarcely has escaped. All houses are either knocked down or surrounded by water—five, six, and seven feet of water over the public roads. Fortunately for the cantonment a canal runs between them and

us of the civil lines, over which the water has not passed towards them, at least very little has.

For some time, though the glass has gone down, the Chenab has not risen, which so often overflows and inundates us more or less. However, about five days ago it rose very quick, causing much damage to railways in that direction. On Monday the canal to the north gave way which put all on the alert. Tuesday it was put to rights; when on Wednesday, August 3rd, at twelve p.m., the dreadful flood, covering all the country as it advanced, reached the north side of the city and fort. The low ground all round the city was soon filled. A large dam at this side was cut in a few hours: the bridges were endangered, if they still hold. The Ravee, which flows past Lahore and into the Chenab north of Mooltan, overflowed its banks, and so caused the flood. Every day I have gone round the city and port, either riding or on a raft, which I was obliged to make, as at one time we did not know when we went to bed whether we should be safe in the morning. The water was eight feet over the road; the Commissioner's house was surrounded as all the others: two had fallen. All Mr. Yeates' servants' houses I saw washed away in a few hours: his house escaped by about one foot, and mine by, say, four feet of high ground. For four days the flood steadily increased, till Sunday evening. I left the house to take the service in Cantonment church, intending to put my raft to rights when I returned, as the water was threatening my servants' houses, &c., when, to our great joy, the water was at a stand still.

However, scarcely a village is visible between us and the city. Every night we were kept awake by the cries of the poor sufferers, as, one after another, we heard their houses fall with a great crash into the flood. Then the jungle dogs seemed to sympathize with the people, and howled all night. They cry all night on "Bawhal Huq," a saint, to pay respects to whom the water comes, according to the Mussulman story. However, I can count upwards of ten mosques which have been almost wholly washed away; two very near me. The Hindus, who are also great sufferers, offer rice and money to the god they worship. Alas, poor creatures! all are foolish and without hope. Often have I besought them to escape, but in vain, till in disgust I was obliged to retreat under a burning hot sun. They staid till the last moment, so that many must have been destroyed. Dead animals are plentiful. Writing this note has been, at present, almost an after thought, so that, to send it by this mail, I must hurry, and especially as I have three services to prepare for in part for to-morrow—one Hindustanee and two English—the chaplain being in Cashmere.

All our civil lines are under the water. However, you may not be aware that the whole suburbs is one vast grave-yard, and natives do not dig deep; hence we fear that when the waters subside all these graves will have fallen in, or be open, &c. Already the smell in the evening and night is dreadfully bad; and in the day, if you go near where the water lies, it is worse than any thing which I have ever experienced before. The damp at night is such that the clothes are damp upon you in bed; and we have no upper rooms, as the white ants are so destructive. In the trees you find snakes, rats, and birds, all contented together; also other creatures which I never saw before.

But now for the sad part of the story. All the people were obliged to fly with their lives in their hands; I may say, with nothing: even the thin clothes, in some instances, were left behind; whilst their houses—all little households—were, with their beautiful waving and almost ripe fields of corn, destroyed. Hence, as I pass through the city, in all directions I see destitution: now and then I meet a group with their bed upon a few planks, seeking safety; or another lot of, say twelve, with a few beds on a donkey or camel, and a dog, seeking some tree under which to rest. In some instances they put their bed on a few trees, and tie it there, waiting till the water subsides. What they eat I cannot tell; but all grain has risen very much, and the cold season will come directly. Without food or clothing in this fearful bad air, death will reap them down in thousands. Indeed I should not wonder if a plague broke out.

Storms have come and passed off till yesterday. It was for a long time dark with dust, and then rained all the evening. How many houseless ones! But this is not all. What the water left was indeed very little, and yet this little has not been spared. A great flight of locusts, for three days undisturbed, eat up every thing. All were too busy to heed them. In the middle of the city the water has caused much damage to property, and outside I have seen oil-bottles (leathern) and bags of corn floating, so that it seemed as if any one might take it who would venture for it. The water is now decreasing fast, but I dread the results of its work. The sickness, without doubt, will be general, and the mortality unusually great. The people seem humbled, and I trust it may prove a spiritual benefit to their souls. My house, the *cutcherry* (law courts), the church, and Mr. Yeates's house escaped, though he was obliged to leave it, as the water seemed about to destroy it at one time.

I now ask you if nothing can be done for the sufferers? I do not think that they can be under 15,000 souls; whilst, as the flood is all over the country, it may be 50,000 for what I know. The matter has only now happened, but as time rolls on facts will become known, when, if necessary, I will send you further news. We can only go about in boats and on rafts, and can therefore see little; whilst all the natives tell you that vast numbers have suffered.

After the heavy inundations in India comes the sowing time. When the waters, subsiding, leave behind a soft deposit, the sower goes forth and casts the seed, not on the hard ground, but on that which the waters have made soft. May a blessed sowing-time follow these afflictions, and the flood, as it subsides, leave the hearts of the Mooltanese more soft and willing to receive instruction than they have hitherto been!

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#### DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE NIZAM'S TERRITORY.

AURUNGABAD is a city of India in the territory of the Nizam, near the north-western frontier, and towards the British district of Ahmednugger, Bombay Presidency. It was once a place of note, but has fallen into decay, although retaining traces of its former prosperity.

Here, and in the surrounding country, there have been some move-

ments amongst the natives in favour of Christianity, which, although faint and feeble, yet, as the first breaking of the dawn on a wide territory, where for ages unbroken heathenism has reigned, are of deep interest. The converts and inquirers are scattered over a district some one hundred miles in length, the largest of the little groups being at a place called Budnapore, a nucleus of several villages, where about fifty of the Christians live. These people are chiefly from among the Mang caste, which is the lowest of the low; yet it is nothing strange that the power of the Gospel should be first felt and acknowledged by the poorest and most despised of the community. It is so with climbing plants: they begin at the foot of the tree, and from thence climb up high into the branches.

The movement is not, however, confined to them. A young Mussulman of a respectable family in the town of Aurungabad has come forward to profess Christianity, notwithstanding the trials from his relatives to which this step has exposed him. His name is Wezeer Ali; and of him we have learned the following particulars from our Missionary, the Rev. C. F. Schwarz—

In February Wezeer Ali communicated by letter his convictions and intention to become a Christian, both to his parents at Aurungabad and to his three brothers at Singsurghur. The effect can easily be imagined. It did not take many days before most severe letters were showered upon him from his brothers, dissuading him from taking the intended step. Wezeer Ali, however, remained calm. His brother, at the same time, sent him word to return home, to which message he replied that my camp was soon moving to Aurungabad, and that he was himself moving along with it. A few days afterwards, on a morning, just after prayers, I observed him quickly leaving my tent, and in a moment after I found him clasped in the arms of his grandmother, the old woman crying bitterly. His mother had stopped in the village to meet him there, and his meeting with her was of the same kind. In filial affection, Wezeer Ali attended now to his parents, and evidently both women seemed to be agreeably disappointed in finding him the same loving son as he was before to them. During the day he prevailed upon them to pay me a visit at my tent. First they were very shy; but I spoke to them on such subjects as I thought would prove interesting to them; told them about my family absent in Europe, and showed their pictures, which drew them out considerably; so that they began to make their remarks about the children individually, &c. At last they thanked me that I had been kind to their son, and expressed their hope that I would be kind to him in future. The poor women having come on foot all the distance from Aurungabad—twenty-eight miles—to Budnapore (there not being any proper accommodation for them), I engaged a cart, and sent Wezeer Ali along with them back to Aurungabad, to which place I followed them three days after. Before they left, however, Wezeer Ali came to my tent alone, and asked me to pray with him, which I did. His mind was in great emotion, and he was almost in tears when he left me. I spoke to him comfortably, saying that the days had now come upon him

of which I had spoken before, that he must prepare for them, and if he would only keep close to his Saviour He would wonderfully lead him through all his trouble. Soon after my arrival at Aurungabad, Wezeer Ali called. I could easily see that he was labouring under a heavy burden; but still he was firm, and applying himself to more earnest prayer, and the word of God gave him comfort. I was only three days at Aurungabad, and then left for Ambehobol, where I was a fortnight. During this time Wezeer Ali paid me a visit, and informed me that the Mohammedans collected sometimes in great numbers and pressed him hard, trying every argument to dissuade him from becoming a Christian; but at the same time he showed me well-written arguments on several points of doctrine by which he refuted them. I most thankfully observed that those days of trial were accompanied by a special measure of grace being given him, and the roots of his faith in the Gospel were striking deeper the greater the storm was threatening him without. On my return to Aurungabad, and before I left that Mission at the end of March, Wezeer Ali expressed his wish to be baptized, but not at Aurungabad, in order to avoid too great a commotion among the Mohammedans in a lawless city, where several of them had already given their advice to put him to death. I also saw myself the desirability that his baptism should not take place in the Nizam's country, where a convert from Mohammedanism (I believe the first-fruit in the Nizam's dominion) would be exposed to the direct danger of his life, since the Arabs and Rohillas can easily be hired to perpetrate any deed, however foul and cruel it may be. Even before Wezeer Ali expressed his mind on this subject, I had thought of taking him to Bombay to be baptized, and that afterwards he might enter upon some calling of usefulness. Accordingly, I took him to Bombay by rail, and, after one week's stay there, during which time I introduced him to my Missionary brethren for examination, he was baptized by me, as he so wished it, on Sunday, the 10th of April, during the morning service in the native congregation, and he was rejoicing on that day for all the Lord had done unto him.

Wezeer Ali is well acquainted with the Hindustanee, Persian, and Arabic languages, and is well fitted for usefulness in the Mission. May great grace be upon him, that he may be humble and devoted, steadfast and unmoveable, and thus prove, in the Lord's hands, a blessed instrument of winning many souls to Christ!

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#### SEED SPRINGING IN CEYLON.

OUR Mission work in Ceylon is brightening. It has been hitherto rather dull and tardy; and the contrast between the luxuriance of vegetable life and the scantiness of yield by which the spiritual husbandry has been characterized is remarkable. The cocoa-nut tree and the betel-nut are prolific; the tulip, tamarind, cotton, and teak-tree grow on the side of the hills; while ebony, satin-wood, iron-wood, and others, make part of its forests. The fruits include melons, oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, pumpkins, figs, almonds, mulberries, mangoes, shaddocks, various sorts of apples,



plantains, jack-fruit. Then, besides, there are the spices of Ceylon—pepper and cinnamon, once so carefully cultivated, but the gardens are now much neglected; and, besides all these, there is the coffee-tree, 'plantations of which are rapidly spreading over the interior districts, and giving employment to many thousands of Tamil Coolies from South India. But the growth of the seed of the kingdom of heaven has been slow. Weeds of hypocrisy and false profession had so overspread the soil as to interfere with the spiritual husbandry. The population in both parts of the island—north and south—in consequence of the injudicious way in which they had been dealt with by previous rulers, had been accustomed to take upon them the name and profession of Christianity, and submit to baptism, while in heart they were idolaters; and the difficulties of getting a genuine work to spring up and prosper were great indeed. But we trust these difficulties are well nigh overcome; and here and there in our work there are new and healthy shoots to be seen, very different from the sickly plants upon which so much care was wont to be bestowed, but which never became fruit-bearing.

In the Jaffna province, to the north of the island, our Missionaries, during the past year, have been much cheered. One of the native catechists has been ordained; others are being prepared for holy orders. The Bishop of Colombo held a confirmation in the church of Nellore, one of our stations, which was crowded with heathen as well as Christians. Of the young people which were confirmed, half were girls from the boarding school; for in this Mission great pains are taken to make the education of the girls keep pace with that of the boys.

Besides this, the list of candidates for baptism is larger than ever was known before; and, above all, there are ripe fruits, which the Lord of the vineyard is pleased, ever and anon, to come and gather in. One of these is thus spoken of by our Missionary—

I have to record the death of old Peter, the very best Christian, as far as man could judge, at the station. The old man's history is interesting. In his youth he was a servant of the headman of the district, his chief employment being to execute the commands of his mistress, This he did with great fidelity for many years. On her death his sorrow was so excessive that no earthly comfort could assuage it. For three nights and three days he laid on the ashes of his departed mistress, and refused to be comforted. He was at last forcibly removed from the ashes of the dead. He then resolved on a pilgrimage to some of the sacred shrines of India. He had not gone far on his journey when he met with a Missionary, who pointed him to the Gospel source of all comfort—to Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The poor man believed in Jesus and was comforted. He staid at the Missionary's house for a time, and, though an ignorant and unlearned man, he made great progress in the things of God. He returned to Jaffna a changed man. He then lived at the Mission house with the

sainted Mrs. O'Neill, as a watcher of the girls' compound. Since then he has been a fixture at Nellore, and many a time have I known the good old man for three hours on his knees in prayer to God for us all—heathen and Christian. His simple trust and reliance upon God often strengthened my drooping spirit. I felt that there was one good man, who never forgot me or my work. His knowledge of the Bible was remarkable. He used to depict Bible scenes with such vividness that some of his listeners half fancied that he must have seen with his own eyes what he described. He was in perfect health up to the last moment. He was in church on the Sunday before, and afterwards came into my room to repeat what he knew of the sermon. From my study he went to the catechist's house, and talked for several hours to some schoolboys and young people about the sermon, and told them many Bible stories. The catechist's wife gave him his supper, and, after prayer, he went to bed as usual. About twelve at night he awoke, and spent between two and three hours in earnest prayer to God. He rose as usual on Monday morning, but there being a heavy thunderstorm, he was unable to go to the girls' school, and so the catechist's wife gave him some breakfast. He complained of his being unwell, and, in trying to walk, he fell. He was at once carried in by two or three of the Christians on the spot, and laid on a mat. They sent for me, and asked me to send medicine. Not thinking there was any thing serious, I waited a little, hoping the rain would cease; but in less than half an hour another messenger came to tell me that good old Peter had gone to his home above. It was his constant prayer that he might be spared a lingering illness for fear of giving trouble to any one. The Lord answered his prayer in a remarkable manner. Speaking of his death to me the day before, I said to him, "Peter, we cannot spare you yet: I need your prayers, the Christians need your prayers, and the poor heathen need your prayers." He said, "What are my poor prayers worth?" About the same time the following day the good man was removed to those blissful realms, where prayer is exchanged for praise, and sorrow for joy. We deeply mourn his loss, but we would not wish him back. For him death was only a going home, and "to be with Christ, which is far better."

We have Bible-women at home, and very useful they are found to be, when they are wise and consistent women, loving their Saviour, and loving to do good to their fellow-men. We are happy to find that our Missionaries in the Jaffna province have the same sort of agency in action.

We have, about five or six months ago, started an agency at this station, which is altogether new, as far as this part of the Mission field is concerned. Two Christian women have been appointed as Bible women, to go from house to house to read the Bible, and to explain it to their deeply-sunk and degraded sisters. We have seen no very great results as yet from this agency, but we believe that we soon shall. Their journals are deeply interesting, and lead us to look for much fruit. It was an agency long needed in a country like this, where it is so difficult, if not impossible, for any of our catechists to reach the more respectable females of the district. These Bible women have free access to every house.

They are also of great service to us just now in preparing for baptism about ten or twelve women. Till we reach the females and influence them, our work will be comparatively slow. If it be true in England "that a man is what a woman makes him," much more is it so in this district.

It may be interesting to state that one of these Bible women is supported by the native church. This is done partly by a weekly collection made at the church door, and partly by the produce of cocoa-nut trees, dedicated by the native Christians to that special object. Every Christian householder at the station has set apart a tree, the produce of which is sold once a month for the support of the Bible woman. Her journal is read to them once a month at the monthly Missionary meeting, and they are asked from time to time whether they think her worthy of their support, and whether they mean to continue it to her. I think this has had a very beneficial effect upon the church. They have taken more interest in it than in any scheme hitherto put before them, and they feel it a duty to support her.

"Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, prosper thou our handy work."

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#### THE MORNING COMETH.

ON many a heathen land the sun  
 Already sheds its beams,  
 The day of mercy has begun;  
 Thro' many an arid desert run  
 The Gospel's healing streams.

Light, beaming from above the cloud  
 Which hangs o'er eastern skies,  
 Hath shone on man in darkness bowed  
 Beneath the Hindu triad's shroud,  
 And called him to arise.

And o'er those lands where Buddha's fraud  
 Has exercised its power,  
 The glorious truth has spread abroad  
 The light that cometh forth from God,  
 And marked its final hour:

Mohammed's right of power is past,  
 And error's chains are riven;  
 The Gospel's sound is heard at last,  
 Louder than the muezzin blast,  
 In sweetest tones from heaven.

And soon shall Mecca's fame decay,  
 And soon the spell be broken;  
 The crescent slowly wanes away  
 Before the glorious orb of day—  
 The cross becomes the token.

O'er Afric's land a ray appears,  
 With blessings from above;  
 Her sable sons cast off their fears,  
 And Jesus wipes away their tears,  
 With mercy's hand of love.

Exult, oh, long enslaved race!  
 Thy hour of freedom's come;  
 Thy God of mercy and of grace,  
 Lifts over thee his smiling face,  
 And lights thy passage home.

Isles of the South, rejoice, be glad!  
 Arise and dry your tears;  
 No more in darkness drear and sad—  
 No more in sin and sorrow clad—  
 On you the dawn appears.

And still comes on the light of day,  
 And still its rays extend;  
 The Indian throws his spear away,  
 And kneels him on the earth to pray,  
 "Great Spirit! mercy send."

And even to the ice-bound pole  
 The beams of glory shine;  
 And there the living waters roll,  
 Refreshing every thirsty soul  
 With joy and peace divine.

To north and south, to west and east,  
 The morn of peace is come;  
 And God Himself calls to the feast,  
 The high, the low, the great, the least,  
 And welcomes sinners home.

Then soon we'll sing earth's Jubilee,  
 In songs of sweetest strains;  
 From shore to shore, from sea to sea,  
 The world from Satan's power is free,  
 "The Lord Jehovah reigns."

A MISSIONARY.

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#### MISSIONARY EFFORT AT A NATIVE-CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION, NORTH-INDIA.

EVERY effort made by native Christians to communicate their Christianity to their heathen countrymen around is in the highest degree interesting. It shows that these Christians are not only such in name, but that they feel the value of the Gospel, and therefore desire that others should share it with them. And in putting forth such efforts, they provide, not only for the enlightenment of those who are in darkness, but for the increase of its power among themselves. There is no surer way to strengthen Christian principle than to exercise it. If a man desire to increase its power on his own

character, let him use it; let him apply it to practical purposes. On such endeavours God puts a real blessing. There are many dispirited Christians at home, persons of a morbid, gloomy temperament, who brood over their doubts and misgivings, until they become almost unbearable. To such persons we would say, Go work; go and visit "the fatherless and widows in their affliction." Let them take their Bible, and sit down by the bed-side of some poor sufferer, reading a precious fragment of God's own word, and offering up a short prayer, and see if they will not be the better for it.

There is a little congregation of native Christians at Mirzapore, North India; little indeed it is, for the whole community is only 164, of which 42 are communicants. Too small, perhaps some might think, to do any thing, and so they would deal with it as with an infant, keep it in arms and lay it in the cradle. But look, there is a fire in the grate; it is not out, but it is very nearly so. What will you do with it? Let it alone, and it will soon be dead out. But if you wish to make it good, put something on it—fresh fuel—not too much at first, but just proportionate to its feeble powers. As you do so, watch the process; the fresh fuel seems to draw out the lambent fire into new life. It aspires to lay hold upon the new material. The efforts are at first feeble and intermitted; but it comes into action again, and at length it is successful: you can then add more fuel, and the weak fire is a strong one.

The Mirzapore congregation that we speak of belongs to the London Missionary Society. It is as yet a tiny congregation, and yet it has been a long time becoming as large even as it is—as long as a quarter of a century. But now fresh fuel is about to be put on, and we have no doubt it will increase.

There is a district called Singrowlee, which has of late years become a pergunnah of the district of Mirzapore, and in this there is found an aboriginal tribe—the Mujhwars, and four from amongst the Christians have volunteered to go and labour amongst them. These four men are the catechist, Peter Elias, and the reader, Jewan Masih, with their wives and two native schoolmasters, and it will be interesting to our readers to be made acquainted with the first steps.

The little party was strengthened by two more native Christians, with the wife of one of them, from the Benares Mission, and then, headed by the senior Missionary, who went with them to give them his advice and help on their entrance into this new field, they all set out for their destination, a place called Duddhi.



## JAPAN, AND ITS INLAND SEA.

THE empire of Japan has excited much interest among western nations, it has been so long secluded ; and now that it is partially opened, the little knowledge we have obtained of the people and their habits reveals to us details that are, at the same time, so curious and yet so painful,



A JAPANESE PARTY AT BREAKFAST

that there exists amongst us a very strong desire to know more of them, and to be admitted to frank and friendly intercourse with them. But to this the Japanese are very reluctant. They have not sought out foreigners, and now that foreigners have sought out them, they would gladly have bowed them away, and remained in their isolation. Any thing they have yielded has been, upon their part, a necessity, and the recent conflicts in which our ships have been engaged prove how great is the aversion of the Daimios, or great nobles of the empire, to increased intercourse.

The recent conflict has been to decide the right access to the great inland sea of Japan.

At a certain point, three of the four great islands of Japan approach each other—Nippon from the north, Kiusiu from the south, while Sikok lies in the east; and as they thus approach without actually meeting they enclose the inland sea. It is not strictly inland, for it has three straits by which it communicates with the surrounding ocean, two on the east, lying, one of them, between Nippon and Sikok, and the other between Sikok and Kiusiu, and a third opening westward between Nippon and Kiusiu. The sea itself, which lies in the very heart of the empire, is perfectly landlocked, and, affording a ready means of traffic between one part of the Japanese empire and another, is traversed by thousands of native barks which could never expose themselves to the gales and heavy waves of the outer ocean. This sea, called the Suwonada Sea, is about 240 miles long, in an east and west direction, and from fifteen to sixty miles in breadth. On its shores stand many and important cities, and, amongst others, the spiritual capital, Miako, where the Mikado has his court, is easy of access from its waters.

Of the various openings into this sea, the western, or the Straits of Simonosaki, is to Europeans the most important, lying, as it does, the nearest to Shanghai, and the Japanese Government stipulated that, at a certain date, it should be opened. One of the great Daimios, the prince of Nagato, whose territories lie on the north side of the straits, was determined, if he could prevent it, that this should not be done, and that the inland sea should remain closed. He therefore erected batteries, and fired upon one of our ships which attempted to pass. The passage, therefore, has been forced, and the batteries having been silenced and dismantled, the prince has sued for peace.

May the Lord hasten the time when this inland sea shall become an active sphere of Missionary action, where the glad tidings which Christianity brings with it to sinful men may be made known, and the Japanese be brought to that true faith which they only need to become one of the great nations of our world!

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JUALA PERSHAD.

COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. H. STERN, OF GORRUCKPORE.

JUALA PERSHAD was born at Meerut, where his father occupied some Government situation, and where he had several relatives engaged in the cloth trade. The father having died some nine years ago, Juala Pershad had chosen the profession of a cloth-merchant, in which capacity he visited

many other places. In due time he married the daughter of a cloth-merchant at Cawnpore. He resided in Meerut until his twenty-fifth year, when he went on pilgrimage to Juggernaut, accompanied by his wife and several relatives. At Juggernaut he remained only seven days, and, apparently satisfied, he returned to Benares, where he spent two years in his trade, but without any serious thought as to the salvation of his soul. There it happened that his only child—on whom his heart was much set—died at the age of sixteen months. This circumstance affected him deeply. In his grief he often sat down on the banks of the sacred river in order to find solace in solitude. Soon after the death of his child, he had, one night, a remarkable dream. As he looked he saw in the sky several English letters in gold, which, however, he could not read. At the same time he saw himself a Christian, and as he was returning home to his friends, who had already received the news of his having become a Christian, he saw a number of people assembled near his house, who were very much excited, and who were then conversing with each other how to kill him. Some he saw armed with sticks, and others with swords. He sat down near his house, where he was soon surrounded by the people, who abused him, and who showed every intention of killing him. Just at this moment he saw in the distance a padre sahib, accompanied by a native Christian, coming towards the place where he was sitting. As he came up he asked for the cause of this gathering, and was told that it was to settle some dispute of their own. However, Juala Pershad immediately stepped forward and explained the real cause. Upon this they all ran away. The padre then took Juala Pershad along with him, and thus he awoke. This significant dream, though it made a momentary impression, was soon forgotten by Juala Pershad, but, after a short period, was again forcibly brought to his remembrance by another incident. As he was one day sitting, as his wont was, on the banks of the sacred river Ganges, Masih Charran, a native Christian catechist, came to preach there. He listened from a distance, without giving the subject any particular attention, but he thought of his dream. For several days after this he did not go to the river-side; but one day Mr. Leupolt, accompanied by Masih Charran, came to the new bazaar, where his shop was situated, to preach there. He again listened to their preaching. In this manner several months passed away without any particular incident. He often listened to the preaching with inward pleasure.

One day Masih Charran came to his shop to buy some cloth. Juala Pershad entered into conversation with him. Masih Charran opened his book, and preached to him. Juala Pershad was so much pleased, that he sold the cloth to him at a reduced rate. From this time Masih Charran often used to come to the shop, and thus an intimate acquaintance sprang up between them both. Juala Pershad also visited Masih Charran at Sigra. Thus several months passed; but Juala Pershad had as yet no intention to become a Christian, though he heard the preaching gladly. However, friendship smoothed the way: he broke caste by eating one day in secret with Masih Charran. There was a little upper chamber in Juala Pershad's house, in which both met occasionally for reading and mutual encouragement. One day they were both discovered



there, just as they were reading together. From that time he was suspected by his family of tasting forbidden fruit. However, as nothing serious occurred, all became quiet again, until Juala Pershad was observed in Masih Charran's house at Sigra, listening to his exhortations. The family now became alarmed, and Juala Pershad was remonstrated with not to keep such company. His mind became somewhat unsettled; but, resolving now on becoming a Christian, he became more quiet. From that time he used to take his bundle of cloth for sale to the Mission compounds of the three different Missions at Benares, as he felt attracted towards the Christians. His family apprehending now the worst consequences, measures were taken to stop his mad career. Accordingly, the family guru was called in for advice. For fifteen days he used to come to the house, and every day, in the evening, he read the sacred books, and gave suitable exhortations. After the expiration of this spiritual exercise, the eldest brother, who had made this arrangement, thought that all was now right again: the members of the family made their offerings, and the guru was discharged. Soon after this, a relative of Juala Pershad's wife came over from Mirzapore on a visit. He advised a visit to the sacred shrine at Brindajal, near Mirzapore, and to see the mela.

Accordingly they both went, and spent six or seven days on this expedition. Juala Pershad was much exhorted by his relative to desist from so hazardous an undertaking, as giving up the religion of his ancestors. Juala Pershad returned to Benares, and continued his visits to the preaching chapel. One day he was again discovered having an interview with Masih Charran in one of the preaching places. The family became now more alarmed than ever, and it was openly talked about that Juala Pershad was becoming a Christian. He thought it now expedient to separate from his brother, with whom he had been living hitherto. He took a shop for himself, and there he lived for about a month. His relatives assaulted him there with their entreaties and attempts to recover him: they advised another pilgrimage to Juggernaut and other sacred shrines; but when they found that all was of no avail, they avoided his company.

Here it appears proper to insert that it was all along, according to Juala Pershad's own account, the personal character of catechist Masih Charran which had, from the very first acquaintance with him, favourably impressed his mind. His great disinterestedness, and entire devotedness to his work, attached him to his person; and it was chiefly through his instrumentality that he was brought to the knowledge of Christ. It was now his firm intention to profess the religion of Jesus Christ, but having many relatives at Benares, Mirzapore, Ghazeepore, and Allahabad, he did not wish to be baptized in either of these places. At last he was induced to go to Goruckpore, where, on Easter Sunday, I made his first acquaintance. He remained under regular instruction for some time, and, giving evidence of true conversion, he was, at his own urgent request, baptized on Trinity Sunday, and received the name Nathanael Dharu Pershad. After his baptism he went to Benares, in order to recover some of his property, and to induce his wife to live with him. However, he failed in both cases. After several fruitless attempts to induce his wife to remain with him, following her to Cawnpore and Agra,

where she had been removed by her relatives, he returned to Gorruckpore, where he is now engaged in his former trade as cloth-dealer, leading a consistent life. May the Lord give him grace to remain faithful to the end !

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#### SHIPWRECK AND PRIVATIONS.

ONE of our Missionaries has recently passed through such experiences ; and his account of them, which we now publish, will, we doubt not, excite the sympathy of our readers, and lead us to take a deeper interest in his future labours.

Last year the Rev. T. M'Clatchie left England for Missionary work on the coast of China. He was no stranger there, having, together with the Bishop of Victoria, then the Rev. G. Smith, commenced the Mission work of the Church Missionary Society in China twenty years ago. Ill health compelled him, after ten years' labour, to return home ; but, in the good providence of God, his health being restored, he offered himself again for the work, and has accordingly gone out, carrying with him the experience of former years, a knowledge of the language, and acquaintance with the character of the people.

Shanghai, where he had been during his earlier work, having become an undesirable locality for Missionary effort, it was determined to break new ground, and he was directed to visit Yen-tae, improperly called Che-foo, on the Shan-tung promontory, the rendezvous of the French army during the late Chinese war, as it was thought that there might be found there a healthy climate, combined with opportunities of usefulness amongst a simple, rural people.

It will give us some idea of the great extent of China, and the vastness of that field of labour, when we state that the province of Shan-tung alone, one of the eighteen provinces of China Proper, contains a population of nearly 29,000,000, about the same population as that of the United Kingdom.

Most of its area is flat, the peninsular part, which juts out between the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pechele, and at the extremity of which Yen-tae is situated, being the only hilly part ; but here it is rugged and broken, the highest points rising too high to admit of cultivation. This will enable us to understand better the position in which our Missionary found himself when shipwrecked on this coast.

Mr. M'Clatchie embarked at Shanghai on Jan. 3, on board a steamer bound for the port of Yen-tae.

We sailed about four o'clock A.M. on the morning of the 3rd, having on board two American Missionaries and their wives, a Missionary from the Scotch Bible Society, with his wife and child, a naval officer, a merchant about to settle himself here, and a number of Chinese passengers.

Although the north-east monsoon was blowing, with a heavy head-sea, yet as the wind was not strong, we made a good passage, arriving at Long-mun about eight o'clock on Wednesday evening the 6th inst. It now began to snow, and the Captain, seeing a vessel apparently riding at anchor, thought that he was in Yen-tae harbour, and left the deep water, in order to anchor close beside her; but our vessel shortly after unfortunately ran ashore: she struck several times, and then remained firm in the sand, while the sea began to wash over us. We now discovered, when too late, that the vessel which we thought was at anchor was, in fact, ashore like ourselves. As the sea beat violently against the vessel, we feared lest, being iron, she should spring a leak, or go to pieces; but we discovered, in about an hour or so, that the tide was providentially going out, and the Captain accordingly gave orders to lower the boats, thinking that we had better incur the risk of going on shore, than remain on board, in case one of those gales so prevalent here should spring up suddenly, and the vessel go to pieces.

And now commenced the confusion which usually attends shipwreck. The Lascar sailors all left the deck, and refused to work. A half-frantic individual rushed out of his cabin, with a bottle of brandy in his hand, and offered me some, which I declined, being determined to die sober, if I died at all. I, however, with some difficulty, prevailed on the steward to let me have some supper, as I had scarcely eaten any thing for two days, the motion of the screw in a heavy sea having made me quite ill. The Chinese steward now came into the cabin, and, drawing out one of the boxes containing the mail from beneath the table, commenced taking out the parcels one by one, and feeling them, to ascertain whether any contained dollars or not. I desired him instantly to put the letters back, and to restore the box to its place, which he did, and left the cabin. A young lad, one of his assistants, who attended some Chinese services at Shanghai, and who seemed, in a conversation I had with him when I first came on board, to be impressed by what he heard, now came up to me, and said, in Chinese, "Now is the time to believe in Jesus, and to pray to Him; and then, turning to a companion, he said, "*Kyow-ko Ya-soo-mieh haou*," "'Tis a good thing to pray to Jesus." One of the Chinese passengers at this time presented himself at the door of the cabin, weeping bitterly, and asked me if there was any danger. I recommended him to pray to Jesus, as He alone could protect us, whereupon the poor man stretched out his hands to heaven for the help which he only valued when death stared him in the face.

We all now knelt down, while I commended our little company to the care and protection of our God and Saviour, and we rose from our knees prepared to meet whatever the Lord in his wisdom should appoint for us. A boat was lowered after some delay, and the naval officer, together with the merchant, through God's mercy, got safely on shore, and attached a rope to a small anchor, which they made fast in the sand. The boat then returned by help of the rope, and having again commended ourselves to the protection of the Lord, we all got down into it about half-past eleven P.M., and, through God's mercy, were pulled safely on shore, accompanied by two of the Chinese passengers. As we had heard that Yen-tae was only seven miles distant from the place where the ship

struck, we set out to find our way along the coast as well as we could through the snow which fell now and then. The night being dark, we found it impossible to discover any beaten track, and we were very much impeded on our journey by fields of ice, in which we constantly sank up to the ankles in wet and mud: in some places, also, the snow was so deep that we sank half-way up to our knees at every step. When we had advanced some distance, we met with so much ice that we were obliged to turn back, and make a circuit, in order to find a better course. We were now joined by some more Chinese, who left the ship after us, and we again set out in the direction of Yen-tae, being now a company of about fourteen in number. After wandering in the snow for about three hours and a half, we held a consultation as to whether it would not be better to choose a sheltered spot, and there, rolling up the ladies in the blankets which we had brought with us, wait for daybreak, in order to see our way more clearly. It was thought better, however, to push on, in the hope of reaching some village, as it might be dangerous to sleep in the snow. Shortly afterwards, one of our party heard dogs barking, and, guided by the sound, in about another hour we reached the village of Kae-day-ho, about four o'clock A.M. We were very thankful to have the prospect of getting shelter at last, as the ladies were very tired and worn out, and we all felt rather hungry.

The houses here are built of stone, and look much more substantial and comfortable than those in the more southern villages. On entering the village, some of us went up to the door of a substantial-looking farmhouse, and proceeded to knock up the inmates, in order to get some food and shelter. Some of the ladies meanwhile sat near the door in the snow, and some walked up and down, to keep their feet warm. Having at last aroused the people of the house, a parley commenced between the owner and two Chinese of our party, the result being, that, after a delay of about half an hour or so, we were refused admittance or assistance of any sort, the inmates doubtless being afraid to open the door, lest we should prove to be a band of robbers. During the parley here, however, a Chinese, who appeared suddenly from a house at the rear of those in front of which we were collected, after a long talk (the Chinese never do any thing without a long consultation first), brought us a quantity of dried palm-leaves, to make a fire, which we proceeded to kindle in a hollow place in the snow. After some time, this man was at last induced to admit us into his house, and, an old man being displaced for the purpose, the half-frozen ladies were huddled together on a bed over a fire-place, in which a fire was lighted, after another long consultation. A further delay having taken place, and the necessary amount of explanations being given and received, tea (or rather coloured hot water) was brought. The inhabitants of this province (Shan-tung) usually drink cold water, as tea is too expensive a luxury, and eat millet, bread, fish, and a very little meat. They seem a hardy, good-humoured, and independent race, differing much in every respect from the people of the south. As we were too many to crowd into one room, some of us went up the village, and, after much difficulty and several refusals, one of the American Missionaries, his wife, and myself, at last succeeded in getting into the house of an old man, who soon boiled some tea for us, while we

sat round the fire to dry our wet shoes and stockings. In this, however, we succeeded but partially, as the fire only blazed up when a quantity of dried leaves were thrown on, and then died away again. As we had been joined by two or three Chinese, the old man intimated to us that we were too many to remain longer in his house. So we left, under the guidance of a lad, who, having seen me give some copper cash to the old man in return for his hospitality, immediately invited us to his house. We accordingly adjourned there, and, a fire being lighted, we got some millet, and managed to satisfy our hunger. My companion and his wife then lay down to rest until daylight upon the only bed, which was, as usual, a mat spread over the brick fire-place, and I sat by the embers of the burnt palm-leaves, to await the appearance of daylight, and to make arrangements for our further progress. I made many attempts to speak a word for my Lord and Master, but found the Shanghae dialect of very little use here. I therefore sang to myself my favourite hymn, "Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!" &c., and felt as happy as a king. "What a mercy it is," thought I to myself, "that the Lord has permitted me to return to China as his ambassador, and what comfort there is in suffering discomfort in his holy service!"

At last our host pointed to the rising sun, and asked me what I thought about proceeding on our journey. I proposed proceeding on foot to Yen-tae, but the villagers assured me that that town was thirty miles distant. I therefore, after consulting with our party (two of whom had already set out with a guide, being under the impression that the distance was only three miles and a half), determined to proceed to Yen-tae on a mule, in company with two Chinese merchants from Swatow, who came up in our steamer from Shanghae. These poor men had lost all their clothes, as their boxes were broken open by the crew after we left the vessel. The Chinese cook ran away from the ship, having stolen, during the confusion on board, about 300 taels in sycee, belonging to the captain. One of our party now proceeded to the ship, to look after the luggage, and I proceeded to the inn with my two companions, in order to get our mules. After a tedious delay, three mules were led out and saddled, and bells attached to their bridles. First a wooden frame, like that used to support panniers on the backs of our donkeys at home, were strapped on; over this was thrown a sackcloth cushion, and over that, on my mule, was placed a blue longcloth cushion; rattan stirrups fastened to the wooden frame by thick cordage, and a strip of broad sackcloth for a bridle, completed the trappings. Having eaten a sweet potato, given me by a labouring man who sat on his heels at a low bench enjoying his breakfast, and having ordered the bell to be taken off my mule, as I did not like the idea of riding thirty miles with the dull monotonous sound ringing in my ears, we mounted, and set out on our journey, three muleteers attending, one to lead each mule over the narrow bridges and through the difficult mountain passes. One of my fellow-travellers had a square of an old felt carpet, one end of which he put over his head like a hood, while the other hung down behind, making rather an odd-looking, but, doubtless, comfortable covering from the intense cold. Mules are used over the country here for travelling, and for the conveyance of goods; and we met several ladies as we went along, riding like men, their

dresses being very elaborate, and their dresses showy. Having  
 and through several villages, we came to the walled city of Ning-hae,  
 through which one of the Chinese merchants, who rode in front of me,  
 tried to insist on passing, and for this purpose turned the head of his  
 mule towards a bridge which led to one of the gates; but the muleteer,  
 who had already told him that our way did not lie through the city,  
 pushed forward, and, seizing the halter, dragged the mule in the opposite  
 direction, exclaiming, with contempt, "*Hay! ne Qwang-tung yin ah!*"  
 "Ha! you Canton fellows." The Chinese here hate the inhabitants of  
 the southern provinces, and always designate them "Southern barbarians."  
 About half an hour more we entered the town of Tan-djaou-po, about  
 3 o'clock P.M., where we put up at an inn to dine. Although I had  
 walked some five or six miles of the journey, yet, as my trousers were  
 frozen and my shoes and stockings quite wet, I suffered a good deal from  
 cold; and when I got off my mule I could hardly stand, my feet pained  
 me so much. There was no fire of course, and I was obliged to run up  
 and down the yard to warm myself, much to the amusement of several  
 Chinese who stood looking on and laughing heartily. A fire was at last  
 lighted in one of the out-houses, but there being, as usual, no chimney,  
 the smoke pained my eyes so much that I was obliged to continue my  
 exercise in the open air, notwithstanding the intense cold. One of my  
 companions now ordered dinner, and in about half an hour we were  
 ushered into a room off a barn, in which, on a small, short-legged table,  
 placed on a matted brick bed, we saw three bowls of millet, a plate of  
 pork, cut in small pieces, and a plate of vegetables in an unpalatable  
 kind of sauce. I mounted the bed, and sitting down on the mat, en-  
 joyed the warm food immensely. I put on a pair of dry stockings, and  
 although I could not dry my shoes, I felt comparatively comfortable. In  
 the middle of dinner one of my companions suddenly put up his fingers  
 to his eyes, and began to weep and sob: he had quarrelled with his  
 fellow merchant just before dinner, and as he had now had a little  
 time, the floodgates were opened, and he relieved his wounded feelings  
 in tears, while his companion looked on in surprise, and with a very  
 useful countenance. I offered to pay my share for the dinner, but my  
 companion refused to let me, exclaiming, "*Puh yaou kok-che!*" "Don't  
 let it be like a stranger." I now tried to get a litter for the remaining fifteen  
 miles, as I was so stiff that I could not ride with comfort; but the mule-  
 teer, who began to fear that I would not pay him for his mule if I did  
 not ride upon it, assured me that there was no such thing to be had in the  
 place, and lectured me on the necessity of keeping my promise. When  
 my weeping friend heard this, he forgot his own troubles, and rated the  
 muleteer soundly for daring to doubt the word of a foreigner. "Their  
 promises," he shouted, "are like T'een-ming"—the decrees of heaven!  
 These litters are carried by two mules, and are made of matting. I saw  
 one outside the inn door, but when I asked for it, after some whispering  
 to the muleteer, a respectable-looking man rushed forward, and, throw-  
 ing himself into it, folded his arms, and said that it belonged to him, and  
 that no one else should ride in it. As there was no help for the matter,  
 I mounted my mule again, greatly to the satisfaction of the muleteer,  
 and we proceeded on our journey. About three o'clock P.M. we reached

the sea-side, and having proceeded along the beach for a couple of we crossed a ridge of mountains, and, through God's mercy, arrived in Yen-tae about five o'clock P.M., where I received a kind welcome T. Fergusson, Esq., and his lady.

Yen-tae, it appears, might answer for a sanatorium: the climate is delightful, more regular than that of England. Day after there is a clear atmosphere and blue sky. The cold is severe times, but dry and bracing, and very different from that of Shan hae, which is frequently damp and unhealthy. There is a beautiful sea-beach, and the place is surrounded by mountains.

But as a locality for active Missionary effort it is not suitable, there being only about six small villages or hamlets in the county round about. Tung-chaou is the nearest city, and that is sixty miles distant.

But, besides these disadvantages, there are already at Yen-tae five Missionaries and their families. Mr. M'Clatchie, therefore, went on to Peking, where he is at present.

#### ~~~~~ OPPORTUNITIES FOR GOOD AMONGST THE NATIVE FEMALE OF INDIA.

OUR Missionaries in Oude are engaged in frequent itinerancies and find in the people a great willingness to hear. On the occasions the Missionaries' wives accompany them, and thus obtain access to the native females. How important this is, will be understood from the following paper by Mrs. Reuther, wife of the Rev. C. Reuther, of Lucknow—

During the whole of this tour I have sought opportunities to approach the women. In the neighbourhood of Lucknow I was, however, unsuccessful in these attempts. As soon as I approached a group of women at work in the fields, they would run away as fast as they could, leaving their clothes and baskets behind, and no friendly beckoning would induce them to come back. At a distance from the capital, however, and chiefly in places where Europeans never, or but seldom are seen, the women were much more accessible. About sunset I used to leave the camp, accompanied by my children and the ayah, and walked in the direction of a village, where I was sure soon to meet with a number of women on their way to the well. A few kind words of inquiry about their fields or their children, or the quality of the water in their well, were sufficient to induce them to stop and to enter into conversation. In trying to explain to them the way of salvation, I found many so ignorant as not to know even that they had a soul to be saved, and I had first to teach them that the soul is. In a remote village—Deum, on the banks of the Sy—women were most open. Numbers of them listened to my humble preaching, grouped together at a little distance, apart from the crowd. About sixty women visited me in my tent. Some whom I noticed sitting in a field, looking with astonishment at our two canvas litters, invited to come in and sit down. After a little hesitation they came

hear, on their return to the village, they encouraged others to pay me a visit. They came in small parties, eight or nine at a time. There is a famous idol at Deum, worshipped chiefly by women. On asking my visitors what benefits this idol conferred on them, they said that this god was a real and trustworthy god, that he cured diseases, and blessed them and their families. I asked them whether they had received such blessings from this god, but they seemed doubtful: none, at least, acknowledged directly that they had; and some said, "Who knows whether he is a true god or not?" They listened with great attention and evident pleasure to the theory of Jesus, the only true Saviour. I entreated them to give up their worship of Ram and Mahadeo, and to pray to Jesus, teaching them, at the same time, a short prayer for mercy. Several promised that they would pray to Jesus. Here, as well as in other places, I discovered the interesting fact, that many a man who listens to the public preaching of the missionary goes home and relates to his family what he has heard. Frequently, when I talked to women, I found that they were acquainted with what my husband had preached in the bazaar, their husbands or brothers having told them.

To approach the females of the higher classes I found, however, much more difficult: only here and there I was permitted to visit the ladies in the zenana. Once or twice I was disappointed, after having been led to suppose that my visit would be received; but, on my arrival, I was told by the head of the family that the ladies were not prepared to see me. At the fair of Dalamow I visited a Hindu lady, who had come there in company with her husband, a wealthy Baboo, whom the people called Rajah. I was received in a canvas enclosure, and seated in front of the lady's jacket, who was then led out by two of her attendants, so closely veiled that I could not catch a glimpse of her face. She was dressed in rich silks, studded with heavy gold and silver embroidery. She did not talk at all; but, all I said, her two attendants answered for her. On expressing a wish to be favoured with a sight of her face, the two women put up before me a very pretty, but timid-looking young face, so richly adorned with ornaments that it appeared set in a frame of gold and costly stones. She seemed very attentive when I told her that bathing in the Ganges could not remove the stains of sin; that they could be washed away only by the blood of Christ; and that we must believe in Him in order to become acceptable to God.

Mr. Canning, a nice old Mohammedan gentleman, who was created a Bahadour, invited me to visit his daughter, who, he said, was fond of books, and could read Persian, Arabic, and Hindoo. I found he had married too much. Such an amiable, well-informed lady I had not expected to meet among the natives; and I had a most interesting conversation with her during our two hours' visit at the house. She was surrounded by more than thirty ladies—aunts, sisters-in-law, cousins, and other distant relatives. Some of these, chiefly among the younger, were very intelligent-looking women. They all listened with great interest to what was said; but they left it entirely to their more accomplished relative to carry on the conversation. This visit created quite a stir at Jais. The roofs of the neighbouring houses were crowded with men, eager to obtain a glimpse through the open windows of the



Feringnee Beebee and her children. The next day the old gentleman brought me a message from his daughter, that she was very sorry to have been able to see me alone, as the crowd in the room and, had prevented her saying those things which were most in her heart.

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MALACHI III. 16.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name."

As strangers in this dreary foreign land,
We watch to see the glory and the King;
We tell each other, clasping hand in hand,
The visions of our faith's far wandering:
And lo! while we are musing thus aloud
Of that bright dwelling-place of all our joys,
We are aware that God his ear hath bow'd,
To hear the lisping of his children's voice!
Afar Thy presence dwelleth high in heaven,
And we are journeying to Thy blest abode,
And sometimes 'mid our darkness it is given
That we should feel the nearness of our God;
What time we try to speak of holy things,
Of deep distrust in self, and hope in Thee,
Thou drawest near, the shadow of Thy wings
Mak'st calm, like that upon Thy crystal sea;
Thou bendest low to light us with Thy smile,
Thine hands are hush'd, and we are lessing on our head,
All our thoughts of us in Christ are sweetly comforted;
Our thoughts are groping after Thee in Hinnom,
We take the word whereby He makes Thee known,
And weep because our eyesight is so dim.
Poor stammering words are ours, Lord, oftentimes,
Our faltering lips do strangely wrong Thy love,
We lisp the language of those higher climes,
Where thoughts in music all unfetter'd move:
And yet we cannot choose but speak of Thee
While journeying to our quiet promised rest,
Where Christ exchanges thought familiarly
With each enraptured soul, each wondering guest.
Then shall our harps be struck—we shall not be
Silent as now from many a doubt and fear;
Our lips shall tell in songs of melody
The glorious things we faintly murmur'd here.
Forgive our faithless thoughts and feeble speech,
And give us power to realize thy face
That bendeth o'er us; and, we pray Thee, teach
Our lips to speak Thy praise and tell Thy grace.
We know that Thou art nearer than we deem;
Immanuel joins us oftentimes by the way:
How sweet for ever to abide with Him
After the heat and burden of the day!

